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THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE.

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REPRESENTATIVE OF AMERICAN THOUGHT AND LIFE.

Vol. VIII. JUNE, 1888. No. 2.

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For details of the many attractions that will appear in the July number, see American Magazine Advertiser, page 2.

XUM

CHARLES DICKENS [The Junior].

From a Photograph by N. Sarony.

THE

AMERICAN MAGAZINE.

VOL. VIII. JUNE, 1888. No. 2.

ALONG THE CARIBBEAN.

III.—BARBADOS: THE ELBOW ISLAND.

BY DR. WILLIAM F. HUTCHINSON.

WHERE the great curve of peaks that projects from the blue Carib sea to represent all that is left of lost Atlantis, in islands of picturesque scenery and matchless climate, makes its most acute angle, a traveler leaves his southwesterly course and makes a direct run of a hundred or more miles eastward, to reach Barbados.

For a week he has feasted every sense upon pictures of scenery as strange as lovely, and has recognized in smoking mountains and riven rocks some evidences of the awful forces that buried a continent miles below the waves and left these verdure-clad peaks the only monuments to a race destroyed. Exquisite floral forms act as setting to a fauna exuberant and wonderful, all of a type peculiar to volcanic lands beneath a torrid sky, and sharp-pointed rocks dip straight into the blue sea thousands of fathoms from an upper ascent of equal height. The ocean bed spreads out in level plains diversified by rolling elevations, where pre-historic man may have pastured herds, built cities or made long journeys to these *pitons* where we now arrive only by steamer, but where all natural environment remains as our ancestors left it when they were so relentlessly submerged by destroying waves.

No relics of their existence remain, it is true; but the eons that have passed since their disappearance is reason for that, especially when one considers how rapidly tropical heat and decay attack all things inorganic as well as more complex forms. An explorer in the deep, close forests of these islands, while he fails to discover footprints of bygone ages, finds a life that differs in material points from nearest continental forms, and leaves him to wonder whence it came.

A dozen years or so have passed since the pioneer naturalist searched these wilds, but Mr. Ober's example has not been followed, and the deep forests of Dominica, Saint Lucia and Martinique, in spite of strong temptation, remain as he left them, unexplored.

Far in these dim recesses, where only blacks penetrate, and they but rarely, there is concealed a beauty altogether primitive and unique, beneath a sky that is steadily serene in winter months, while the temperature is that of Northern June.

To all this, Barbados is an exception dressed in green and white. Approach-

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ing its soft slopes from the westward, one is strongly reminded of carefully cultivated English hills, an illusion which disappears only when the harbor is entered. But while running down the coast from the north, there are few things to mark the difference, at least from twenty miles away.

No mountain ranges accentuate outlines that grow blue as they recede until lost in the bluer sky; no patches of dark color mark where thick forests lie, and no signal gleam from falling water shows where a white cascade catches sun-rays and sends them back to the watcher to tell where it lies hidden.

Every rood of land is light-green or snow-white at that distance, with dividing lines marking fields; and under a strong glass these are resolved into trim farms, with windmills or tall chimneys to give the needed working power. Drawing closer, the land becomes characteristic, and it is plain that a new formation is before us.

There is nothing ancient in these low hills of coral stone, or shelving shores; nothing that appeals to geologist nor naturalist; only a new world for the student of human nature, who finds in this library whose volumes are mostly bound in black, many a pleasant problem to be worked out beneath a lovely sky and with congenial surroundings. As this island is beyond the curving arm of land that stretches out from the Antilles to South America it may be fitly called the Elbow Island, occupying, as it does, in this grand chain exactly the position of that prominence upon a human being.

As we sailed into Carlisle Bay, the harbor of the island, early in last February, an air of prosperity and business was seen at once. More than a hundred sail of many flags were anchored, among them a noble British squadron of nine men-of-war. Boats were pulling about in every direction, and speedily surrounded us, to tout for passengers ashore, as we carefully sidled to our position and let go anchor. They carried any and everything, these boats, invariably demanding double fare at first, the custom hereabouts. But we were used to that, and a shilling apiece was all they got. Before us lay the city of Bridgetown, low in buildings, red as to roofs, spread out three miles in length by two inland, dominated by a cathedral tower, and half hidden in greenery. Rounding the breakwater, called the careenage, for they tip vessels half-over here to scrape them clean, we ran alongside a stone quay and were ashore, to be surrounded by a crowd of darkeys intent upon earning a penny from the newcomers. "Here am I, master!" "Your boy John, master!" "I's Uncle Sam boy William, master!" "Dis de way to de ice-house, master!" *et usque ad nauseam.*

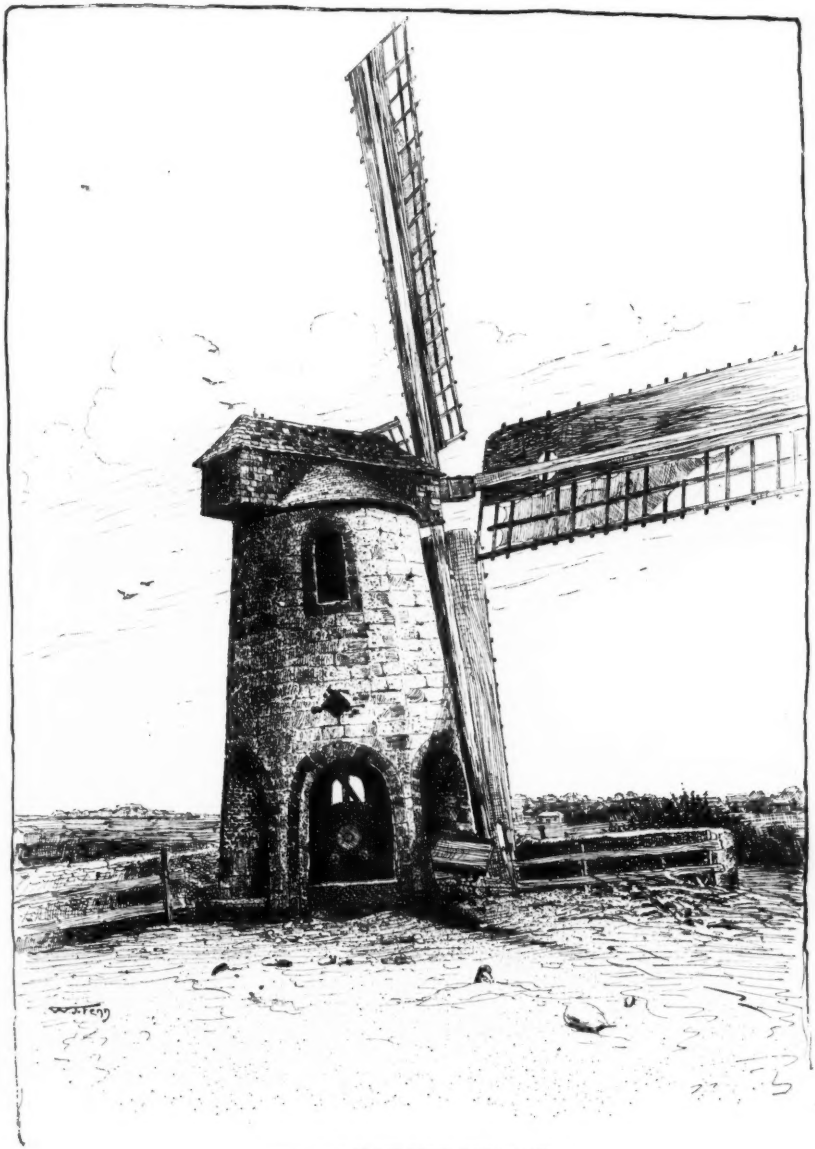
Most travelers who come here report the negroes insolent, devoid of education and bristling with petty annoyance. It is odd, perhaps, but I have never seen all this. They are persistent, it is true, but where human life is crowded as here, and pennies are hard to get, why should they not be? During a stay of weeks in Barbados, I have always found the blacks polite and accommodating, even to each other.

My coachman dropped his whip one day; an old man came some distance after him with it, and the acknowledgments of service and reception thereof would have done credit to more assuming people of lighter skin.

I think that the density of population is what impresses a stranger most. It is like living aboard a man-of-war, where men are as thick as bees, and space for another one seems difficult to find. There is absolutely no privacy. Out from the town of Bridgeport, as far as you choose to go, the roads are like streets, with little boxes of houses along the wayside, each holding a numerous family, while troops of negroes stroll along the white way. Sit for a moment beneath a lignum-vitæ or bread-fruit shade, and negroes spring up from the ground to gaze and wonder who you are. This teeming concentrated human life is the first novelty that a tourist sees.

In an area of one hundred and sixty-six square miles, one hundred and eighty thousand human beings live, and apparently live comfortably well. It is, perhaps, the most densely-crowded territory known, and this state of affairs makes itself evident at once in every part of the island.

Streets are crowded from building to building all day long, as a New York



THE CHIEF MOTIVE-POWER OF BARBADOS.

pavement is in the forenoon. The people are almost entirely good-humored blacks, clean, and neatly dressed in white. My driver, William, went through this mass at a steady trot, and they got out of his way easily, without a word of such abuse as is common in Northern towns, not often needing his warning, "Look out da! Hi!"

A PUBLIC MARKET.

My camera was a continual source of wonderment. They know that "de master takes picturs wid dat masheen," but that is all, and its production in the most secluded spot imaginable would bring together within two minutes an audience large, attentive, admiring, but never annoying.

They live very simply, these children of the sun. For food, fruit, flying fish and yams are nearly enough, are nutritious, and cost but a trifle, say a penny or two a day. For clothes, plain, white material which covers them completely, except feet that are always bare, and an aged straw-hat, picked up somewhere, is really more than they need in a climate where clothes are a burden, and Edenian attire something to be longed for. They cost little more than fig-leaves.

One of their little houses, in many instances not more than ten feet square, can be rented for about two dollars a month; and water is free. So they get on very comfortably, and, except from habit, do not often beg. That your dog should come up and ask for food does not seem more natural than that these negroes should hold out their hands for a penny, and the brute animal takes a refusal with much poorer grace than the human. A stranger driving past (and every visitor bears his cachet upon his forehead), represents wealth, intelligence and undisputed superior authority—why should he not be asked for a penny? Clearly there is no reason whatever.

Occasionally they are malicious. My friend Reed had a lot of fine fowls poisoned not long ago because a neighbor's cook was jealous of his; and such petty crimes, the result of jealousy or spite, are not infrequent.

In a certain way, they are religious. That is, they attend church regularly on Sunday, pay their mites cheerfully and respond vigorously. The Church of England controls the island and has numerous parishes, which are well supported by

government subsidy and tithe taxation, and are well attended.

It is a simple impossibility to make them moral. In order to marry, a certain license-fee is needed, and it is customary for the woman to purchase the house, saving, penny by penny, the twenty-five dollars necessary to pay for the little box which to them is home, besides the price of the furniture. But it is so much easier to avoid this and have the money to spend for bright ribbons or a stunning gown, that a large majority of black women become concubines by choice. This condition is not regarded as shameful in the least, and many refuse altogether to marry when they have the chance, alleging the unwisdom of binding themselves for life to an untried partner. "Suppose he done turn out bad, master, den what I do?" answered one of them yesterday to my question of why she did not marry.

It is not far back in the history of these islands to voudoo and fetich worship, the essence of which is fatalism; and this doctrine has descended unchanged to the present. My man dropped a focusing glass the other day, with damaging result at this distance from New York. It was not much use to abuse him, a result he was expecting, and he turned away wrath with the remark, "De will ob God mus be!" which I learned afterwards was a common expression among them to account for a lapse or accident of any kind.

In an article upon these islands, the chief question must be their future and their future inhabitants. Recent writers, among them Mr. Froude, have given it as their opinion that the whites must gradually disappear; then the blacks, deprived of restraining and civilizing influences, will relapse into barbarism. A long acquaintance with these beautiful lands and careful study of this problem has convinced me that only the first part of the proposition is correct.

That whites must go to the wall when subjected to competition with colored men equally competent to fill their places and able to work for less than half their wages, is a self-evident fact; and this competition is driving young white men out of the island, never to return. A leading merchant told me to-day that he had recently replaced three of his clerks who had left his employ from various causes, with colored men, adding, "And they are doing better, steadier work than the others, at a far less rate of pay."

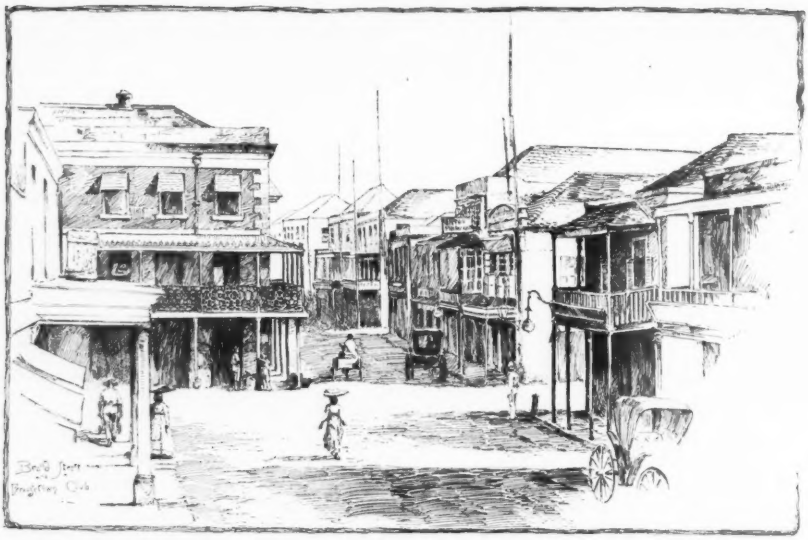
This extermination seems to be a foregone conclusion, dependent upon natural law. But, so long as England holds her empire here, and there is not the smallest sign of any change, so long will law prevail and order reign. Nor would civilization retrograde in any event. Leading colored men and their compeers are ambitious, determined and able. To show the world that they are competent to follow the path traced for them, or even to improve upon it, is a task congenial and easy.

Every inch of Barbados soil is teeming with cultivation, and the inhabitants have no vast forests nor wild mountain recesses where guerrilla bands may live for years in security.

The negro's experience with whites here has been always kindly; oppression and wrong are unknown. Over in Hayti, whether the ruler was French, Spanish or native, his administration was ever a record of robbery, rape and murder. Only too ready to follow examples so congenial to their natures, Haytien negroes have surpassed their teachers, until in a large section of the island voudooism is the only religion, and cannibalism a practice not unknown.

But the student of sociology will see no such prospect for Barbados when the readjustment of real estate values, now in progress, shall have been accomplished and people know exactly where they stand. I predict a long future of prosperity for this spot that nature has so highly favored, and a steady development of its colored people until they become quite equal to their white friends, who now associate with them freely, and esteem them highly. I have written thus at length upon this important subject, because my sources of information are different from Mr. Froude's, my point of view from another plane; and because it is but just that the people themselves should have a right to tell their own story in their own way.

Barbados should be, and is, one of the healthiest places in the world. Drainage is natural, water percolating easily through three or four hundred feet of



BROAD STREET AND BRIDGETOWN CLUB, BARBADOS.

porous coral rock until it reaches conduits to the sea, and the water supply is copious and pure. Devoid of forests, its entire surface is swept by constant breezes that come from the wide sea only, which reduce sensible temperature so wonderfully that a thermometer reading eighty or eighty-five degrees, marks only a comfortable heat.

Food supplies are excellent and cheap. Fruits and vegetables are fresh every month in the year, and meats are better than in many a Northern market.

Indeed, one may pass months in this delightful atmosphere with every advantage of a cruise at sea and without its unpleasant accompaniments. It seems particularly adapted to bronchial diseases and exhaustion of nerves from overwork, where it is necessary to be quiet and avoid all excitement.

Worry and trouble speedily disappear before its soothing influence, and sleep comes easily to eyes that have long been strangers to its balmy reinforcement. Mails are infrequent, and cablegrams at three dollars a word an expensive luxury, so that business cares may be readily left behind.

It is no place for consumptives who have passed beyond the bronchial stage. Softening of tissue will proceed rapidly in this humid warmth, and the Atlantic breezes that bring with them quietude to worn-out nerves and rest to tired brains, act with fatal effect upon lungs already far advanced in disease. Such cases are better at home.

Probably, the best way of living for a family that comes to stay several months, is to rent a house at Hastings or Fontabelle, the two chief suburbs of Bridgetown, and have their own home. A comfortable house for four or five persons can be found for twenty-five or thirty dollars a month; and servants, better than ours on the average, can be hired at from one to four dollars a month. There is no difficulty in getting a pleasant place a mile or two from the town, as horse-cars run to all the principal suburbs; and, once at home in the new climate, its highest advantages may be attained.

Artists will find constant amusement and difficult studies in the peculiar color effects that are so hard to catch. Just wherein it lies, I cannot tell; but there is something extraordinary in the light of Barbados. My camera, quite trustworthy at home and in the Western Caribbean, plays me strange tricks of over

and under exposure upon the same plate. No views out of doors can be made instantaneously, and there is no certainty what the developer will reveal.

And the same disturbing element exists with colors. Black and white quite fail to express tropical effects; and so does the brush, at least as far as I have seen. One may try as hard as possible to catch the green of yonder breadfruit tree or mass of changing crotons, but before the sketch is done, it is usually destroyed—an utter failure. With longer time some one will learn, doubtless, but no one seems to have done it so far.

Driving is a perennial delight. Roads of rare excellence wind in and out of shady groves in town, and extend over the island in every direction. Horses are fair, and can be hired at reasonable prices; so, few people walk. A handsome two-horse landau, carrying five beside the driver, can be secured for eight dollars a day for a journey of twenty miles each way, which will carry one pretty well across the island. Cabs are many, and though wretched in appearance as a rule, get one about cheaply enough. Twelve cents a mile is certainly a moderate price for two occupants, and that is what the charge is.

By the courtesy of Mr. R. H. Skinner I have before me a "Catalogue of Books in the Public Library of Barbados," wherein fifteen thousand and forty-four volumes are set down, besides two thousand and more magazines and periodicals. To the cool and spacious rooms in what would be a town-hall anywhere else, every stranger is warmly welcomed and made at home. It would be difficult to find a pleasanter place to pass an hour daily than among the well-chosen books of this library. Rule II of the governing code provides that "Books not wholly of reference may be lent from the library at the discretion of the librarian to parties resident in the island"; and by a polite construction all visitors are considered residents to this extent, so that one need not be at a loss for reading matter. There is also a circulating periodical library on High Street, conducted by Shepherd &

A TYPICAL BARBADIAN HOUSE.

PUBLIC BUILDINGS, BARBADOS.

Co., where for a monthly subscription of twenty-five cents all magazines up to the same value may be taken new every month, and for a small addition the quarterlies as well.

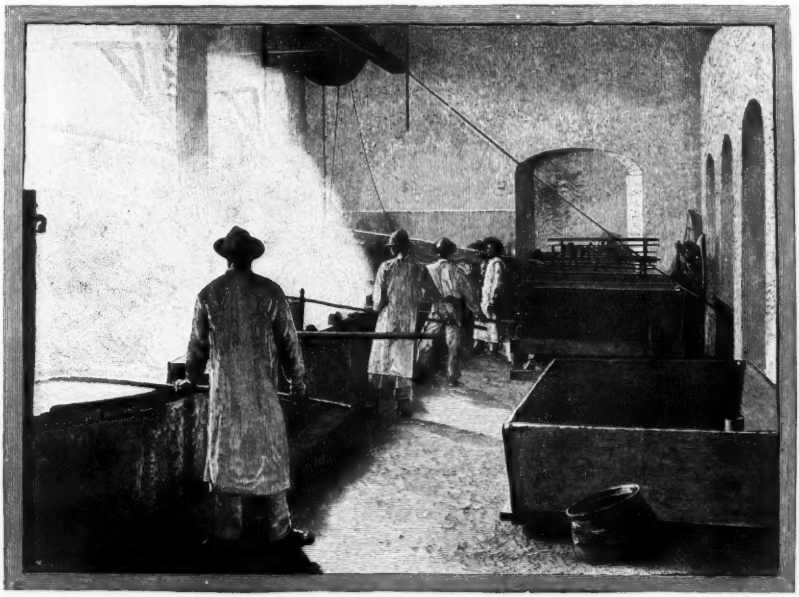
One can have a delicious sea-bath every day in the year. A reef of coral sand effectually protects swimmers from the immense sharks that infest all these seas, and the water is of a velvety softness that tempts to long indulgence. Daily baths are a necessity where the skin is so active, and a native would sooner neglect his breakfast than his dip.

The leading industry is sugar, and this year's crop is expected to be a phenomenal one, seventy-five thousand tons being the hoped-for yield, which, at three or four cents a pound, will amount to a handsome sum. All the fields of brilliant green are cane, shading up from a delicate pea tint with under color of buff, to a dark grass green with whose deep shadows the peculiar light of this island plays strange freaks. Sometimes, watching a field, it is almost black, and then, as sunbeams catch it bending over, it will seem red. Through its tall stalks and hanging leaves the ever-present breeze sings of bountiful harvest and far-away seed time, and then speeds on its way. In these fields there is no silence. One may almost see and hear the growth, so plain is the creaking and rustling that is going on around, so rapid the increase in size.

The process of manufacture of sugar from cane has become so familiar as to need no further description here; and I shall only quote a few figures to show how cheap labor is in Barbados. For ordinary work in fields or about the mill, which is usually driven by wind, as in the illustration taken from an estate named Rockleigh, men receive twenty cents a day, women twelve, and children eight to ten. It must be confessed, however, that they do not seem to overtax themselves. For a few weeks when grinding goes on, all is bustle and hurry, with a large amount of noise and fuss to help the work along; the rest of the year, laziness. Much of this belongs to the race everywhere in tropical lands, but would scarcely be expected in Barbados, where competition for life alone is so strong that industry ought to be in a manner compulsory. But where a banana and a flying fish make a meal, or, in default of that, "I draws my belt one hole closer, master," existence is possible upon a very small margin indeed, and is actually worth having at any price.

I was writing one morning about six o'clock at Fontabelle, and although the sun was not quite up, the pervading light that is never entirely absent from Barbados was reflected back from the sea to my table through bread-fruit and palm-trees, as soft as from a sunset cloud. My thermometer marked 70, and the nocturnal fragrance was not yet all vanished. Perfumes of roses contended with dying odors of the beauty of the night; and day sounds of birds were taking the place of the night-frog, whose musical double-note had scarcely ceased to vibrate. Peace and beauty reigned—and as one deep breath after another of this pure, warm air sent blood to finger tips, life, under almost any pressure, seemed well worth living, and lovely earth very hard to part from. The passionate attachment that these simple blacks feel for their native land is easily explained this charming break of day; and a feeling of contentment pervaded every nerve of the visitor who has escaped the chilling frosts and deadly winds of Northern lands.

Below, William and Mary, the consul's deft servants, were busy preparing our savory breakfast of flying-fish and fruit; and the day began, as every day begins there, with perfect weather and a sense of health that seem eternal. It grew warmer as those climbing sunbeams that at last have come into my room with all the rest, marked the hours of midday; but all the day before I was out with camera and pencil when they were vertical, and felt not the smallest inconvenience. It is not in the tropics that sun-heat is most felt or does harm; and such a thing as a *coup de soleil* is quite unknown.



THE INTERIOR OF A SUGAR FACTORY.

The island is nearly streamless. The only brooklet that I have seen is called Indian River. It originates in a swamp, flows a dignified course of three or four hundred yards in length and ten feet in width, until it reaches the sea just above Fontabelle. No cascades add their beauty of snowy lace foam to white coral cliffs —there is no surface water. This, where a single day's rain-fall has been known to measure ten inches, seems curious; but the same porous rock that coral insects built for Barbadians to live upon, takes

care of that. The water finds its way down, a hundred feet or more, until it reaches resisting material, and then, in darkness and unseen, returns to the sea. There it makes itself known by springs that are occasionally of sufficient size to temper perceptibly the salt water around, and even to become visible through the latter, as they spout up through white sand at the bottom; and bathers in this pleasant mixture can feel what seems to be some living thing lifting and crawling beneath their feet, a sensation more startling than cheerful, where one is not quite certain what strange manner of creature may turn up at any minute.

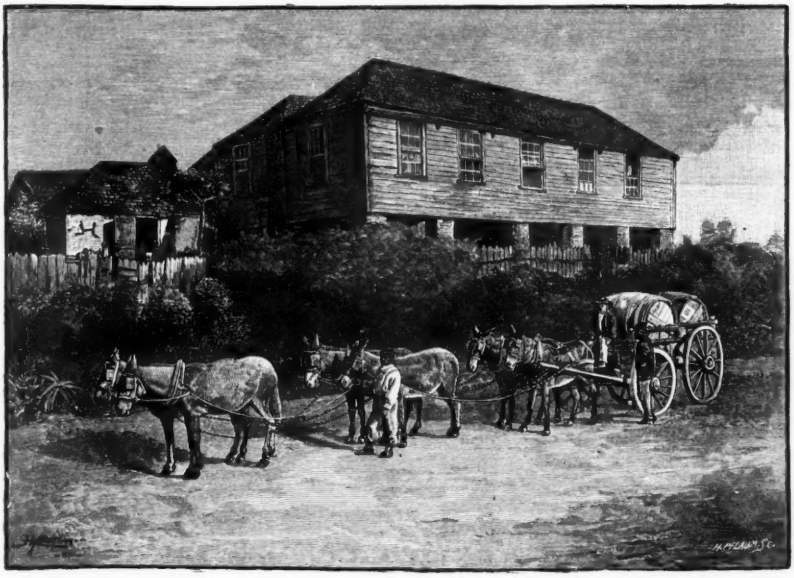
These subterranean streams are occasionally found in caves that tireless teeth of wind and wave have gnawed deep into the bowels of the land. In one cavern named "Cole's" quite a river has been found, whose exit is unknown, whose source is unguessed—that flows quietly on through a great distance in darkness to the sea, as:

> Where Alph, the sacred river, ran,
> Through caverns measureless to man,
> Down to a sunless sea.

Among the best trips, indeed the very best in Barbados, are those by carriage to St. John's Church and Codrington College, and by train to Bathsheba, which lies among the wildest scenery of this coast, whose grandest views cannot be very imposing since the land does not reach the altitude of a thousand feet at any point. In company with Mr. Grundy, the courteous manager of the Barbados Railway, I recently made a visit to the latter spot under the most favorable auspices. The little railroad is, itself, a curiosity. Only twenty-one miles long, it has twelve stations, that rejoice in most ridiculously inappropriate names; and at every one of them the same amount of form and ceremony was gone through as if a train were leaving Liverpool for London. A black grenadier wore a helmet marked "Railway Police," and scared away small, loafing darkies with majestic wave of hand or suggestive touch of rattan. Porters, with their duty printed in big red letters on cap-ribbons, rushed about among the six passengers that were going with us, as busily as if a thousand trunks were awaiting demolition; and shouted out, "This train leaves for Rouen, Windsor, etc., etc.," with as much pomp as if it were actually starting for those very places in Europe. In a third-class carriage in front, a lot of jolly tars from H. M. S. "Pylades" were off for a day in the country where sugar-cane grows and rum is plentiful. One of them had a guitar, and we presently heard a song, whose chorus ended with "From Scilly to Ushant is forty-five leagues."

Everything was intensely English, and it quite needed a look of palm leaves across the street and a deep breath of warm air to dispel the illusion. In half an hour we had left Bridgetown behind, and were running through a lovely country. Except for stray windmills, for curving outlines of horizon and near fields of cane, the inland scenery resembles closely that of Warwickshire. There is nothing in America like it. As far as eye could reach, and the view was over many miles, field after field of waving cane succeeded each other in lessening tints of golden green, with not an uncultivated spot in sight. No trees, except a palm or two accentuating heaven's deep blue on yonder cliff, or marking a noble avenue to some estate manager's home, whose white walls sent a shaft of sunlight out between the trunks to show us their existence. No streams except a yard or two of muddy water called a river by mistake, which wound amongst the cane like an ugly gray snake, and crept away to the sea ashamed. Roll followed roll of fertile land, climbing slowly up to the horizon line beyond; and fields were dotted here and there with women at work "weeding"—planting new cane or hoeing that already up, which looks exactly like growing Indian corn. In all the scene there was no sign of idleness, except when the pausing train gathered a dozen darkies at a station, to criticize the locomotive's action, which to their poor minds is a daily increasing marvel. Work, work, and nothing else; for this vast population must live, and small portions for each means a grand total for all.

At Three Houses—the name comes from a tradition that a Carib village once existed here, containing just that number of huts—Mr. Grundy had a "trolley" awaiting us, of which we took



SUGAR ON THE WAY TO MARKET.

prompt possession, and prepared for the scenery of Bathsheba.

A trolley is a sort of small car with a seat for two upon a little platform, and a propelling power of two darkey boys "holding on behind," and upon this we made the rest of the journey. In a few minutes a distant, dark blue line stood out beyond the level, and the sea greeted us from the east with deep booming of surf against rocky crags far below. Ragged Point Lighthouse stood guard against a particularly treacherous reef that has lured many a mariner to destruction by its strong resemblance to a similar point on the other side of the island; and between it and us was a grove of palms, about which a gruesome legend lingers.

When bold buccaneers sailed along the Spanish main and made things very lively for early colonists, they by no means neglected Barbados. Here was a famous resting place, and they appreciated the pure air of these eastern hills as highly as more modern sanitarians. So, after cruising became a bore, and age began to dull the charms of plank-walking and general rapine, a few pirate chiefs came here and built stately mansions, among them the one that is half hidden by yonder distant grove of palms. Surrounded by every luxury that Spanish gold could buy or strong arm seize, they spent their days in watching gardens grow and reaping heavy crops of wild oats.

But instinct was still strong within their murderous souls, and no single merchant ship sailed past their lairs without arousing the old robber passion; and this wily pirate soon devised a scheme to bring more fish to his net.

In those days there were no lighthouses to guide vessels from afar, and sailors who had not seen land for weeks were used to look for the street-lights of Bridgetown as their guide, if they came in during darkness.

So our enterprising robber purchased a lot of mules and lanterns, and waited for a stormy night and a coming ship. When they appeared together, he hung his lanterns around the mules' necks and had them driven about among the trees. Their twinkling light, now showing clear, now hidden by leaves, easily deceived the sailors, who dashed their

ship upon those iron rocks where it speedily went to pieces, and its cargo became unlawful prize. If by chance any life was spared by the sea, it was speedily disposed of by the more merciless pirate; and there are still shown the chambers underground where prisoners might have been kept.

By a judicious economy and well devised system of settling accounts with pistol or knife in place of gold, this special buccaneer soon grew enormously rich; and shortly after, so the story goes, retired permanently from business, carried his gains to his native land, founded an abbey or two and died in the odor of sanctity, admired by all.

Beyond the curve of Consett Bay, the shore becomes still more rugged and picturesque. Vast rocks that have been dragged from high estate by resistless sea, have been carved by the same power into effective statuary. One represents a lion couchant, and, from two or three points is as striking as if from Baryе's chisel. In and around the bases of these rocks the waves play curious pranks and sing wild songs; soft and sighing when there is no wind, yet with a sullen undertone that tells of wilder, more majestic harmony when Boreas is abroad. Some of them have been cut away by water, hammer and chisel until vast masses are balanced upon narrow bases, which are at last cut through, and only a flat table remains to mark where a cliff once existed.

Viewed from a distance, say from St. John's Church tower, there is presented a succession of rugged cliffs, rolling land and foaming sea that has received the name of Scotland, from some exile's idea of a resemblance to far-away Caledonian shores.

Barbados is everywhere healthful, but when one feels depressed or exhausted with Bridgetown heat or needs a little rest from hospitable attention, Bathsheba, with its cliffs, its delightfully cool nights and excellent hotel, offers a change that few other West India places are able to present.

The only way to reach Codrington College is by carriage from Bridgetown, a distance of about fifteen miles over roads like a floor and through a country that is cultivated like a garden. The drive can easily be made in a single day, and affords as much pleasure and information as any other in Barbados.

Lunching at St. John's Church, the road thence is a steep descent of some eight hundred feet, and then leads along a fine avenue of palms to the college buildings. Half a dozen lads playing tennis comprised the visible students, and they put themselves at our disposal with a cordial politeness that bespoke but infrequent visitations. Buildings, chapel, dormitories, visitation rooms, library and dining hall were inspected in turn, found in a most excellent condition, and we were shown the famous swimming bath, said to be the finest in the world. And it well deserves its reputation. Covered by a slight wooden building, the tank is hewn from solid rock about a hundred feet by seventy wide, to a depth of from five to ten feet. A singing stream comes in from the cliff side and runs through the bath, so that it is always fresh and pure. It may readily be imagined how the youngsters prize this splendid water supply in a land where daily baths are a simple necessity of life, far more essential to health than drugs. Some pious hand has decorated the rafters with scripture maxims in old English, which have a bizarre effect. One scarcely needs the golden rule before his eyes when splashing in his daily tub.

A kind friend has just loaned me the "Barbados Blue Book," which contains some very curious information, and while speaking of schools, for Codrington College is the acknowledged head of the educational institutions, I shall quote from it.

None of them are free. Rich or poor, each child must pay a penny a day for his teaching, books not included; and to this, which is for children only, a much larger sum is added in higher grades. There are about two hundred and twenty schools, of which one hundred and eighty are under the control of the Church of England, twenty-two Wesleyan or Methodist, and the others Moravian. I visited several schools in company with Mr. Collymore, the superintendent, and found them well conducted, and at Harrison College, which corresponds to an American high school, about one hundred and fifty students with an active, intelligent corps of teachers. With the excep-

AN ARROW-ROOT MILL.

tion of the head master, who receives three hundred pounds sterling per annum and house rent, and whose duties seem to be largely ornamental, the others are wretchedly paid: the science master, an English university honor-man, receiving the munificent salary of fifty pounds a year.

The Church of England is supreme over the entire management of the land. When the island was settled, the same authority reigned unquestioned in the fatherland, and its transfer was quite natural. But with advancing civilization in every country of Europe, State Church authority has waned before that spread of intelligence which gives to every man a choice of form of worship, and is apparently doomed to extinction in the near future. Here, however, where traditions retain strong hold of men who see only loss of prestige and money in a change, and where the people submit to the burden, there is a sense of deference to the Church from the State, a submission to clerical lead that probably exists nowhere else to equal extent.

The island is divided into parishes, not boroughs as in Trinidad, or counties as in England; public works are carried on under Church control, moneys are expended by vestry vote, and it would be difficult to find any public business in which the State Church has not a heavy influence. Referring to my blue-book, I find that the total expenditure for Church establishment in 1886 was more than three thousand dollars in excess of the amount expended for educational purposes, and such figures tell a pregnant story.

There does not seem much more to say in this connection than that this state of

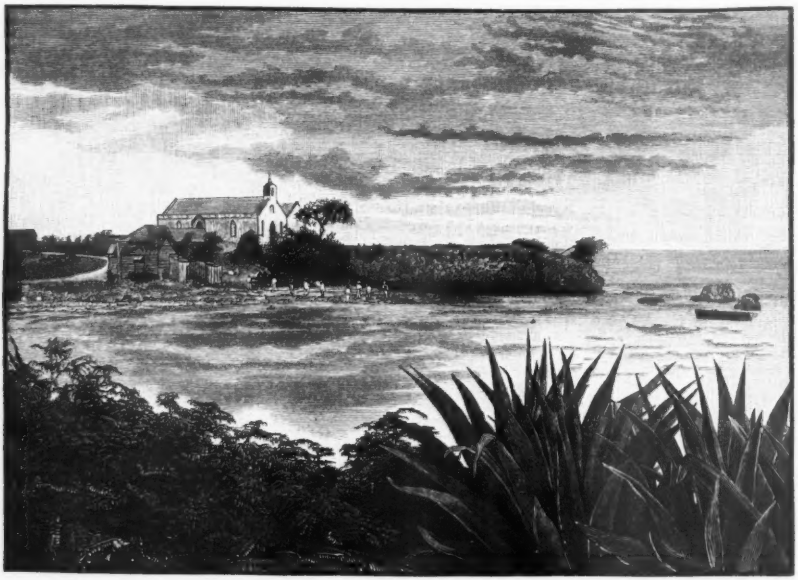
things exists by consent of the people, since they could change it at will through their representatives in legislature. What need exists for a Lord Bishop of Barbados with a palace and a salary of some $5,000 per annum, does not clearly appear to a stranger, but since the natives are content it is evidently no business of any one else.

The Provost-Marshal appears to have the next best thing to the Church. He is entitled to fees first as provost-marshal, then as sheriff, then as marshal of Common Pleas, and, lastly, as sergeant-at-arms; and ought to make a handsome sum of it, if he is active enough to get around quickly.

A fee has to be paid for any changes in churches: to alter any ornament costs five shillings; to alter a chapel, two pounds; to put in an organ, one pound, thirteen, and for each visit paid, one pound. All these, and many more fees, go to the registrar.

Rather an extraordinary state of things exists with regard to franchise. In spite of exceedingly liberal laws, with a small property qualification and many exemptions, in a total population of about 200,000, there are not 2,200 voters—about one in a hundred. In America the ratio is about one in six.

Rum is as nearly free as possible. Any one who chooses can sell it upon payment of fifty dollars per annum, and Bridgetown is as full of petty saloons as an American city under prohibition. But drunkenness is rare; so rare that in a month's wandering about the island, the only tipsy men I saw were some sailors from a man-of-war; so it cannot be a very dangerous element.



ST. ANDREW'S CHURCH, BARBADOS.

Enough of statistics, which would be gladly avoided if anything else but figures could tell certain facts with force.

One of the most interesting places to visit in Barbados is the museum of Mr. Belgrave, the well-known collector, out in Westbury Road. He has brought together a large, well-selected and exceedingly beautiful collection of marine curiosities which is nicely arranged in a couple of well-lighted rooms. He has one or two absolutely unique specimens of coral, one resembling a stock of sugar-cane with joints and roots, except that it

is of a delicate pink color. For this he has refused tempting offers from the British Museum. One may spend an hour a day, if a lover of beautiful forms of the deep, in these airy rooms, and find at every turn something strange and striking; and the collection is well worthy of a larger audience than the few strangers who come to admire it from foreign lands.

Among the many insects that fly about evening lamps and in pleasant gardens outside, I notice a painful lack of brilliant colors. No painted moths nor shining fire-flies are to be seen, and the latter are unknown; so that the island offers none of the attractions to an entomologist that are so rich in Venezuela.

Poisonous reptiles are few and scarce; and St. Patrick must have made a flying trip to Barbados, as far as snakes are concerned. I hear of a few centipedes and scorpions, but they are found only in the neighborhood of sugar estates, scarcely ever being seen in town, so that people who fear intertropical lands in general as homes of venomous serpents and insects, may put their apprehensions aside if they conclude to go to this island.

Arrowroot culture is carried on in a shiftless sort of a way, and a valuable industry has thus been neglected, while the Barbadians have consistently put all their eggs into one basket. On the northern side of the island, amongst roaring surges and flying sea-spume, I saw a little patch of something growing, with tender, feeble, light-green leaves, very like lettuce that is a week above ground. The cultivated land was perhaps a quarter of an acre, and in one corner of the lot stood a miserable thatch-roofed shanty. This was an arrowroot plantation and mill. A lank, poverty-stricken white answered to my call, and conducted me about his estate, ending up with the manufacture. Two women, whose pallid faces, bent backs and listless looks spoke of scanty rations all their lives, were busy squeezing the water out of a mass of white fibre by handfuls into a sheet stretched over a barrel. In one corner stood a large circular grater to be turned by some lazy hand—and that was all.

The root looks like small, white sugar-cane, divided into joints, growing some six inches long; is cut into fibre by grating, soaked in water, and then has the starch that is known as arrowroot squeezed out slowly by such discouraged looking females as those were. In appearance and taste this was quite equal to what I have seen in Bermuda; and along this north coast is vacant land that is useless for cane, enough to supply a great demand, with every facility for cultivation. And it must be profitable, for upon the receipts from that petty, poor place, at $2.75 per hundred pounds, these three people subsisted. Living, it was not; that was an ambition to which their wildest hopes had not soared; but they did not cease to exist, and were not more utterly dejected in gait and general get-up than many of their compatriots who worked in cane-fields.

Lying beyond St. Andrews, a long drive from Bridgetown, and occupying the eastern face of the northern end of the island, are a series of remarkably steep cliffs, that climb out of the sea to a perpendicular height of hundreds of feet. To their bases come long Atlantic swells that have met no hindrance to their will for three thousand miles, and these attack this rocky barrier with a fierceness that gives to the coast some of the most magnificent sea-effects that I have ever watched. Even North Irish or Hebridean cliff surges were but baby play beside them. Striking with a boom, they mounted almost to the summit with a green, glassy rush that reminded me of Niagara just above the fall; then combing into spray, lashed out greedy fangs of foam at the looker-on, and retreated with a roar like near and heavy thunder. They followed in quick succession, each seeming to climb a little higher than the last, until one's senses were quite upset by enormous force, and we experienced a curious illusion of motion. Land and wave were waltzing to the music of the sea. An infernal one-two-three, one-two-three movement began; solid rock lost its anchorage, and the world went round and round until giddiness came, and the steadiest head dragged the rest away. There was a wild look in my companion's eyes, and she was half hysterical when the earth regained its senses a little away from the orchestra's reach.

But we had come to see what is called the animal flower cave, a collection of

actiniæ in one of the caverns that dashing water has worn in the rock-face far below by years of steady toil.

No place this for women. So they returned to the carriage and marooned it awhile, which is Barbadian for recuperation physical, while we climbed down a stony sort of chasm, until before us, a little way across, was the cave opening, and leading to it a narrow path along a ridge, steep, wet, and with most hungry-looking waves rushing over it at irregular intervals. The guide watched his chance, darted over with a whoop; and watching ours, we followed. The tail end of a ferocious swell caught one fellow, and I thought he was gone, but he escaped with a sound wetting, and we called him clumsy.

Inside, the floor was tolerably dry and quite safe, so after a little more abuse for our friend who had scared us so, we went into an inner chamber, and there in a circular basin with stone floor, reposed a still pool of liquid glass. Now and then its shining surface was gently stirred by trickling streams falling into it, but it was almost incredible that water should be so transparent as this. Where there was no motion, nothing whatever parted eye from crevices in that floor, six feet below.

We gathered round, looking quietly at the water, when what had seemed like a dead stem of a water-lily near me began to expand. "Look!" I whispered in fear of spoiling the show; and in twenty seconds that pool seemed a blazing garden of flowers. With a prevailing color of yellow, of the tint of buttercups, there was enough of red and blue to make purple hues also, which changed as we gazed enchanted, with each slight motion of the plants.

Finally Jack plunged his hand in after the nearest one, and, presto! the garden was gone, the pool was empty again. Quiet for a moment, and the play began once more; and so we had various acts, all alike. We were in hopes that colors might change, but they were ever the same.

So, with a good final look, we started for the ridge again—the guide called it a saddle—made the passage safely, and drove quickly home through a delightful night, over roads that wound through cane-fields, like white lines of foam upon a rolling sea.

Cole's Cave is another pretty excursion, in quite a different part of the island. Driving out from Bridgetown, guests of our friend Howells, the way led up hill and down, yet mainly ascending until the central crest was reached, from which a pretty picture was before us, of land and town and sea. There was nothing grand—only man and nature were at their best in spring attire, and rich fields rolled down to the blue distance with scarce a single point of foliage, their green surface lighted by turning sails of many windmills, whose whiteness shone from far as sun-rays caught them. The city was invisible on the bay-shore; but tracery of many masts and ropes was drawn like spider-webs against closing water-line and transparent sky. A cool fresh breeze was blowing—so fresh that I drew my coat close around me, although the mercury was close to eighty; for a little chill in the tropics, quite unnoticed at the time, may mean fever or lumbago or neuralgia to unwary strangers, who cannot realize how freely their skin is acting after a Northern winter's lockup.

Then we came to a series of cracks in the earth, exactly like some I have seen elsewhere after earthquake shocks, and probably resultant from similar causes. Only these were made ages ago, and time has smoothed their rugged sides and draped naked rock-forms with clinging vine and waving fern until they are really beautiful. In one of these clefts lay the entrance to our cave, a deep well from the chasm floor, down which we climbed, eighty feet or more, like cats, with feet and hands. Light grew dim descending, until at the sloping bottom Howells pointed out a hole apparently just big enough for a fair-sized dog to squeeze in, lighted several candles, and started with a laconic, "Now then, here we are."

The opening was really large enough to admit a stooping man, however, and we crawled slowly over a floor of slimy loose stones, into a nasty sooty uninteresting cavern. A little of it went a great way, but we were there to investigate, and pushed on carefully until a muddy brook interposed its barrier and protested. Here, in pools that were being

dug from solid rock, water was collecting which a company was to carry to Bridgetown later, and so enter into competition with one already established.

The only curious thing about the place was that every few feet, circular holes were drilled a few inches deep in the roof as regularly as if by a steel cutter. How this was done baffled conjecture, and the impressions of the trip were that Howells had given us a very pleasant drive and *al fresco* lunch, and that the cave, as a cave, was a total failure.

Hotel accommodations in Barbados are excellent and plentiful, and rates are from two to three dollars a day for transients. Parties wishing quiet homes can readily secure board at less rates in various parts of the town; and those seeking rest will find it, together with strong sea-air and an almost changeless temperature, along the Northern coast.

There is probably no place in the world just like Barbados, and its people have a pride of country that is remarkable, considering its lack of importance. Foreigners are regarded with a degree of reserve simply because they are such, and discriminated against in certain statutes relating to freeholds. The better class are well educated and hospitable, but in what they please to call society circles there is an exaggeration of English snobbery that is ludicrous to a traveler, and caste lines are drawn with a closeness that is dying out in the mother island. Of course, these matters are in women's hands, as elsewhere, and the fair sex rule supreme.

Something, perhaps it is the climate, nips all enterprises in the bud, and with unrivaled facilities for docks and discharging cargoes, ships lie a mile from shore and with lighters slowly unload. Yet building goes on briskly, several new quarters of the city are filling up with houses that are creditable residences, and the population steadily increases.

It is a bad place for rheumatism. Night and day the skin is working to its utmost capacity, and an unnoticed chill stiffens up muscles that refuse with painful persistence to be loosened. Bright's disease and diabetes gain rapidly under the influence of kidney rest, and remain improved, if not transferred too early to Northern cold. For those who seek dissipation, who ask "what is there to do down there?" and who demand ceaseless occupation, Barbados is no place.

There is no theatre, no amusement of any kind, and the only departure from such mild fun as driving and sailing furnish is taken at a social, well-served dinner or a pleasant dance, where each knows all the other guests.

But for quiet, rest and healthfulness, there is but one island of the Atlantic comparable to this—and at Nassau, Americans find but little change save climate, and that rated at four dollars a day.

When steamship lines shall see fit to cater for passenger trade and charter for the season vessels that can run twelve miles an hour, Barbados will certainly get its share of our nomads, who, restless as they are, know a good thing when they get it, and are faithful in their likes.

THE SKY AND THE WOOD.

THERE is a rainbow in the sky,
  Upon the arch where tempests trod,
'Twas written by the hand on high,
  It is the autograph of God

The trees their crowns of foliage toss;
  Where monarchs fell in thunder showers,
Spring drapes their forms in mourning moss,
  And writes their epitaphs in flowers.

George W. Bungay.

BOY LIFE ON THE PRAIRIE.

IV.—"BETWEEN HAY AN' GRASS."

BY HAMLIN GARLAND.

THE finishing up of the seeding was in cross-dragging, and by that time the soil was dry and mellow, throbbing with heat and life, and ready to embrace the corn, a much more tender and hesitating germ than the hardy cereals, wheat, oats and barley. The corn-ground was sometimes plowed in the spring, but more often in the fall; and all that remained in preparation was to cultivate it with the seeder-teeth and harrow it with the great drags till it was as smooth and mellow as a garden.

By this time the earliest sown wheat was flinging a beautiful green shade over the other fields, and the verdant grass came back to clothe the bare and blackened sod; the larks had returned, the geese and ducks had all passed over to the lakes in the farther north; only the solitary crane still wheeled slowly by in his majestic flight—hardly a day passing but his sonorous note fell from the fathomless deeps of the dazzling sky—and the morning symphony of the prairie hens began to die away. The popple groves were deliciously green, their round leaves trembling in the breeze; the oak began to take on a pinkish and brownish tinge, as the tender leaves unfolded toward the point of being as large as a squirrel's ear. At this period it was time to begin planting corn.

This was, in ordinary years, about the third or fifth of May; and one of the pleasantest experiences of the year. The ground, a deep rich loam, unmixed with rocks or gravel, lay out in broad acres, having been harrowed until it was as fine and soft as a flower-bed. Then after it had been marked one way by a contrivance resembling a four-runnered sleigh, which left the field crossed with deep lines four feet apart, it was ready for planting. The custom of the best farmers was to wait and mark it the other way just ahead of the planters, in order that the grain should fall in the moist earth.

In those days the hand-planting had not given way to that of the machine, and corn-planting was more of an event. We, smallest boys, had been helping to make garden. We had raked up the yard, clipped vines, set onions and radishes till we were tired, but when the call came to plant corn we went at it with considerable animation, though it must be said that our enthusiasm was, as a rule, short-lived. Fields for it then ranged from ten to sixty acres, though wheat was still the prevailing crop; and to drop and cover fifty acres of corn was a "considable of a job 'n them days."

So, early on a fine May morning we might have been seen starting for the field in hilarious mood: the boss, the hired man, a couple of neighbors' sons—stalwart young fellows who are "changing works", that is, helping us, with the understanding that we are to help them. Sometimes the girls, sisters of the men or daughters to the boss, go along to help. The hand drives the marker, the girls and the smallest boy drop the corn, and the boss and the others with light, sharp flashing hoes follow to "cover." The marker starts over the field, crossing the old marks and producing checks or squares; and at the intersections thereof the seed is dropped and covered. The field is brown, rich, and level, half-mile bouts being the usual length; the air is still, and we can hear the merry voices of other similar parties in the neighboring fields. The young fellows choose their "droppers" among the girls, and the work begins right briskly.

Dropping corn is an art. I think at this distance I may say that I was an artist thereat, being able to drop for two coverers at once, which was phenomenal work. Lest the reader may not be correctly informed as to the method, I will explain a little in detail. First, you must pull off your boots or you will miss the delicious feeling of the warm moist earth, as the

tender sole sinks to the instep, burrowing like some wild thing but lately returned to its native element. Next, you get one of your mother's old faded calico aprons to tie around your waist (Nellie will tie it for you); then tie a huge knot in the slack of it and you have a pouch resembling that in which the carpenter carries his nails; fill this with a couple of quarts of corn—take your place—go!

Now you must drop "three and four" kernels—no more and no less—in each intersection of the grooves. The sharp eyes of those who are following will detect every mistake (though, if you are a girl, "Len" will say nothing, but cover the one poor little kernel as quickly as possible before the vigilant eyes of the boss see it). But if you are skilled you get the swing of it, and every time you plant your left foot in a groove you drop three grains, fearing not the swift steady stroke of the hoe behind; but the soil is so mellow and the hoe so light and keen that one clip is all that the skillful coverer gives to each hill, and he presses you hard. The gait is a rapid walk, and the dull ring of the hoe at your naked heels is like the tick of a clock for speed and regularity. But being skilled and generous you walk between the girls and help them along by dropping an occasional hill on their rows.

Nevertheless, it is hard work. Your neck aches and your back aches, and by the time you have gone eighty rods and arrive at the fence, you are only too glad to throw back your head and look at the sky. You take plenty of time to fill your pouch. As the forenoon wears away, the sun get incredibly warm; and as the boss leans on his hoe and looks lovingly at the wide level field getting greener each hour, he says, with a voice full of a sort of tender awe, "I jest believe I c'n *hear that wheat grow!*"

We went to dinner in those days with an appetite born of a nearness to the earth. It was a merry meal, though the unusual work was wearisome to the girls, and not infrequently they flatly rebelled and took several hours of "nooning." Those early days of planting corn have a distinct and mellow charm for me now as they did then. There were superb dawns, and warm, sensuous, slumbrous noons; there were gorgeously colored, indescribable sunsets flaming across the sea of tender springing wheat, when a rising mist was in the air, and the diminishing notes of the prairie chickens still rang in quavering intermittent music through the red haze, joining with the swelling chorus of the frogs who took up and carried forward the theme as the other voices died slowly away.

O, days unspeakable! O, simple, homely tasks! How shall the careworn man tell the glory, the majesty of those nights and days as they filled the boy's heart with a pleasure so deep as almost to be pain. O, to bury my feet again in that moist, warm earth; to lie on the mellow ground in the sun; to walk across the fields and hear the steady click of the hoe at my heel, and the laugh of the girls working beside!

But, no! my capacity for such simple life has gone. It is a delusion, the mere gilding of a hard task, a halo around a dull and laborious life by the passage of time. Ah, well! there is no harm done in looking back wistfully at this distance—it is safe enough. It is a phase of life passed away. The "check-rowing automatic corn-planter and coverer" has taken the place of the girls and boys with aprons and hoes. With a long knotted cable and a machine, one man now drives a team into the field and plants and covers eighteen acres a day. Girls no longer have any part in this truly beautiful work of putting the corn in the earth, and the boy is required only to stick pumpkin-seeds (which almost breaks his back now as it did of old). When they get a machine to plant pumpkin-seeds, improvement in the direction of corn-planting can go no further. The steady *click, click,* of the machine will be the only voice in the wide and sunny field.

The spring's work now done, there came a little breathing spell for men and teams, and surely they needed it. The horses, so shining and plump a few weeks ago, now looked gaunt and worn. The men also felt a vast relief at the end of the planting, for all through April from early morning till dark they had hurried to and fro across the field, tramp, tramp, like madmen chasing some charm invisible to the onlooker. Wheat-sowing was always a hard season.

XUM

The corn planted, we, boys, had a new and (I am sorry to say) a pleasant work to perform, namely, to snare and shoot the gophers from the corn-fields. The Western reader needs no further information concerning this work, but to those living in Eastern cities explanation is quite necessary. There are, in the prairie states of the West, two sorts of ground-squirrel, popularly known as "the striped gopher" and "the gray gopher." The striped gopher is a differentiation of the chip-munk of the woods, and the gray gopher is simply the gray squirrel in a new habitat. I may chronicle here an interesting fact: that the survival of the fittest has brought about a beautiful adaptation to environment in both cases. The striped gopher is so delicately marked and colored that he is well nigh invisible when in the short yellow and green grass of the upland. On the other hand, the gray gopher keeps in the neighborhood of spots of ground producing long tufts of gray and weather-beaten grass, places where the last year's growth still remains, the color harmonizing with his own yellow-gray coat, and aiding him in his efforts to escape the hawk and the coyote.

These little creatures, like the wild chicken, follow a certain stage of civilization, and absolutely swarm in the sod adjoining a field. They grew to be a great pest, for they developed the most remarkable intellectual cleverness in finding and digging up the corn after being dropped and covered in the manner just described. In some strange manner the roguish little fellows found out that wherever there were two deep marks crossing, and a man's footmark imprinted on a little mound of dirt, therein were to be found most delectable bits of food, and they took advantage of their knowledge.

It was not uncommon to find a long row of newly-planted corn dug up in this manner, with the most unerring precision. This was clearly a case of development, for the gophers on the wild prairie were not by large odds so shrewd as those scions of a stock whose five or six generations had dwelt within the neighborhood of man. Inherited aptitude, evidently united to native and individual intelligence. However this may be, the fact remains that it was "dead gophers or no corn," and with gun and poison we waged remorseless war upon them on work-days, and with snares we compassed their destruction on Sundays.

I will not stop to dissertate on the strange delight boys have in causing suffering to men and animals alike, but will pass to another and pleasanter consideration. Although possessed with more or less of the savage delight, we were, I think, like the angler or hunter, more pleased with the effect of the sun, the wind and the earth upon us, with the freedom from labor, than with killing the little creatures. I remember but with sorrow the occasional gopher caught by the sinewy neck in my noose, but all that surround the act are unmixed delights. There was the congregation of the boys of the near neighborhood to enjoy the bracing morning; the tender, springing grass; the far-away, faint changing purple of the wood; the shimmer of the swelling prairie, leaping toward the flaming sun—all the inexpressible glow and pulse and blooming desire of the spring day come around me as I write of that apparently barbarous and otherwise trivial matter.

It is only another exemplification of Mr. Howells' position, so well voiced, too, by Emerson and Whitman. Go the whole earth round, we surely come back to find the vulgar and common things nearest us, sweetest and most significant of all.

Being something of a psychologist, I am often profoundly amused at the revelations which come to me in writing reminiscences of this nature. These *genre* pictures of boy-life in the West are intrinsically of no moment; their interest will be mainly due to the observer and his angle of vision; to one who (like myself) is a product of these scenes and incidents, a word or sentence concerning a common experience will assume great value, while at the same time, those reared among a totally different set of vulgar incidents will be amused merely. To return to our snare:

With a long piece of stout twine—saved for several months from grocery packages—we sally forth on a Sunday morning in May, two or three neighbors' boys going along to help out the fun. If there is Sunday-school, we will

attend that in the afternoon, but the forenoon is to be taken up in basking on the prairie. The gophers are whistling here and there, and dashing about; a hawk dips and wheels in the slumbrous, shimmering air; plover and snipe lend voice to the scene, the plover incessantly rising and settling on a fence-post or mound, with its peculiar wailing, quavering *pee-weet;* while the twitter of innumerable ground-sparrows passing overhead, and the sweet and thrilling note of the meadow-lark, add an inexpressible charm to the morning air.

Snaring gophers is like fishing, an excuse for enjoying nature; but having driven a gopher into his burrow, you turn from the landscape hastily to put your slip-knot in the mouth of the smooth hole and retire to the end of the taut string to wait till he pops his head through the noose, which he will do—possibly. It is the habit of these little fellows to come suddenly to the top of their burrow, and then cautiously lift head until they can eye you. You must be keen-eyed if you note the little rogue, for he is not only just the color of the surrounding grass, but he is a rare ventriloquist. After sitting a couple of minutes and seeing nothing, you hear a low, sweet trill as of a sleepy bird. You can not place it. It may be in the air, it may be to the left or the right; you can not tell. But if you be skilled, you know that the crafty rascal has come out at some other burrow, and that he is laughing at you, "*pr-rr-ee-ee!*"

You turn your head—"*cheep!*" A slight motion to your left apprises you where he has gone down. You adjust your snare there, and again sit patiently and as still as stone four, five minutes, and then you hear that sly, sleepy trill. It sounds back of you at first, then in front, and finally turning your head slowly, you see a bright eye gleaming upon you from the burrow where you had your snare set in the first place.

At this you laugh, and pulling in your snare out of respect for his cunning and his marvelous ventriloquistic powers, lay out full length on the warm, bright green sod. You listen to the multitudinous, softened sounds of the prairie; you hear the drowsy laugh of your companions, see the girls picking flowers on the sunny slopes; and in a sort of drowsy, sensuous content, gaze at the clouds and dream and dream, without other desire than to be left in peace in the spring sunshine. The wind wanders by in gentle gusts, but there is no grass to wave, no trees to rustle; an infinite peace broods on the whole wide prairie.

One feels at such moments like the angler who lays his rod among the ferns and watches the soaring heron, high in air; listens to the ripple of the stream, its beating, pulsing, ringing chimes, putting one into perfect content and peace. In such times the man forgets his wants and desires, and actually goes back to the prehistoric state, when desires were simple and few and easily allayed. Lying thus, the bright-eyed little trickster ventures up to his hunter's feet, and rustles in the short grass at his very ear. No matter, they are brothers now!

In those early days there were vast tracts of land lying waste, over which the cattle and horses during the summer roamed as wild things. As soon as the grass began to spring from the blackened sod the cattle were turned out to forage for their living, and soon all those of the neighborhood aggregated into large droves feeding miles away from home. Each night, therefore, till late in the fall, it was our duty—and a pleasant one ordinarily—to mount our horses and "cut" the cows out of the drove and bring them home. This we always did on horseback, of course; and in consequence each boy grew to ride like a Sioux. The most of us began to ride in this fashion when seven or eight years of age, absolutely growing up in the saddle; and a little later, when the cattle were herded, we spent many days on the wild lands. The prairies of northern Iowa were then very beautiful. They were richly clothed with verdure: on the uplands a short light-green grass intermixed with various "weeds," the lowlands showing a thick tall growth of various kinds of grasses and willows. Along the streams a few miles apart there were lines of luxuriant timber, oak, ash, maple, elm and basswood. The streams were pure and cold, but had few fish. I have never seen anything in the shape of meadow so luxuriant

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and beautiful as those natural meadows in June. The flash and the ripple and glimmer, the myriad voices of the ecstatic little bobolinks, joined with the chirp and whistle of the red-wings swaying on the weeds or the willows, the larks piping from grassy bogs, and swift-flying snipe and plover adding their shrill voices as they rose from and sank into the flowery, green depths of the grass!

Nor was the upland less interesting, as we roamed far and wide over it on our horses. In the spring the sight of the huge antlers lying in countless numbers white and bare on the sod told of the millions of elk and deer that had once fed in these green savannas. The gray hermit, the badger, made his den in the sunny slopes of the long swells, as did also the fox and swift coyote; and many a mad race we made after this swift and tireless "spectre of the plains"—all to no purpose, save to bring out the speed of our horses and break the monotony of the day's herding the cattle.

Scattered over these uplands were groves, or, more exactly, clumps of popple trees, called "tow-heads", for some occult reason; they were commonly round and ordinarily from a hundred to four hundred feet in diameter, though in some cases they were many acres in extent. Then there were seas of hazel thickets, intermixed with lagoons of blue-joint grass, that beautiful and stately product of the richest soil. Over these uplands, through these lakes of hazel and round these islands of popple, we boys on fleet horses careered—chasing the rabbit, hunting the cows, or racing the drove of half-wild horses. In summer we verily lived on the prairie and on horseback.

As it cost nothing, or next to nothing, to keep horses, every farmer had from five to twenty colts ranging from one to four years old. In the spring these long-haired half-wild creatures were turned loose, or were tempted away by the grass of the swales, from the straw-piles in whose lee they had burrowed during the winter; and as soon as the warmth and plenty of the spring had filled them with new life they doffed their shaggy coats and lifted head to the breeze in glorious freedom. Most of them had never had a man's hand on them, but even those, once tamed, mingled with the wild ones so indiscriminately that only by the collar marks, or other ineffaceable badge of servitude, could they be distinguished from the rest.

It was curious, it was glorious! to see how the old wild instinct broke out in these halterless herds! In a few days, after many battles, individual and otherwise, the horses of all the region united into one drove, and a leader, the swiftest and most tireless of them all appeared from the ranks and led in the splendid evolutions of the troupe. I remember the first time I ever saw them thus on the wing. It was in the sixties, and was my first morning on the genuine prairie. The day before we had traveled from another county, fifty miles to the east, and near the Mississippi, arriving at our new home late at night. Directly in front of our little frame-house, there was a vacant unfenced half-section of land; the other farms surrounding it were fenced, for the "herd law" had not yet passed. Far to the north and west the wild prairie stretched boundlessly.

As we stood the next morning looking at the vast level sweep of the russet plain, we heard a distant roar and trample, and saw a cloud of dust rising along a road leading north, as if a railway train were rushing southward towards us, and a moment later out on the smooth sod burst a platoon of half-wild horses led by a superb cream mare. Ah! how they exulted! How they laughed in the cool autumn air! as they wheeled in crescent form, charged in echelon, thundered abreast or raced like speeders on the course. Under their long and tangled manes gleamed their eyes, blazing with the wild light of exultation. They shook their heads; neighed like bugles, snorting defiance; their long tails and manes floated like banners.

As we cheered at this inspiriting sight, the cause of such sudden debouch was made plain. For a man mounted on a fleet little cream (the mate of the leader), was riding at a slashing run between us and the drove, endeavoring to head them off down another lane. He was large and finely-proportioned, and rode his horse magnificently; and the Morgan under his thighs strove gallantly to do his bidding. She lay out like a hare;

she seemed to float like a hawk skimming the ground, and her glorious rider sat so easily that his great weight seemed to leave her perfectly free. On swept the crescent-shaped platoon around to the left, aiming for another vast prairie to the east. On strove the gallant cream, disdaining the idea of being beaten by her own mate; her ears laid back in a frown, her nostrils distended, her breath roaring like a furnace. O! for freedom from the saddle and master, and then we should see who would lead yon troupe! All in vain; the little mare, though having the inside track, was no match for her wild, free mate, and a few minutes later the leader entered the short lane leading to the east, and the thunder of the hoofs died rapidly away in the distance. The whole matter was, that the owner of the cream-colored span had occasion to use the other, the leader, and had undertaken to drive her into a corner somewhere and catch her.

It grew to be a familiar sight, this movement of the droves, for almost daily they had a parade—without any special provoking cause. But we delighted to stir them up. Here they are, almost motionless on the prairie: some are feeding, more stand gnawing each other's withers in that way peculiar to horses; and some are in a close knot to keep away from the flies, stamping uneasily, or jostling together. As a rule they are not handsome; they are not blooded horses; they are long-haired, and mainly large-stomached and low-necked, from being always grazing.

Having nothing else to do, and being mounted on fleet horses ourselves, we youngsters gathering the reins well in hand, ride carefully up to them. The leader is lying down, shaking her head viciously as the bot-flies strike her like bullets under the jaw. The colts and horses, never handled by man, approach us with curiosity; they have not learned the craft of the Morgan mare, who knows too well what it means to fall into the hands of man. Our own horses begin to breathe heavily, and to dance in a springing motion as the drove begin to show uneasiness. We whoop! The cream springs to her feet like a cat, and away we all go with thunder of heel and snorting breath. Ah! these clumsy colts are transformed into something wild and handsome. The lifted heads and streaming manes dignify and even give majesty to the bearers, as they move off awkwardly but swiftly, looking back with that peculiar, insulting, cunning waving of the head from one side of the body to the other, the challenge of the horse, and the tail flung out like a flag.

But I am light-weight, and my horse was once leader of a similar regiment, and therefore I soon out-strip all but the savage little cream mare, who is running her best. We move side by side as evenly as two horses in harness, but my splendid little bay pulls on the bit, showing he is capable of more. The herd drops behind; I lift my cattle whip, lay it down across the cream's back, and yell like a fiend. She squats—she does not kick; she flattens like a wolf—if she kicks she is beaten—she is absolutely flying now—I can see the veins come out on her neck and the neck of Rob Roy; I can see the muscles along the spine and over the hips of the mare heave and swell, and I can *feel* the same action in Rob. Again I bring the whip down, but there is no change! The mare has done her best; she has reached the limit of her stride. Then changing the pressure of my knees, and letting the reins fall, I lean forward and shout into the ear of Rob, and his head, before held high, straightens—seems to reach beyond the mare's head—she falls behind; she wheels; she is beaten; she turns and rejoins the rest. But while Rob is glad to turn and recover his breath, that tireless mare returns to and leads the drove in countless evolutions, wheeling and charging, trotting, galloping, always on the outside track, as if to show that while Rob Roy could beat her on a short run, she was comparatively fresh, while he was winded.

As I started to say, such movements of the drove often took place without any disturbing cause, save the sheer overflow of energy, and would continue for hours at a time, covering of course many miles. The cattle never did this, but they were a great study in other respects. After the herd-law came in we were obliged to watch them, and the herds grew larger, as men united to hire a herder. But even before that time the

cattle tended, like the horses, to aggregate into large bodies, and the disposition to return to the wild state was quite as marked.

We boys used to delight in the battles which resulted when two strange herds met. Being with our own so much, we grew acquainted with all the personal peculiarities of each. They were not blooded cattle, with short horns and heavy bodies, but great, rangy, piebald creatures, with long, keen horns, and wild eyes when roused. We exulted when two strong and resolute steers approached each other with the ferocious signs of battle. The lowered heads and lolling tongues; the stiffened, swelling necks; the wrinkled skin around the rolling eyes; the deep, ominous roar of their voices; the cautious, side-long approach, like skilled boxers—all these led up to the sudden crashing of the meeting skulls and horns. And then follow the straining thrusts, the sudden relaxations to get an advantage, the clashing of shaken and interlocked horns, the deep breathing, the terrible glare of the bloodshot eyes. Now, the brindle gets the upper hold and presses the white to the ground, nearly shutting off his breath; now, the white gathers himself for one last, mighty effort, and lifting the other upon his horns, literally runs away with him.

This ends the battle; for, curiously enough, the victor in such cases is not vindictive—once fallen always beaten, is the rule with a steer or cow. Each herd had its champion, and so accurate did we become in the reading of these bovine characters that we could tell at once whether "Ol' Brin meant business" or whether "he was only bluffin' the other feller." There was, however, always an element of mystery about these herds of cattle. There were times when the gentlest old family cow became frightful. Sometimes, when lying under a little tree, my horse feeding at my side, I would hear a wild savage roar, a long-drawn, powerful, raucous note, ending with an upward burst, instantly to be followed by other and fiercer roars. I spring into the saddle, for I know what that means. Some restless ranging steer has found a trace of blood. Looking out on the prairie, I see the herd running swiftly toward the solitary warrior, who, with nose held to the ground, with open mouth and curling tongue, is voicing the roused savagery within him.

The whole herd is transformed from a lazily feeding and sleeping company of cows to a drove of infuriated buffalo, rushing and crowding, roaring and bawling, fighting, struggling in a thick mass toward and around a common centre. They paw the dust or toss flakes of the sod in the air, eyes roll in white fury, feet trample; and throughout all, that thrilling, frightful, hair-uplifting bawling, roar never heard at other times, is emitted by old and young, till you imagine yourself in the midst of a den of mad lions. Anyone who has seen this most marvellous return to savagery, or heard that sound, can never forget it or confuse it with any other sight or sound. At such times we kept aloof, even when well mounted, till their rage was over. I have seen a similar return to the savage state in swine, when, in response to the grunting roar of a dam answering the squeal of a little pig, the whole herd of lazy porkers would fly at their feeder, ready to tear him in pieces.

It was a gloriously free life we young horsemen led in those early pioneer days! Not yet old enough to be put into the steady work of the farm, we were made the keepers of the stock on the plain. So we watched the wild oat grow tall till its silken plume dried hard and twisted into a barbed arrow; we watched the king-bird make its nest and catch flies for its mate; and cheered the brave little fellow as he fell again and again upon the sailing hawk. We saw the flowers come out rank after rank, the roses, the pinks, the stately lilies, and the delicate silvery plume of the rattle-snake weed. We reveled in the sun and the wind, and grew hardy as Indians, with bare feet, bare browned arms and muscles like iron. We raced horses, rode on the gallop standing erect like the circus-men, rode backward, rode without saddle or bridle (guiding the horse by the mane or by the pressure of the knees), wheeling, circling about each other, or sailing straight across the flowery plain on the long wolf-like gallop of the trained ranger.

But it was not all fun. I am thinking now of long days in the fall rains, when

cold and miserable I sat on my dripping horse, under my rubber blanket, and listened to the steady plash of the rain. I am thinking of long rides in the night, looking for strays, rising and falling on my faithful horse, whose heels strike dully on the sod or strike sharply in the road. The night is dark. There is no moon, and thin clouds obscure the stars. Mile after mile Rob Roy puts behind him with his steady swift lope. Faint noises are heard in the grasses. A bird springs up from the weeds.

Beside, the herding of cattle is usually a lonely business. The boy is sent off in the morning with his herd, and, taking his luncheon with him, spends the whole day there—in most cases, alone. Thus he soon exhausts the few excitements which vary the monotony of the day, and quickly the play is apt to become work. The cattle are mainly quiet, and do not stray much; battles are comparatively few, and only occasionally do they burst forth in the fury I have described. In a few days, therefore, the boy falls back upon the companionship of his horse. After he has been taught never to trot a step, but to go from the walk to the lope, he learns to be guided by the pressure of the knee of his master; he no longer feels the rein; he must stop short when chasing a steer, wheel like a flash, guided by the weight of his rider thrown on one side or the other. He must learn to race a fractious steer so nicely as to turn him in a circle back to the herd, never getting so far ahead of brindle as to allow of his turning the opposite way. All this takes time, but time is no object to the herder, and it is his proud boast finally that he can drive his herd in any direction without bridle or saddle on his horse. Visitors were always welcome.

We were not all engaged in this business of herding cattle and horses; on the contrary, the older boys were busy in the corn-field and a little later in the haying-fields. We who were on the prairie invariably wished we were working at home, while our elder brothers thought we had all the fun. The fact was, too much of a thing, even a good thing, is wearisome to the spirit. And to the lonely little soul on the plain, the flowers, the birds, the wind and the free horizon's sweep sometimes oppressed him. With companionship, they would have retained their charm longer.

My brightest memories of the prairie, therefore, date back to the times when we only had to go out each afternoon and drive the cows home to the yard. The change from work in the corn or the haying field, was delicious. It made the heart leap to swing into the saddle and go sweeping away up the lane and over the perfumed and flowery plain. It was an escape from the drag of the earth; it was like taking wing into a dustless, fragrant, free air. Small wonder that the man of to-day looks back with a tender regret to those days, re-enjoying his gay dinner among the popple trees, sailing again the wide meadow where the wild oats swirl and the blue-joint bows shiningly to the passing wind.

Slowly these prairies were plowed, fenced and sown; the wild-strawberry beds gave place to tame; the blue-joint died out, and the timothy and clover pasture took its place. Corn-fields grew larger, and work on the farm more continuous and more binding; the cattle in their pastures grew heavy, tame and uninteresting; and the boy of those regions to-day has no longer an excuse for long daily rides on a trained and fleet horse. Herding a drove of half-wild cattle on a glorious prairie no longer forms a part of boy-life on the prairie. Like the star the orators speak of, cattle-grazing of that sort has gone West; and though the boy of the day, undoubtedly, finds something that amuses him, I doubt if it compares with the strange, wild pleasure of roaming the many-colored and luxuriant wild-lands in common with the deer, the coyote, and the sailing vigilant hawk.

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TWO CORONETS.*

BY MARY AGNES TINCKER,

AUTHOR OF "SIGNOR MONALDINI'S NIECE," "BY THE TIBER," ETC.

CHAPTER VI.

TEN YEARS AFTER.

AT Ombra. You go out from the Porta del Sole, and, stepping from under the shadow of its round arch, leave behind the dusty streets, the gray stone walls, and all the arid solitude of a lifeless old Italian town. You draw a fuller breath at the sight of the beautiful outer world, and a frigid disgust leaves you at that view, like unclean snow melting under a full spring rain. If you are vigorous, you may feel an inclination to run.

The road has run: As soon as the stones were off its back, it swung smoothly round a group of chestnut trees, and was off into the green country.

At the left, the land rises in a huge concave scooped out against a mountain range. This great amphitheatre is lined with protruding rocks and cliffs; small, level tracts terraced and cultivated; headlong turf, broken and sliding in heavy rains; peeping country-houses, and above, a wide space, green-gray with ledge and herbs, where a crooked thread of a yellow path crinkles upward, to disappear without seeming to have arrived at anything, as it reaches beyond the range of lower vision.

At the right there is a gentle slope to the plain, with corn, wheat, vines, chestnut and walnut groves, and here and there a cane-brake, or a tiny olive-orchard. The plain is a beautiful picture: wide, like a lake, set round with mountains; and all a mass of wheat, with a delicate *sfumatura* of olive-trees running through it, and giving it the appearance of floating.

It was a fine morning in October, the heavens glorious with a mild and generous light, the heights and the plain sparkling with freshness and color. The sun had been shining for hours on all the landscape except this eastern hollow, which received its morning from the west; and the road was still in shadow. Moving along in the shadow was a tiny donkey with enormous ears, bearing a very fat man on its back. Giuseppe, Don Francesco Alinori's farmer, had been to town for the morning mail, and to execute a number of domestic commissions for the Signora Alinori and her daughter Aldegonda. The family was in *villeggiatura*.

Giuseppe's feet hung nearly to the ground; and the donkey's small hoofs made, as he walked, a dainty click-clack, like the heels of a lady's slippers.

Not far behind them was a tall pedestrian. He was a fine-looking gentleman about thirty years of age, and he walked with an easy swing, holding his hat in his hand. Now and then he paused to look about him, as though seeing the place for the first time; and at every pause he drew a fuller breath, and put his shoulders back. There was the light of a smile in his pleasant, searching eyes, and transpiring in some way through the somewhat patriarchal beard that covered all the lower part of his face.

About a mile from the city gate, a broad path led off from the road, gradually and obliquely ascending. The man on the donkey glanced back at the gentleman as he turned into this path, and received in reply a nod and a wave of the hat. Giuseppe was acting as guide.

The stranger was strong and elastic, and full of life and health. His glance was frank and kind, his brow broad, his teeth sound, his hands sinewy. His face showed a character capable of generosity, enthusiasm and a splendid anger.

He was a young American doctor who had been studying and traveling in Europe, after having graduated at home; and he was now, after a brief visit to the East, about to return to his native land and put into practice what he had learned. As he said, his hive was full of honey.

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He turned into the path, and went up dreamily for a while, till the barking of a dog recalled him. At that sound, he lifted his head, gave himself a vigorous slap on the breast, and quickened his pace.

The slap was not a *mea culpa*, but meant to make sure that the breast-pocket was not empty. In that pocket, beside a respectably-filled purse, was a letter written by a Florentine banker to the most illustrious Signore, the Signor Don Francesco Alinori; and the writer begged leave to present to his dear Checco the egregious Signor Professor James Martin, a distinguished physician from America; and he did so with a flourish of trumpets that might have abashed a more timid bearer.

The young doctor was anything but timid; and as he glanced over this letter for the last time before presenting it, he thought it a very good one. To be sure he was not renowned, as the writer declared, and his title to be called distinguished might have been questioned; but he meant to distinguish himself, and he expected people of discernment to perceive that he was not an insignificant person. And he was right. For nature signs the work on which she takes pains, though with but a hieroglyph; and those who bear the signature recognize each other.

Dr. Martin folded the letter, and restored it to his pocket-book. The path had now reached an opening luxuriant with field and orchard, vineyard and garden, richly cultivated from the grove that hid the road up to the bare mountain ledge. There was a large, rough stone house with a brilliant disorder about it, and a trellis in front supported on stone pillars, and roofed over by two immense grape-vines that grew with trunks that for size were like trees. These vines still held the later ripening clusters; but the cane-staked vigna beyond had been denuded weeks before, and the wine was already working—a light, champagne-like muscatel, and strong oliatico, with a flavor of birch bark. The almonds had been gathered, but the walnuts though ripe, still hung on the trees; pomegranates were changing from orange color to brown, and there was a peach-tree glowing with large crimson cling-stones, a delight to the eyes, but as tough as a sponge to the teeth.

There was corn waiting to be husked, a mimic mountain of rough, shining gold; bins of wheat were visible through the open doors of breezy store-houses, and poultry of every sort were wandering at will, and picking up the remains of the harvest. A small herd of swine also enjoyed the pastoral freedom of the domain, and took in very good part the gentle rebuffs which met them at the house-door, the flower-garden, the walnut-grove and the drying-ground.

The drying-ground was a wonderful sight, a snow-field of linen, on this bright morning. It occurred to the doctor that the family did their clothes-washing only twice a year, like some German families.

This estate was the Villa Alinori, formerly Villa Cassini, from the family to whom it had belonged, and whose heiress had joined her contadina wealth to the rank and poverty of a younger son of the Alinori. At present only one brother, Tommaso, stood between her husband and the Alinori title; and, as we have seen, only the simple Giovanni prevented their enjoying the Giorgini title and possessions. Tommaso and Giovanni out of the way, the rich contadina's husband would become Count Giorgini, and transfer his family to Sanzio; and her young son, Francesco, would be Count Alinori.

The Signora Anna Alinori was therefore a proud and happy woman socially; but that had not prevented her betrothing her eldest daughter, Aldegonda, to a wealthy farmer's son, and promising her own son to a daughter of the same house. "A man without money is a dead man who walks," she quoted. "What the Alinori want is money. Their nobility will take care of itself. A title is a cork that floats when gold goes to the bottom."

It was Aldegonda's corredo of linen which lay like an arrested avalanche on the drying-ground, bushes, hedges, trees, lines, stakes and stubble. One hundred of everything was the rule; and no girl of respectable family could think of going to her husband with less.

The only persons visible to the doctor as he approached the house were a young girl of fourteen who leaned against one of the stone posts of the trellis, and a

gentleman who smoked while he read a newspaper under the shade of a walnut-grove at some distance. But as soon as he himself became visible, a graceful youth appeared in the door, and hastened out to meet him.

"What a picture of a boy!" thought the doctor. Blond hair lay in loose waves about a perfect brow, the gray eyes were clear and well shaped, the mouth a woman's mouth, red, full and arched. A delicately shaded golden down followed the curve of the upper lip.

"I have been watching for you," the young man said, with a smile and salutation at once dignified and winning. "Our farmer has told us of your coming. If you will do me the favor—" waving his hand toward the house—"I will go and call my father." Another wave of the hand indicated the walnut grove.

"Why should we disturb him now?" the doctor said. "He has but just received his paper. While he is looking it over, perhaps you would be so kind as to walk about the place with me. I find it very interesting. It looks as though a cornucopia of fruit had been poured down over you."

The Signor Alinori had just received his paper, and was looking it over; but its contents were far from being able at that moment to engross his attention. He merely thought it proper to ignore the presence of his guest till it should have been announced to him.

"Certainly we can look about the villa, if you wish," the young man said. "But my father would be displeased with me if I did not introduce you at once. Beatrice, have I left my hat here?"

The last words, uttered in a caressing voice, which atoned for the evident request, were addressed to the girl leaning against the trellis post.

She started, her pensive look changed to a smile of pleasure, and she ran to get the hat. They were walking slowly away when she came behind them and slipped it into the boy's hand. As she did so, bending forward, her eyes were raised to his face, and a brilliant smile illumined her own for a moment.

The young man gave her a careless nod, and she returned to her post, and leaned there looking after him. She was rather pretty, though ill-dressed; and there was something sad and solitary in her air.

The doctor, glancing back, found her a picturesque figure as she stood there motionless in the dancing lights and shadows of the vine-leaves. It did not occur to him that she might be an old acquaintance of his. At the time of Mrs. Nelson's death, five years before, he had heard she had left a small annuity to the child they had picked up somewhere in Italy; but the later crowding incidents of his life had quite covered up a fact which to him had little interest. His sister would have remembered had she been there, but had not thought to remind him. His correspondence with Mrs. Elizabeth Elder treated chiefly of more brilliant scenes and characters.

Elizabeth Martin had been now for nine years the wife of Mr. Francis Elder, and was fully occupied by her family cares and social ambitions. The news she asked her brother for were of courts and courtly people; and thus it happened that the doctor failed to recognize what was perhaps, one of the most interesting encounters of his life.

Inside the house the Signora Alinori was at that moment declaring herself to be in a state of desperation. Here was a mountain of linen to iron and pack, the house in town to be prepared for Aldegonda's wedding, and the family to move; and only one week in which to do it. Yet just at this time, of all others, visitors must come! The Sor Chiara Mattei, the mother of Aldegonda's betrothed, had sent word that she should come out to see them that morning; and an American had already come. Of course both these guests must be invited to dinner. Visitors in town can be gotten rid of; but visitors in villa must eat. It would be necessary to kill two chickens; and in the market two chickens would bring three lire. The Lord knew they had need to economize after having bought a hundred of everything, and raked and scraped to give Aldegonda a thousand scudi in money. "And everything comes out of *my* pocket," concluded the Signora Alinori.

These complaints were poured forth in a high-pitched, snarling voice, which

from time to time cracked with emotion; and the speaker was standing before a long dining-table, which commanded a view of the road and the walnuts. One guessed why the master of the house preferred to read his paper at a distance: The lady's audience consisted of two peasant women who assisted her to sprinkle the hundred sheets of her daughter's corredo. Aldegonda herself was ironing pocket-handkerchiefs at another table by a distant window, and did not seem to hear her mother's voice. A dreamy, complacent half-smile hovered over her pretty face as she daintily folded and smoothed the squares of linen and lawn stitched and embroidered by her own hands. Visions of the future hung about her like a mist.

"The Sor Chiara pretends to think that it is all very easy," the Signora went on spitefully. "But she was n't always so rich. The time has been when she could n't have had a chicken even by going on her knees for it; and everybody knows that her mother"—

She checked herself just in time, recollecting that the grandson of this woman was to be her son-in-law.

Through an open door a large, rough kitchen was visible, in which a fire of twigs was blazing on the elevated hearth of an open fire-place, and half-a-dozen little charcoal furnaces at which irons were heating and saucepans steaming. A third contadina here was counting walnuts into a sack, and dexterously slipping one into her own capacious pocket from time to time. A fourth was making maccheroni. The stiff paste of flour and eggs rolled thin hung over the side of the table like a cover, and a kitten was slyly reaching toward it, with one eye on the roller.

The Signora Alinori, glancing through the window, gave a kind of snort. "Oh, yes!" she said, and tossed her head into the air.

The Sindaco, as his family still called him, though it was years since he had occupied that office, was coming to the house. He had received his visitor with elaborate courtesy, and after a few minutes' conversation, had begged leave to absent himself for a moment.

The Signor Francesco Alinori was a rather stout gentleman, whom his son resembled in features, though not in expression. The father could be charming, but was ordinarily surly in look and speech.

"Here comes the Sindaco to order a banquet of thirty courses," exclaimed his wife; and she shook the sprinkler she held with such violence that the ball came off the handle, and flew across the room.

One of the contadine picked it up, screwed it into the handle again, and filled it with water, glancing slyly at her companion. It was well understood by the familiars of the house that the Sindaco and his wife hated each other.

The gentleman entered. "I want a bottle of vin santo of '35 and some cakes sent out to the grove," he said with an air of quiet authority. "Teresina"—to one of the contadine—"carry out the little round table." Then, addressing his wife again, "Send two or three bunches of grapes, and the glasses with the gilt rim." "Giovanna"—to the second contadina—"go and gather the grapes."

The two women made haste to obey, feeling themselves in a tempestuous atmosphere; and the husband, wife and daughter were left together.

The Signora, without seeming to have heard the request addressed to her, continued to wield her sprinkler, increasing in violence as her anger increased. Her husband, coldly watching her movements, marked the drops of water coming nearer to him with every shake of the sprinkler, till finally a small shower reached the sleeve of his black velveteen morning jacket.

"If you do that again, I will throw the whole basinful over your head," he muttered hoarsely.

The Signora dropped her sprinkler, and flounced angrily out into the kitchen, whence her voice was immediately heard in shrill reproof. The kitten, popping mischievously out from under the table, had snatched at the hanging sheet of maccheroni paste, and come to grief. For, the roller having been lifted at the same instant, the whole mass had slipped down to the floor, covering the hapless animal like a blanket, only a small gray head with very frightened eyes protruding.

The Signora shook her contadina by the arm, which she pinched at the same

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time; lifted carefully the fallen paste, whimpering hysterically the while; and further relieved her feelings by kicking the kitten. The small mischief-maker, squawking, sought refuge with the mother-cat, and had her ears boxed by the maternal paw for consolation.

The Signor Alinori glanced significantly at his daughter, who demurely continued her ironing. He turned upon his heel and went out. He had no fear of not being obeyed. In fact, Teresina was already setting the little table near Doctor Martin's elbow; and in a few minutes Giovanna appeared, bearing a brass tray that shone like gold. In the tray were glasses and a plate of ciambelle. She had scarcely gone when a third woman approached with a second glistening tray holding a bottle of wine and a plate of grapes.

The visitor watched everything with a smiling interest. He found something patriarchal in this multiplicity of service. "Whose fault is it," he thought, "that domestic service is getting to be held dishonorable in other lands? Is it the fault of master or servant? What will bring about the true balance?"

His meditations were interrupted by the return of his host; and the two were soon engaged in a discussion which did not interest the son, so Francesco, junior, returned to the house.

"What sort of man is this American?" his mother asked.

"He is a tall man who swings his cane going up hill," the son replied.

"Anybody can swing a cane," was the retort.

"But everybody does n't, especially when he has had a long walk, and is climbing a hill," the son returned; and without further parley, went out into the kitchen and began to tease the servants.

"Just like his father!" the Signora muttered. "Always hanging around the women!"

As he left the room by one door, Beatrice entered by another. She looked at him wistfully as he withdrew, but did not follow.

The Signora began to lament herself to this new auditor.

"Don't you want me to do the stockings?" the girl asked, with quick obligingness and sympathy. "You must be tired. I will do them nicely. I will sprinkle, fold and iron every one of them."

The expression, and even the color, of the girl's face changed as she spoke. There was a faint rose color over the cheeks; a sweet, gracious smile; and the voice was meltingly soft, half with tenderness, half with timidity.

"It would be such a help to me, Bice," the Signora said in a gentle tone, and handed over a pile of fine thread and silk stockings, all knit by hand.

"I sometimes wish that I had no land," she went on in a quieter voice, soothed by the first sympathy she had met. "I have a mind to let it for half, and live in the town all the year. It makes a slave of me. There are the silk-worms, now; no one can see to them but me. When Giuseppe took care of them they were perfectly brown, and the silk no better than bavella. This year they are as long as my finger, and as clear as amber; and the silk is as glossy as gold. Then the oil—if I did n't look after it, it would be fit only for the lamps. And I must stand by when the wine is changed; and I must count the eggs, and measure the corn, and wheat, and chestnuts, and walnuts. And as for the lentils, not a cart-load is sent away that I do not keep account of."

"You know so much! And you do everything so well!" the girl murmured.

A sound of wheels was heard, and a victoria drawn by a stout pony appeared. There was a momentary vision of a rubicund face looking over the driver's shoulder; but it subsided as quickly as it rose. This was the Sor Chiara Mattei, Aldegonda's prospective mother-in-law. Her family was a good deal richer than that of the Signora Alinori, and her villa was not a farm also; but she had not the advantage of having made an aristocratic marriage.

"Run and meet her!" the Signora Alinori said to her daughter. "Don't let her know that I have seen her; but make her understand that we are overwhelmed with work. Let her come in here if she wants to."

A bustling, self-satisfied, good-natured looking woman presently entered, and saluted everybody with effusion, kissing Beatrice on both cheeks, and standing a moment holding her in a half-embrace.

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Beatrice was afraid of the Signora Alinori, whose rude tongue was worse to her than a lash; but she was quite at her ease with this woman, who, next to Betta, was the best friend she had in the world. Betta was the Signora Mattei's housekeeper; and from her the lady had learned all of Beatrice's affairs which it was not thought prudent to tell publicly.

In her the orphan felt that she had found a friend and protectress. But for the watchful eyes and frank remarks of the Mattei, Beatrice might have sunk to an almost servile position in casa Alinori, though Mrs. Nelson's pension would have been considered in any other house in town sufficient for a modest maintenance. It was the Signora Mattei who kept alive the fact that the piano in the town drawing-room belonged to Beatrice, and that the French master who had given lessons to Aldegonda and Francesco as well as to her, received pay only for one. "It is as easy to teach three as one," the Signora Alinori had said. And it was again the Signora Mattei who pointed out to everybody that the little gold watch among Aldegonda's wedding presents had been given to the child by Mrs. Nelson, but accepted from her protegée's generosity by both mother and daughter.

There had been some discussion in the family over this gift, both the father and son objecting most decidedly to its acceptance. It would be mean to take it, they said.

"It would be cruel not to accept the only thing that I can give," protested Beatrice tearfully. "Everybody else is giving something."

The Signor Alinori looked at her attentively a moment, then laid his hand kindly on her head. "We will take it, then," he said, "and on your eighteenth birthday I will give you another watch, and a prettier one than that."

The Signora Mattei had come to announce that the present which custom required the bridegroom to give to his bride had been received at Ombra, and to beg Aldegonda to go in town with her to see it. This was a cadeau of four dresses, a bonnet and a cloak.

Aldegonda hastened to prepare herself for the drive, while her mother listened with a feeling of mingled pleasure and mortification to her visitor's description of the finery. She had already suffered from the greater richness of the presents that came from the other side. Her generous piles of linen and clumsy old silver made but a poor show beside the sparkling gold and shining silks of the Mattei. She had hoped for something from the Giorgini; but though Aldegonda's marriage had been announced to the Countess Maria, no response except ceremonious good wishes had been vouchsafed.

But when the Signora Mattei said, "I shall ask you for only a dozen invitation cards," her comfortable sense of superiority was at once restored; for that part of the wedding-announcement which set forth the name and state of the bride was surmounted by a coronet.

The cards were brought forth, and produced the desired effect. The contadina sank at once to her proper place among the *mezzo ceto* crowd. Her head advanced itself a little, her smile changed from flattering to flattered; and she took the twenty cards offered as reverentially as a loyal subject takes the extended hand of royalty on presentation-day.

CHAPTER VII.

SOUTHPORT.

The town of Southport is a very good specimen of a green-and-white New England city. There are rows of trees, chiefly elms, in the principal streets; and at the time of which we write there still remained some of those square, flat-roofed houses set in gardens, which wealthy people built for themselves seventy-five or a hundred years ago.

The city, as its name implies, was built on the sea.

Among its chief families were the Selwyns; and when Charles was in Europe, they were the richest family in town. But the broken leg which had kept his father at home was the beginning of a series of misfortunes for them. The remainder of Mr. Selwyn's history resembled that of Job, minus the patience. There was something grotesque in the succession of disasters which robbed them piecemeal of all their possessions but the homestead in Southport, and a microscopic annuity, which in better days Mrs.

Selwyn had devoted to charity. It is a detail to explain that with Mrs. Selwyn charity meant converting some far-away heathen people to New England ideas.

They managed to get Charles through college and medical studies; and the father died happy in the conviction that prosperity had returned to his family, if not to himself. He had lived to see his son a doctor, and to hear the sound of the hammer which affixed his sign to one of the white posts beside their garden gate. He did not know that the sign was unpaid for; and if he could look back and see that it was not likely to be soon paid for, we cannot know.

Mrs. Selwyn and Edith, through their tears for the departed, kept anxious watch on the street and that gate; while Charles, in his office in the back drawing-room, listened breathlessly to every tinkle of the bell which might announce a patient.

But the patients did not come. They passed by on the other side, going to old Doctor Blake, who was rich, avaricious and childless. Or, they went to old Doctor Martin, who was not rich, indeed, but had a money-making family. There was John, his eldest son, who had shops and houses and the beginning of a merchant fleet, while David was following in John's footsteps. There was Elizabeth, the wife of Mr. Francis Elder, the most successful criminal lawyer in town, the terror of prosecuting virtue and the bright morning-star of rascality of every species. And —hats off!—there was James, the famous young doctor, who had studied abroad, made his bow to royalty in England, sent his sister mosses and flowers from India, his mother a bag of Mocha from Cairo, and his father a monumental pipe from Constantinople.

At that time, 1844, a person who had lived abroad was distinguished; and Southport was proud of young Doctor Martin. They all knew that he was coming home to take his father's practice; and they knew that he owed his foreign travels chiefly to the generosity of his maiden aunt, Miss Betsey Martin.

In fact, the family owed a good many favors to this same maiden aunt. It was she who had given John and David the first little push that had launched them on the sea of fortune; and it was she who had given Mrs. Elizabeth Elder all her wedding linen and a beautiful basket of flannels, lawns and laces to her first baby, Francis junior.

Everybody knew, too, that Miss Betsey adored her nephew James, and meant to leave him all her savings and her township down east. This township was a large tract of land, partly wild, and had been left to the maiden Betsey by a lover of her youth. She passed six months of every year on this estate, and came back rosy and sun-burnt, and with a wind-swept freshness of look and manner which did credit to her true lover's legacy. She always returned accompanied by a good many barrels, six of which radiated a delightful orchard fragrance.

One of these six had always been the sacred barrel of the boys. No one but themselves could knock the head out of it, and no one could even see it knocked out without their permission. Its contents were invariable: a sample of all the apples and pears grown on aunt Betsey's farm, with a bag of beech-nuts at the top.

Miss Martin took James to Beechland, as she called her place, one summer, and the boy remembered it with an enthusiasm which influenced all his future life. No forest scenes of other lands had ever lifted nobler branches to his fancy, or rustled with so sweet a music; and often when he saw some quiet rustic dwelling far away from home, his thought went back to the brown log-house at Beechland, and it seemed to him as picturesque, and more comfortable by far.

The young doctor traveled with speed. Everything was planned in advance, and a vast amount of preparatory reading was done. His first brief tour had been but a sentimental journey, and he had brought home only some brilliant, blurred impressions. This was a more philosophical and humanitarian pilgrimage.

The villa life of the Alinori charmed him. He found himself wishing that such a life were possible to reproduce at Beechland. The many contadini about, all busy, but working leisurely, without pressure or care; the easy relations between master and servant; the plenty, the ready smile, the grace, even the confusion—all made a picture pleasant to his eyes. He was not so simple as not to know that this was but the surface, and

"THE WOMAN STOOD LOOKING AT HIM."

that the moral life of these poor easy laborers was but little above that of the beasts they lived so intimately with; but he sighed for something of that grace to drape the rough virtues of his native rustics.

He thought painfully over the subject as, having declined company, he strolled backward to the town of Ombra that evening.

"Must I distrust so much that is pleasant?" he asked himself, "and be forever on my guard against its charms? The *lasciar andare* does very well in matters of taste, but not when it is a question of right and wrong."

He reached his hotel in a golden silent gloaming, and was met by his landlady, who smilingly presented him with a package of letters forwarded by his banker. He glanced them over, as he ate his solitary dinner, at which the landlady served him with an extraordinary solicitude. When he retired to his chamber he was surprised to see her follow him. She lighted his candles though it was hardly dark, beat up his pillows, asked if he would n't have a bottle of wine sent to him, and showed herself so loath to go that he finally suggested the good-night she seemed to have forgotten. Then she stopped before him, with one hand hidden in her apron pocket.

"There is one more letter, Signore," she said. "I hope that it does not bring you bad news."

"One more letter?" he echoed. "What do you mean?"

She half drew it from her pocket. "I did not give it to you before dinner, lest it might spoil your appetite," she said.

He silently took from her hand a black-bordered, thick letter, and seated himself to read it. The woman stood looking at him, watching his expression with a real anxiety. She had not known him twenty-four hours; yet when she saw his brows knit as he laid aside a large double sheet closely written, and unfolded a briefer letter enclosing it, she made a quick forward movement, as quickly checked, and bit her lips to keep silence.

He read, and dropped his face into his hands.

"I knew it!" the woman cried. "O Signore, I was sure that there was sorrow in that letter. I knew that ill news was coming; for last night I heard an owl crying like an infant on the roof of the church opposite. I said to my husband: 'Something is going to happen here.' And he said: '*Ma, che!* the only thing that will happen will be that I shall catch that owl. It's just what I want; for I am going lark-shooting,' says he. And says I—"

She broke off; for the doctor lifted his face, and she saw traces of tears in his eyes.

"O, Signore! what has happened?"

"Poor Aunt Betsey!" said her boarder; and took up the long letter he had laid aside. "I have lost a dear aunt, who was a second mother to me. She has been sick a long time, and would n't let me know, lest it should trouble me, or make me give up some journey I wished to take. See! she wrote this letter in the last days of her life; a little every day. Oh! oh!" and he wept.

The woman was weeping too. She patted him on the head and shoulder, said all the comforting words she could think of, begged him to have patience, and finally induced him to speak. It was the best comfort she could have given him: and the doctor presently found himself relating his story to this sympathizing listener. With anguish in his voice, he spoke of his aunt's love for him, and of the fresh, bright health of her sixty years. And then—his hostess still wiping her eyes, and murmuring words of sympathy—he translated that pathetic, yet cheerful, last letter. He did not observe how his listener's expression changed as he went on. Her tears ceased, her eyes enlarged and brightened, and her mouth remained open with the eagerness of her listening.

"She leaves it all to you!" she exclaimed, the moment he ceased. "It is all yours?" Her hand pressed his arm.

"What?" asked the doctor, absently. "Oh, the money? Yes, she leaves it to me."

"How good of her!" the landlady cried, with sparkling eyes. "It must be an immense fortune."

"I don't know," he replied, still absently. "No; it is not immense. Poor auntie! I wish I had n't stayed so long. How glad you would have been to see me."

"There must be a good deal of land," the Italian pursued. "And it is all yours now?"

The doctor did not reply. Her questions had begun to reach and grate upon him. He wondered now how he could have read that sacred letter to a stranger.

The landlady felt herself dismissed, and after a few more words, left him to his grief. She went the more promptly because the incident had given her numbers for the lottery, and it was already Friday evening. *Doctor*, *dead aunt*, *fortune* and *owl*—why! she ought to get a *terno* and two *ambos* out of it. She had half a mind to put five *paoli* into a *quaterno*. Only it might be *land* instead of *fortune*, *man crying* instead of *doctor*, and *mourning letter* instead of *dead aunt*.

Any way, there was no time to lose. She found her dream and lottery book; called a servant to go to the office for her; and finding no other piece of paper at hand, tore a blank leaf out of her prayer-book to write the numbers on. This done, she pushed her lagging messenger out of the door with such force that the girl ran stumbling half way across the piazza before regaining her equilibrium.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

OUR DEFENSES FROM AN ARMY STAND-POINT.

BY GENERAL O. O. HOWARD.

I.

STRONG efforts to have national controversies settled by arbitration are being put forth by good men among all civilized nations. But the time has not yet arrived when governments have either adopted or show a very decided disposition to adopt the new method. Certainly, larger standing armies are to-day in existence than ever before, and until arbitration, therefore, shall be an accomplished fact, a reasonable precaution for our national defense and public safety demands at least a nucleus of an army and navy; and also that proper and adequate means shall be easily available for the protection of the nation's life and property. It is true that our geographical position and our non-interference policy will, most likely, preserve us from European complications; yet, there are causes which may at any time lead to war; such as the imperialism, wherever it is found, in fact or in spirit, which abhors any republic; the constant and bold assertion on our part, of our national demands; the fearless proclamation of the rights of our citizens abroad; the sending of the subjects of other nations from our shores; the increasing desire of our people to hold such islands and outposts as will help to secure America to Americans; and the resistance that will surely come sooner or later to enforced immigration from any foreign nation whatever.

The proposition is an indisputable one, viz: This nation (the United States) is liable at all times to war.

According to modern experience, war once declared bursts upon a nation like a thunderstorm. Quick to rise, it is sudden in its outbreak, and is soon over; and the devastated and defeated country is forced to defray the expenses of the campaign. There is great need then for a nation liable to war, to be at all times reasonably prepared; that is to say, the army and navy should be trained to their duties and ready for expansion; and the militia should be well organized and easily mobilized.

It is, therefore, important in considering this question to discuss first the different forms of attacks, the quarters from which to expect them, and how they should be met.

The attacks upon our country might be made from the land or from the sea. Land attacks, either from the north or from the south border, are not to be

greatly feared; for, as we could easily bring into the field our full strength, we would, in such event, have decidedly the advantage over an approaching enemy.

Attacks from the sea, that is from the Gulf of Mexico or from either ocean, would be aimed at our cities on the seaboard, or at those within easy reach near the mouths of large navigable streams; also at sizable harbors, important depots, coal mines near the shore line, and navy yards.

The enemy's navy would strike our merchant marine wherever found, and would, of course, if strong enough, endeavor to defeat and destroy our navy afloat.

One well-defined object of an attacking force would be to levy contributions upon our cities; a second to secure some important lodgment as a basis of operations upon our soil, and a third to control or destroy internal communications and commerce.

To withstand such a hostile force and defeat its purposes is the province of coast defenses. How to place such defenses and render them efficient, present problems of vital interest to every citizen of this country.

It cannot be the part of wisdom, as society is now constituted, to throw away every lock and key, or leave the doors to all our treasures unbarred; neither can it be considered a wise policy to permit, as we have done for the last quarter of a century, the channels to our principal cities, important supply-depots and large tenanted harbors to remain without a respectable show of protection in the way of coast defense.

Next, let us take a glance at some of the improvements that have been made during the last twenty-five or thirty years in foreign guns and armor, and have had a tendency relatively to lower our national standing and to jeopardize our interests. From 1850 to 1855, our existing fortifications were, as a rule, put into their present condition. Then, war-ships were unclad with iron or steel, and smooth-bore guns had short range and comparatively inaccurate fire. Since then, there has been extraordinary expenditure by foreign powers in developing every kind of ordnance.

Breech-loading rifled cannon have attained enormous proportions, and the plating with which ships of war have been covered has been continually increased in thickness, until some of the vessels constructed could hardly float heavier material.

The foreign naval depots and gun factories, such as Portsmouth and Essen, have kept up, on trial grounds, a steady contest between heavy ordnance and the armor for ships. The constantly changing ordnance, increasing in size and power, has been matched by a corresponding increase in the thickness of the iron or steel used for floating armor, until now probably a limit has been reached, or rather approached; because it is impracticable to go much further in size, weight and expense.

The Elswick breech-loading rifled cannon weighs one hundred and ten tons; the diameter of the bore is 16.25 inches; it hurls a projectile of 1,800 lbs., and uses habitually 850 lbs. of powder at a discharge. This gives an energy of 53,927 foot-tons (a foot-ton is the work expended in raising a ton's weight one vertical foot). With one thousand pounds of powder, the muzzle velocity is 2,128 feet (*i. e.*, the distance the projectile would pass over in a second, with the same speed it had on leaving the muzzle), and the energy 57,680 tons.

The new English war-ship "Benbow," which has just been completed at a cost of four million dollars, will have two of these Elswick guns, and the Italian government has received from Krupp's manufactory three others weighing 118½ tons each.

Another, 139 tons in weight, 15.7 inches calibre, is under construction. It is 52½ feet long, and has two projectiles. The lighter weighs 1,630 lbs., is 45 inches in length, requires 1,069 lbs. of powder, and is estimated, at the muzzle, to pierce 45 inches of wrought iron. The heavier is 62 inches long, weighs 2,314 pounds, and with the same charge of powder, is estimated to penetrate 47½ inches of wrought iron.

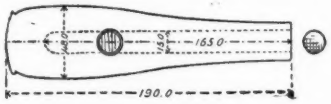
It is even proposed to manufacture a still larger gun, which will weigh at least 150 tons, and carry a projectile of 3,360 lbs.

Such are samples of heavy ordnance now made or making.

There are many other changes of importance. England, for example, has recently nearly reconstructed her navy. Ninety-seven of her war-ships carry five hundred and eighty-nine heavy guns, whose projectiles will pierce from 12 to 20 inches of wrought iron; fifteen more carry fifty guns whose projectiles will pierce from 20 to 33 inches.

Furthermore, she proposes to use the merchant steamships of the White Star and Cunard lines for cruisers and transports in case of war.

In brief, England has now a navy which could not be replaced for two hundred million dollars. In her actual service there are two hundred and fifty vessels, while she has a reserve of three hundred, with one hundred and fifty torpedo boats. Moreover, England, in case of need, is prepared for prompt extension. At home and abroad —that is, within her own domain—armored defenses have been constructed and prepared with or for modern heavy

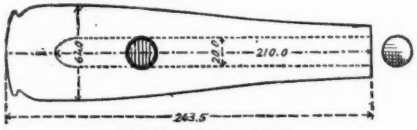


PLAN OF FIFTEEN-INCH GUN.

ordnance, thus facing the world. And, as a rule, her coasts are made reasonably secure against assault.

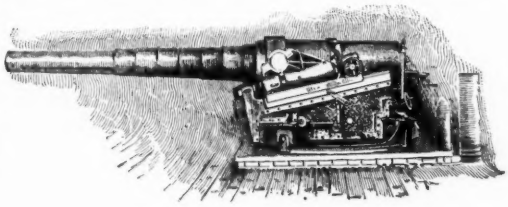
We find like activity and preparation in other countries, and similar trials of heavy ordnance and armor of ships, while unremitting care is shown in the construction and preservation of permanent works for coast defense.

It will now be interesting to look at



PLAN OF TWENTY-INCH GUN.

our own status. Our navy, according to the Navy Register, has forty-one unarmored vessels—most of them old, and nearly all carrying smooth-bore guns. It has thirteen monitors, each carrying two smooth-bore guns, and five double-turreted monitors at present rebuilding, and intended to mount each four breech-loading rifles. So that altogether we have fifty-five vessels, carry-



EIGHT-INCH BREECH-LOADING STEEL RIFLE.

ing three hundred and fifty-two guns, most of them old smooth-bores.

Now, the best gun in our navy is the 8-inch steel breech-loading gun; weight about 28,000 lbs.* The weight of the projectile is 250 lbs., and the service charge 122 lbs. The estimated penetrations in wrought iron are as follows: At muzzle, 17.1 inches; at 1,000 yards, 15.1 inches; at 2,000 yards, 13.6 inches.

The calculated range for this loading, with the extreme elevation which the carriage permits (20 deg.), is about eight and a half statute miles.

The regular army has an aggregate force of 28,000 men, and there are 81,700 organized militiamen. Aside from these, an unorganized body is available for military duty, of (in round numbers) about seven million men. In case of foreign war, the number of men essential to work all our permanent batteries proposed would be drawn from this quota, aggregating at least 85,000 artillery troops.

Our sea-coast defenses, when constructed years ago, were equal to those of any other country. Since 1865, Congress has failed to make sufficient appropriations even for repairs, so that they are in poorer condition than they were twenty years ago. Our sea-coast cannon consist mainly of the 15-inch smooth-bore and the 8-inch converted rifle, with a number of 10-inch smooth-bores and other smaller guns. The only guns of these worth considering for present defense are the 15-inch smooth-bores and the 8-inch converted rifles. The

* It is asserted that a 10-inch naval gun is now just finished. It is a breech-loading steel rifle.

penetration of the former, using 130 lbs. of hexagonal powder and a 450-lb. chilled shot, is ten inches of wrought iron; that of the latter, using 35 lbs. of powder and 180-lb. projectile, is eight inches of wrought iron—both at 1,000 yards.

Many of the 15-inch guns cannot now be used for want of suitable carriages.

The largest guns we have are the 20-inch smooth-bore; and of them we have but two. These, the 15-inch and other smooth-bores, which would be serviceable within range against wooden ships and transports, and ironclads where a plunging fire could be secured, are utterly ineffective against armored vessels at greater distances; because modern war-ships could easily lie beyond their range, and at their leisure disable them and thereby destroy their inadequate protection.

For interior defense, guarding torpedo plants and sweeping narrow passages, some of our existing sea-coast guns would be of service; but evidently for the ordinary coast defense they are worthless, and where these heavy guns fail of execution for defensive purposes, an army of men, however large, could accomplish nothing. They could not prevent a single shell from entering a city and doing its horrible work of demolition and destruction.

It was necessary for us to go to an English gun foundry for some of the forgings of the present 8-inch breech-loading rifles authorized in 1883. They were not ready for use until June, 1886. Since then our home factories have been improved so as to complete guns of this calibre; but the question is, Where could we get larger guns than these in time of war?

In reference to torpedoes, the engineer corps has made remarkable progress and worked out good plans for their play in the defense of our harbors; yet even in this, the appropriations have been too limited. There are no properly-protected operating rooms, no electrical apparatus or other adequate means for carrying out their proposed systems.

The carriages of most of our sea-coast guns are out of repair; they could not bear the shock of continuous firing. Some of them have already given way under experimental discharges. Thus we see, whatever be our point of view, that we are hardly prepared by our present coast defenses to resist any, even the smallest, hostile fleet which may approach our coast with armored vessels and modern long-range rifled cannon.

II.

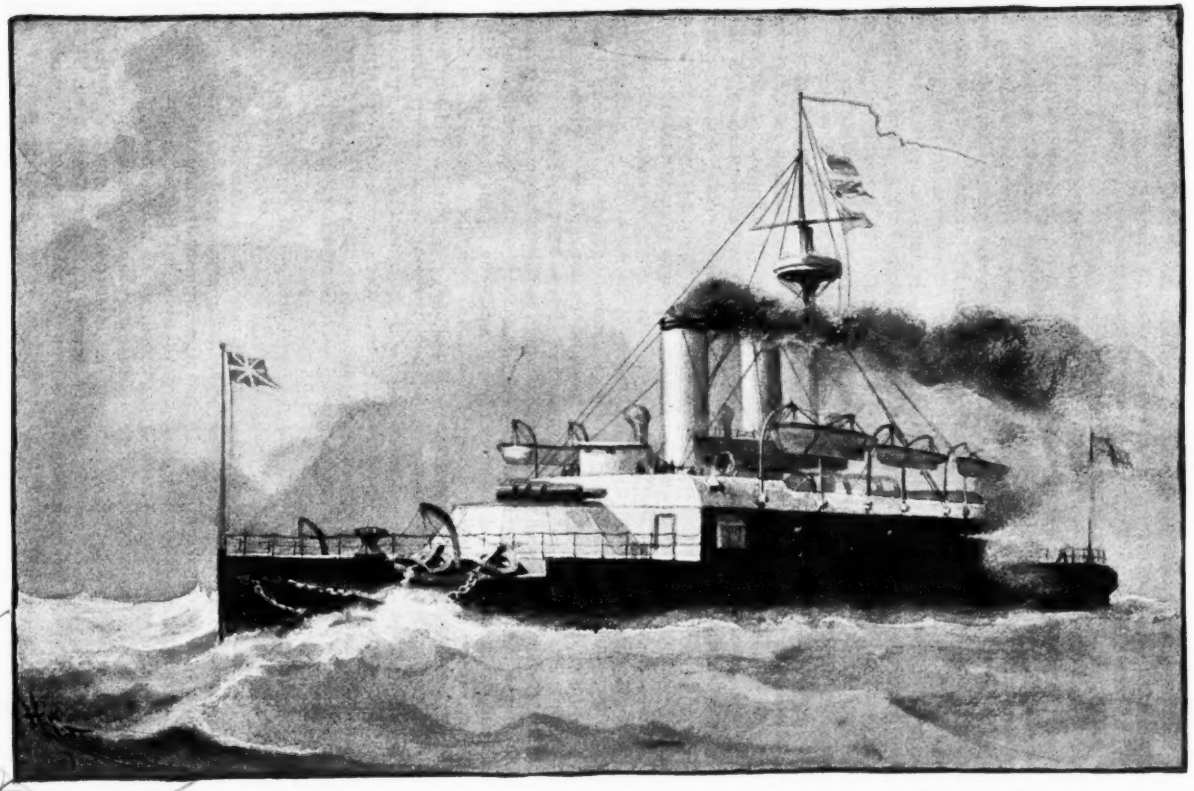
San Francisco has a population of about three hundred thousand; a real and personal estate valued at $250,000,000; a destructible private and city property, estimated at $190,000,000, and a railway property worth $184,000,000. This city is the center of a vast system of railroads and telegraph lines; the harbor is fine and commodious, and the largest ships may enter at will and find safety from the storms of the ocean. The shipping interests are immense, in fact, co-extensive with the world. Other sizable cities cluster about the harbor and its bays. The large navy yard is at Mare Island, and the United States Arsenal at Benicia, both of which can be reached by large ships.

With the evident want of preparation, granting our present defenses their full value, the San Franciso bay could be entered by an enemy's fleet without meeting any material opposition. The city and surrounding towns could be shelled; the communications with the interior could be cut off, and irreparable loss would be suffered by the destruction of our naval and military stores at Mare Island and Benicia.

Should we possibly succeed, by using all the appliances, in closing the harbor against an enemy's vessels, they could still lie at points below Lobos, out of reach of our ordnance; and with their heavier guns send their shells into every part of the city.

Foreign nations know the condition of our defenses. They have our complete coast-survey maps. They know also the status and whereabouts of our ships of war. Weak and assailable points are those which are chosen for attack, so that being liable to war there is a possibility of a naval attack against San Francisco, and it is the part of common-sense to make preparations for such a contingency.

Coast defenses are more important than fire insurance. In the fiscal year, end-



H. M. S. "BENBOW."

ing July, 1887, San Francisco expended for its police and fire departments, $875,-506.00, and this was merely to protect property against possible loss. The total loss during that year by fire was $845,-213.48. The buildings and their contents thus partially destroyed were further protected by their owners by an insurance of $2,894,298.39. Thus it is plain that the protection against fire usually afforded by the city is deemed insufficient, and men seek other security against damage and loss.

Yet the Government taxes the citizens of this city, with a virtual promise to provide for their defense against a possible calamity far greater than that produced by fire; but for many years it has not given the protection promised. It is very strange that business men are content with this policy, and still stranger that they advocate a reduction of revenue before new public works are constructed, or the old put in repair. Certainly the logical order would seem to be: first make good the coast defenses, and then discuss the question of a reduction of revenue, or the disposition of our large surplus in the treasury.

The best defense will combine effectiveness, economy and safety. Fortunately, we do not now have to try experiments. We have had the privilege of observation while other nations have been spending millions in experimenting; so that we may now follow out a fixed policy.

Doubtless, changes will hereafter take place in the character of fortifications as well as in ships and armor, but to withhold a reasonable protection on that account would be parsimonious and criminal. It is the universal custom for nations to use fortifications for coast defense, and no proficient officer of the army or navy opposes this methed. In certain localities the navy may do more and the fortifications less, but in no locality can we afford to dispense with the fortifications.

Let us hear a few words from the "Board on Fortifications," reporting in 1885: "Fortifications must command from the shores exterior to our harbors all the waters from which the enemy can reach our cities and navy-yards with his shot and shell; the harbor-mouths and all the narrow passages within them must also be occupied, and if nature has not afforded all the positions deemed requisite others must, if practicable, be formed artificially.

' Fortifications should succeed each other along the channels of approach and in our harbors, so that the enemy may nowhere find shelter from our fire while lying within our harbors, should he succeed in passing the outer line of works. The harbor mouths and channels must be obstructed by lines of electrical torpedoes for holding the enemy's vessels under fire of the fortifications.

"Galleries and chambers, securely protected by heavy armor or great masses of earth, must be provided, so that the torpedoes may be efficiently worked; and a personnel of intelligent officers and men must be specially trained for this service. Heavy mortars must be placed in large numbers to command all positions where an enemy is likely to anchor within their range, either for the purpose of tampering with or destroying torpedo lines. Our guns must be heavy enough to pierce the sides of the enemy's iron-clads, and they must be mounted in sufficient number to make it impossible for any war vessel to run past our works."

The method of defense by fortifications and torpedoes (torpedoes to hold the vessels under fire of the fortifications, and fortifications to protect the torpedoes and destroy the vessels which come within their range) is the most efficient and least expensive one that can be devised.

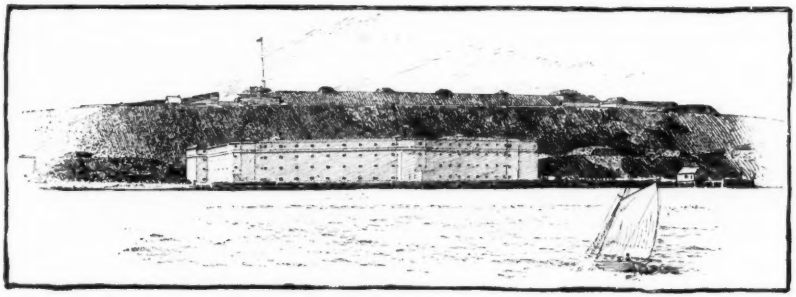
The plan proposed by this Board is complete and thorough, and all that is now needed is the appropriation of money and the time essential for the work.

So much for the general statement. With regard to San Francisco, the Board adds: "This is a most exposed point, and owing to the width across the channel, difficult to be defended by guns from the shore. Floating batteries are therefore required to be added to the defense; likewise, eighteen torpedo boats."

According to well-established principles often enumerated, the floating batteries referred to would only be used where the proximity of deep water to the place to be defended renders a shore defense impracticable, or where the approach is

so wide that the shore guns cannot reach all points of it.

Guns ashore, within range, are more effective than guns afloat. They have firm platforms, can be covered by any thickness of armor, and are not exposed to torpedoes and mines. True, a gun upon a floating platform may be moved quickly from place to place and thus have the effectiveness of range increased, yet the cost, maintenance and vulnerability make such contrivances undesirable when shore guns may be employed.



VIEW OF FORT WADSWORTH, NEW YORK HARBOR.

Commander W. T. Sampson, of the U. S. Navy, enlarges upon these views as follows:

"A floating battery should then mount guns equal or superior to any that could be sent against her; she should have protecting armor of greater thickness than any probable enemy, while she should be at the same time a smaller vessel of light draught.

The duties . . . for floating batteries may be performed by the regular naval force, but the legitimate field of action of such a force is upon the high seas, in protecting our commerce, in destroying the commerce of the enemy, in making attacks upon undefended or important parts of his coast, thus forcing him to maintain a fleet at home, or in meeting and destroying his fleet.

If the navy proper is held for coast defense these other important duties must be largely neglected and some of the most efficient means of bringing the enemy to terms disregarded. A naval force which is adapted to the wide range of its duties is not adapted to the work of defending a coast."

As to the cost of defending San Francisco harbor, a lack of defense will in the long run be found the most expensive; and surely a complete system of protection, secured without extravagance of expenditure, will prove the most economical. Again, a large number of working people are always directly benefited by the construction of public works, as they receive the wages.

The estimate in my annual report of last year, made by the senior engineer officer on the coast, is about twenty-eight millions of dollars. This is the aggregate. For 110 heavy guns and 128 mortars, with the means to mount and shelter them on shore, $15,569,000 would be required. For the three floating batteries, carrying six 14-inch and six 10-inch guns, $10,725,000 would be necessary. The remainder of the aggregate is to be spent for torpedoes, operating rooms and eighteen torpedo boats. This system so suggested and so estimated for, it is believed, will thoroughly protect the vast interests of San Francisco and its neighborhood, and secure to our navy and merchantmen a safe harbor. Again, it will be likely to forestall any naval attacks, as thorough preparation is the best possible prevention. But could there not be a more economic defense? Some writers, even now, so believe and advocate.

Suppose for a moment the coast defense should be wholly committed to the navy. The enemy's attack would, of course, be against our commerce, for which he uses his fast cruisers; and also against our larger cities. The enemy's harbors and cities are securely defended

by fortifications, so that his fleet is free to strike. He knows our weakest point, say San Francisco, and could concentrate against it all his effective ships. By way of preparation, hostile vessels could be sent via the Mediterranean and Red Sea, ostensibly to visit China. Then a month after the declaration of war, these vessels could be massed, if English or allied to the English, at Victoria, where they would re-fit, re-supply and in three days thereafter be in the neighborhood of San Francisco. This fleet would probably contain more ships than we could muster in this harbor. After the declaration of war, even if the enemy's plan became known to us, there certainly would not be time to reinforce from the Atlantic coast, and even should reinforcements be sent, that coast would be stripped of its defense.

It is evident, then, that for purposes of safety it would be necessary to have at each exposed point, a number of ships equal or superior to what the enemy might bring against that point.

To build and arm such a fleet would require enormous expenditure and considerable time, to say nothing of the immense sums that would be required to maintain it after it was afloat. Should this fleet be beaten, the disaster would be irreparable, for with San Francisco the fleet itself would be sacrificed, and all the other functions which the navy should perform upon the high seas be nullified.

To give a slight conception of the cost of such an enlarged navy as would be required for complete coast-defense, it should be noticed that modern war-ships cost from one to five millions of dollars each. It is within bounds to say the average cost in ships or floating batteries, for floating and protecting each gun (including cost of the gun itself), would be upwards of half a million of dollars. It will require but a little comparative estimate to show that the defensive work can be much better done and at a much less cost by guns located and protected upon the shore.

At present our navy is not deemed adequate, even by theorists, to the defense of the coast. Guns on foreign vessels can send their shot from stem to stern through the largest vessels we have; while the projectiles from our own guns now mounted on them, judging by their penetrating power, would have little sensible effect upon the armor of their adversary. This is emphasized in a report of Commanders Sampson and Goodrich, U. S. Navy, dated July 13th, 1885, as follows:

"In its present condition, the navy of the United States possesses practically no vessels which could render efficient aid in the defense of our coast. When completed, the monitors Miantonomoh, Puritan, Monadnock, etc., now in process of rebuilding, will be armed with high-powered 10 and 10½ inch breech-loading rifles, and will be able to give a fairly good account of themselves as against many foreign iron-clads, but their speed and other characteristics will, doubtless, restrict them to inside lines of operation, and they cannot be expected to prove of value through their offensive powers against larger vessels."

Considering the importance of our good navy in performing its true and appropriate work, no one will begrudge the money expended in the construction of naval vessels and armament; and, of course, it is wise to have them equal or superior to anything they may encounter.

It is, perhaps, after all that has been said, well to plan wherever practicable, for substantially three lines of defense for a harbor like that of San Francisco: an outer one of war ships, a second of torpedo boats, and a third of fortifications, including, when necessary, floating batteries.

To resist an enemy approaching the Golden Gate or its vicinage from the sea, it would afford great satisfaction to the defenders, and probably more to the defended, to have, as we did in our great battles, a good observing force and abundant reserves; yet with our present naval strength, San Francisco should not depend on the outward line; but rather upon the proposed torpedo boats well equipped and manned, the essential floating batteries, and most of all upon the several permanent fortifications, to be well located and well constructed, and kept in good working order. Upon these San Francisco may rely, as she does upon her good police, her superb fire department, and upon her arrangements for water, sewerage and light.

XUM

Now, foreigners laugh at our defenses; and our engineers are ashamed. But we keep asserting that the grand Board of Fortifications, consisting of able army and navy officers, and eminent civilians of skill and experience, have given to the people a good practicable plan of coast defense; and all that is now necessary is that the people shall give the money required and the time to do the work. The walls of Jerusalem were not built or rebuilt by theorizing about them, but by vigorous and long continued work.

So it is with the coast defenses. According to the army view, there is need of immediate, thorough and persistent labor; and so the means to this end are constantly besought.

FIRST COURSE.*

THE year was 1779; the month was August; the hour the meridian. Madame la Marquise de Lamerlière was returning to Paris from her country seat. She was oppressed with hunger, with sleepiness and with heat. Her maid yawned and yawned, and there certainly is nothing more contagious. The roads were poor, the horses lame with travel, and the coach was cumbersome owing to its elegance.

The sight of an inn, with its clean-swept stable-yard, its wide porch and expansive landlord, was therefore most welcome.

Madame replaced her hat and felt her puffs, the lackeys flicked the dust from their shoulders, the maid surreptitiously interviewed the rouge-box; the inn was in a great flurry, there was a scare among the fowls, and Madame la Marquise was assisted to alight.

It was plain that the innkeeper was alternating between rapture and despair. He held a conference with the chief lackey; the chief lackey conversed with the maid; the maid whispered to her mistress.

"What!" exclaimed Madame la Marquise, "no room! And I as dusty as a Savoyard!"

The innkeeper bowed to the ground. If madame had only been an hour earlier! There was a beautiful room which should have been placed at the disposal of madame, but—so miserably unfortunate was he—it was taken.

Madame sank into a chair and rolled back a pair of limpid eyes; the innkeeper offered to kill himself; the maid found madame's *vinaigrette*.

Just then a gentleman entered. He was handsome and in his prime—facts which madame was not too fatigued to gather. His costume was of green cloth, his three-cornered hat of the same color; his short sword had a hilt of chased gold. The Marquise rose and returned his salutation.

"I have had the honor, madame," said the young man, with some embarrassment, "to hear your remarks. I leave immediately after dinner. I have already refreshed myself with a bath. Permit me to resign my room to you."

* This story is founded upon an incident in the life of Charles Henri Sanson, as related in the celebrated Sanson memoirs. The writer has taken the liberty of paraphrasing his defense offered in the court.

"THE YOUNG MAN SPRANG TO HIS FEET."

Madame courtesied lower than before.

"You have my thanks, monsieur. Permit me to inquire whom I thank."

"An officer of parliament, madame."

"We will dine together, if you please, monsieur. A solitary meal is apt to be an indigestible one. I am the Marquise de Lamerlière.

The young man bowed again.

The Marquise withdrew with ceremony. It was an hour before she reappeared. When she did, it was clear from the savor in the room that the fowls had not been scared for nothing. The red-tiled floor had been freshly swept, the fire-place filled with green branches, the casements thrown open, allowing the honeysuckle to peep through. The table was laid with massive silver and some unmatched pieces of china. The gentleman in green escorted madame to her seat—a leathern chair—over which the innkeeper's wife, careful of madame's embroideries, had thrown an ancient shawl of silk, much beflowered.

"Madame," said the gentleman, "I have taken the liberty of overseeing the dinner myself. I trust you will be kind enough to bear in mind, if anything about it displeases you, that it is my first experience of the sort."

Madame blushed and smiled. But the blush was not from timidity; it was a pretty tribute to the compliment. She furled her fan, and drew off one long mitt.

"I have seen enough already, monsieur, to prove to me that you have an aptitude for the art of ordering a dinner. But victuals are the least part of a meal, I assure you."

"Say you so, madame?" cried the young man. "Then I can only hope that the superior and unknown quality, whatever it may be, will not be lacking in the present repast."

The Marquise allowed those limpid eyes to droop.

"I cannot imagine," said she, "that there will be a lack of any sort."

The gentleman in green decided that the Marquise must be under twenty-five. Had she been older, her face could not have been so absolutely joyous. When the unctuous landlord had puffed out of the room for a moment, the gentleman ventured to remark:

"Your husband has already preceded you to Paris, Marquise?"

"My husband, monsieur, has preceded me yet further. He is in Paradise."

"I beg a million pardons! I have been stupid, Marquise. How can you overlook it?"

The face of the Marquise lit up suddenly with a most mischievous smile.

"You have not been stupid," said she, with three dimples in full play. "You have been curious."

"I am guilty," cried he, filling her glass again with amber liquid, "but any one would say there were extenuating circumstances"

"Ah, monsieur, doubtless you have discovered that there are crimes of which one can be guilty without being a culprit?" The remark came to a sudden close, for the heavy oak door swung open and the host entered with a lordly dish draped with a napkin.

"Great heavens!" cried madame when she saw it. "Is the headsman here? Does he think I am Herodias! Is he serving me the head of John the Baptist on a charger!"

The young man sprang to his feet.

"What is it?" cried madame.

"I wish to make room for the dish, Marquise. I should be filled with remorse if I jogged the elbow of our host. Permit me." He lifted the napkin. It was the head of a young pig, wreathed with parsley.

"I was right, monsieur; it *has* been a case of the headsman."

"I trust you perceive, Madame la Marquise, that a headsman is a valuable member of society."

Madame put her jeweled fingers over her eyes and gave a shrug to her shoulder.

"I had the misfortune once, monsieur, to behold the executioner—Monsieur de Paris. Fortunately I saw him only from a distance. He was hideous?"

"Is it possible, madame! I have always supposed that he was rather a handsome fellow. He has certainly set the fashion for us. He wore blue, to the disgust of the nobles, and he wore it, I have heard, with some grace."

"Bah!" ejaculated madame.

"So, indeed, they say, madame. Indeed, they even go so far as to say that some of the nobles who were insignificant

of stature grew envious of him; and it is certainly true that parliament prohibited him from wearing the color of the court.—Allow me to give you some of this jelly. Shall I give you leaner meat?—But the executioner took a revenge which was worthy of a Frenchman."

"Monsieur, you should not call an executioner a Frenchman!"

"Madame, wait till you hear the revenge. Since Sanson—his name is Sanson, you know—could not wear blue, he took to green. The court objected to his wearing velvet; he therefore wore cloth. And the consequence is, Marquise—forgive me, your glass is empty—the consequence is, that all the beaux of the court, with the brilliant Marquis de Létorières at their head, adopted the cut and color of his garment and wear their coats *à la Sanson*—as I do, Marquise."

"There is no denying that your costume is an elegant one, monsieur, and yet I think I shall hereafter look with apprehension on others of its kind, lest I encounter him who makes a living out of murder. I hear he has a garden of the finest roses in France, and he sprinkles them with blood to give them the deep crimson which makes them so famous."

"I have no doubt, madame," said her companion gravely, "that he dines on maidens' hearts." Madame looked up. It was evident from his tone that he was bored. The Marquise rallied immediately. She broke out into a laugh as musical as the song of a bird.

"It is very certain," said she, shaking one finger at him, "that you are thinking me childish because I chatter so. But you are mistaken. I am quite learned. I read Voltaire, if you please. I am interested in journalism. I can criticize the drama, and I know the history of France by heart."

"I shall be afraid to speak before you," protested the gentleman, rather flattered by her coquetry.

"Never fear," said madame, with a magnanimous air. "I will overlook your deficiencies. I will overlook everything if you will confess that you adore the theatre."

"Marquise, no one is present oftener than I."

"Then we shall meet there. I am hastening home now to see Mlle. Clairon. I never miss a chance. For one thing, I am watching to see if she will ever grow old."

The landlord came in with the dessert. The young man no longer felt any embarrassment. It was evident that the wine was of good quality.

"I shall never fail to see her, Marquise, if by seeing her I can see you." Though the Marquise was ready of tongue she made no reply. She was not displeased, however, but she had the discretion to devote all her attention to her sweetmeats.

"I find this dessert abominable," sighed the young man.

"It is delicious," protested madame.

"It cannot be," sighed he, "for it terminates one of the most delightful dinners of my life."

There was a stir in the yard.

"Another arrival," murmured madame, with some vexation.

"I shall hasten my departure," said the young man. "Let me make apologies for its abruptness. I am very grateful to you, Marquise," he continued in a low voice, raising her soft hand to his lips, "for the pleasure you have conferred upon me. It will be a treasured memory with me. In the many dark days which are before me, I shall cherish this bright hour—" The Marquise arose and lifted a scarlet face.

"Really," she said gently, "I see no need for this tone of pathos," and she ventured to smile saucily. "You are doubtless acquainted with many of my friends. They will present you."

The officer bowed over her hand again, and hurried from the room just as the new-comer entered it.

"Tontel," cried the Marquise, "is it you?" It was hard to get her face back to its usual expression, and she put up her painted fan to hide it. The newcomer looked first at the Marquise, and then after the departing officer. He gasped and blushed, and stared again.

"Mon Dieu," cried the Marquise impatiently, "what ails you?"

A post-chaise rattled into the yard. The handsome officer took his seat, he doffed his green hat to madame with melancholy stateliness, and was driven away.

"Speak, Tontel!" said the Marquise, stamping her pointed shoes.

"May I ask you, Marquise, if you know the occupation of the man who has just left you?"

"He said he was an officer of parliament," said the lady, clasping her heart with apprehension.

The gentleman burst into a loud laugh.

"Well, so he is," said he. "He is Sanson, the executioner of Paris. He has just been down in the country to help three good fellows to a night's lodging."

"You mean—" screamed the lady, holding up her hands as if blood were dripping off her fingers.

"I mean that yesterday was a busy day with him."

"For the love of heaven, bring me water? A basin of water, Nicole! Quick. Mon Dieu! Mon Dieu!"

The maid rushed in breathlessly, and madame, as she bathed and rebathed her dimpled hands, sobbed:

"*I'll have him hanged!*"

SECOND COURSE.

Madame la Marquise Lamerlière sat in parliament. She had petitioned that one Charles Henri Sanson, commonly known as Monsieur de Paris, Executioner of Paris, be sentenced to beg her pardon with a rope around his neck, for the insult he had been guilty of in dining with her and meeting her on terms of equality; and that for the safety of the public, the executioner should thenceforth wear a distinctive sign, so that all would know him.

About the Marquise sat a sympathizing company of friends from the court, among them Colonel Tontel, who had encountered her at the inn.

Charles Henri Sanson had not been able to procure an advocate. No barrister cared to appear as counsel of the executioner.

The advocate of the plaintiff forgot nothing. He laid stress on the flagrant insult Madame la Marquise complained of. He described with much eloquence the sad situation of the poor lady, after she had been informed of the profession of the man with whom she had dined. He said that the infamous calling of Charles Henri Sanson did not allow him to eat even in the company of a mere bourgeois; much less could he do so with a person of madame's rank.

Charles Henri Sanson appeared to be wrapt in thought. When he lifted his eyes, it was to fix them on the face of Madame la Marquise—a face which was paler than when he had seen it first. When the time came for his defense, he arose with a severe air, and addressed the Court with much hauteur.

"It is fortunate for me, gentlemen," said he, "that, being charged before you as a criminal, nothing is alleged against my honesty. Why, then, am I a culprit? Because I have performed functions which are said to be infamous. I ask you, gentlemen, if there are infamous functions in the State!

"Infamy is the appanage of crime, and where there is no crime there can be no infamy. The discharge of my functions is not criminal, sirs; it is an act of justice, and the same principle of equity which leads you to pass a sentence, actuates me when I inflict the penalty upon the culprit. The fact is that our functions are associated to such a degree that mine cannot be stigmatized without mortal imputation on yours. I act merely in obedience to your orders, and should aught be found reprehensible in my vocation, it would redound to your discredit; since, by the essence of the laws, the one who orders a crime is more guilty than he who commits it.

"I am aware that all public offices are not equally honorable; they are creditable in proportion to their usefulness to society. According to this principle, sirs, mine stands first! What would the State do if my office were suppressed for a single day?

"The kingdom would be given up to brigandage. Impunity would kill the laws; virtue would be despised; vice would prevail. There would be one law—that of the strongest. They would laugh at your sentences, gentlemen. It is in the shadow of my sword that innocence breathes freely, that the police are powerful, and that public order prevails.

"The God of armies has placed the sword in the hands of the King to punish crime and protect innocence. The King, being unwilling to wield it himself, has done me the honor to entrust it to my

hands. I am the guardian of the finest appanage of his royalty, the distinctive emblem of his sovereignty. It is not to you, properly speaking, that he has given it in trust; the culprit deserves punishment because of his crime, not because of your sentence. I punish crime and avenge outraged virtue; this gives to my employment a pre-eminence which brings it closer to the throne.

"My office is considered dishonorable because I slay men. Ask a soldier what his profession is; he will tell you that, like me, he is a slayer of men. Yet his company is never shunned, and no one thinks he is disgraced by eating in his company. If there be any difference between us, surely it is in my favor. For whom does a soldier slay? Innocents, very honorable men, whose only crime is that they do their duty. I respect innocence. I kill only culprits. I purge society of the monsters who disturb its repose.

"Soldiers repress only external raids; they have to fight but rarely; lapses of twenty years have passed without the army being called into action. I preserve peace at home; I continually restrain the insolence of bad citizens; not a week passes in which I do not punish crime and avenge the wrongs of the injured.

"Then, too, each solitary soldier, each officer, contributes in but a small degree to the tranquillity of the State; the glory of preserving public tranquillity is divided among so many thousand men that each individual has only a small share of the privilege. On the other hand, in my profession lies the advantage of alone ensuring public peace, and I can say without exaggeration that I alone in my vast department secure quiet more effectually on behalf of the State than a hundred thousand men can do.

"Do not believe, gentlemen, that in defending the unjustly attacked prerogatives of my office I claim any personal merit; I know that an office, however brilliant, is always distinct from the individual who holds it. As I lay no claim to the glory of my functions, it would be unjust to cast upon me the opprobrium which the thoughtless have seen fit to attach to them, and to call me infamous because it is alleged that my office deserves the epithet. Permit me to add that I have the honor to be the fourth of my family to whom the office of public executioner of Paris has descended from father to son; and if hereditary nobility were attached to it, as it should be, I might stand on even ground with Mdme. la Marquise.

"You laugh, gentlemen, at the word 'hereditary.' I can not find anything extraordinary or preposterous in it. Military offices, which have the same functions as mine, and which, as I have observed, are inferior to it, enjoy the same advantages. Yours, gentlemen—allow me to say so—yours, which only contribute to the public weal in an indirect way, have the same privilege. Why is the concession denied to my office? None among you, gentlemen, can, individually, insure public happiness effectually; none can pronounce a sentence except in conjunction with all the other members of the body. Thus you never act otherwise than as members, whereas I alone procure peace, and I act as chief.

"Now every chief is respectable, and to whatever category he may belong, he should enjoy the privilege of nobility. The general prosecutor, who is the chief of his department, has it; so does the chief clerk of the Court. Why should I be deprived of it by an unrighteous exception.

"I will press no further the sovereign reasons suggested by the justice of my case; I merely point them out, as you may see. Men of my profession can act better than they can speak, can handle the sword better than make an address; I believe, nevertheless, that I have said enough to urge confidently that Mdme. la Marquise should be nonsuited. I therefore ask, not that the alleged infamy of my office be removed, for no infamy is attached to it, but that it be declared not only that I am a member of the Sovereign Court, but that I am the head of my department; that my office has particular resemblance to the profession of arms; that, in consequence, I have a right to the prerogative of gown and sword; and I further ask, that, in virtue of this twofold title, nobility be conferred upon me as well as upon my posterity; and I am confident that you cannot but grant my request. I ask no favor, but I expect everything of your equity."

The Court retired to confer, and decided that the case should be indefinitely postponed. When the Marquise de Lamerlière left, she returned once to look at Charles Henri Sanson. He bowed low. Madame first cast on him a look of withering scorn, and then, oddly enough, she returned the salutation.

THIRD COURSE

It was the reign of the guillotine—that fatal and reliable instrument which Louis XVI. himself perfected. Poor Louis, who would have made an excellent locksmith! It was that delirious carnival of anarchy when all the passions went *en masque;* when tyranny wore the guise of humanity, and humanity arrayed itself in terrorism; and conspiracy, patriotism, grief and laughter went arm in arm wearing the red cap of liberty. Death was made jocular. The very execrations of the mob were sinister witticisms.

"Hah," said Ducos, the youngest of the condemned Girondins, as he climbed the scaffold, "what a pity they did not decree the unity and indivisibility of our persons!"

So they laughed and died—for liberty! King and queen, peasant and beggar, Camille Desmoulins and Corday and Danton, the little mantua-maker, the old mender of roads, the much tried baker! They died by the thousand.

"It seems," cried Charles Henri Sanson, "as if they had made a revolution only to give me work."

"They are disgracing the guillotine," complained his assistants with grotesque pride. There was a time when Citizen Fouquier-Tinville ordered that Sanson should have fourteen of these assistants.

At last the supremacy of the executioner was acknowledged. The cracked bell upon the panels of his carriage was the only coat-of-arms left in France.

But the vehicles on which the attention of Paris was centered were the carts that rolled from the prisons to the Place de la Révolution.

"Not many to-day," said a citoyenne, discontentedly, as these carts lumbered by her.

"No," said her companion; "Sanson won't earn his wages."

The crowd about the scaffold seemed to be interested, however. They were apparently anticipating some especially well-seasoned dish in their diet of tragedy.

When the carts stopped, the executioner assisted a lady to alight. It was the Marquise de Lamerlière.

"I will wait upon you first, Marquise," he said, uncovering his head.

"You are very kind, monsieur l' exécuteur; but there is a poor youth here whom I would save from the unpleasant sight."

"It is against orders, madame.'

"The revolution gives ladies the precedence, does it? Thank it, in my name. But, I am sure, you will not refuse the last request of a lady. Kindly execute this trembling youth first."

The executioner bowed. The lady returned it with as much grace as she had shown fourteen years before.

Then she turned to the youth by her: "Courage! courage!" she whispered.

The youth flung his arms around her neck. "What do I die for?" he sobbed.

The assistants took him away. They forced him down to the weigh-plank.

The executioner approached the Marquise. She accepted his hand, and ascended the steps of the scaffold with vivacity.

"You no longer wear green, I see, monsieur," said she archly.

"Madame," said Sanson, "say you forgive me for what I am about to do."

"Monsieur," replied the lady, "you affronted me once. You are doing me a favor now. I shall join a brilliant company, for all who were worthy to live are now dead."

"Have you any request to make?"

"I have one—a foolish one. Be good enough to discharge your assistant for a moment. I should like to feel that I had been executed by a gentleman."

"It shall be as you say. Farewell."

"Farewell, monsieur. By the way, how well that pig's head looked in the parsley!" She kept on laughing till she was bound.

"Say a prayer," whispered Sanson.

"I have prayed. I have no fear. It is the fashion to die now, Sanson, and I have always followed the fashion."

* * * * *

"How many to-day," queried the wife of Charles Henri Sanson that night.

"Only five," said he; "the day has been quiet." *Elia W. Peattie.*

AMERICAN AND GERMAN UNIVERSITIES.

BY REV. HENRY LOOMIS.

THE so-called "College Question" has thus far been discussed along three principal lines, and the advocates of change have formulated three principal demands upon the prevalent college curricula. These include the substitution, to a large extent, of the modern in the place of the classical languages; of the sciences which are concerned with the facts and phenomena of nature, for these which depend upon the facts and phenomena of mind; and of a considerable range of optional studies, in the place of a prescribed course. It is not proposed to discuss in this paper any one of these demands. The rapid growth of the natural sciences and the wider use of the modern languages both as literature and in science have compelled their larger recognition, not by way of substitution but upon their own merits, in every scheme of a completed education.

Certain assumptions, however, have been so quietly made and so little opposed in the course of the discussion, that they have almost taken the place of the accepted data and presuppositions of the subject. It has been widely assumed that a revolution is taking place in a utilitarian sense in the whole conception of education, and in what is called a practical direction; that the college idea is in its nature inferior to that which underlies the university; and that the German methods of education are, on the whole, superior to our own. I believe that these assumptions are each and all false in fact and mischievous in tendency; that a restatement of the conception of education upon which the American colleges were founded will show it to be broad enough for all possible expansion in the future; and that a brief comparison of the German methods with our own, will sufficently prove that neither revolution in our methods nor the importation of foreign models is needed, but simply a natural and healthy development of the original idea.

The final value of education can find expression only in terms of character. This, indeed, is a form of expression, for which no adequate statistical tabulation has yet been invented. Some attempts have been made—notably by enumeration of governors, professors, college presidents, senators, and the like, produced within a given time and from a given clientage. There are, however, brain products too elusive to be caught in any of our estimates by number, weight or volume, which, when once fairly accounted for, may reverse our calculations. The differential in all such problems is, in a great majority of cases, after all, mainly a personal one. Whether a better education is to be obtained on horseback from the older preachers while riding a Cumberland Presbyterian circuit; beneath the stars which hung over the plain of Mamre; at the feet of Gamaliel, of Thomas Aquinas or Thomas Arnold; behind a blacksmith's forge; at Cambridge or at New Haven, is mainly and at the bottom a question not of tools, but of men and of purpose.

Such is the infinite diversity and completeness of the divine manifestation in nature that there is not a single natural science for each of whose subdivisions, enthusiastic explorers of its boundless realms would not soon exhaust the endowments of the most munificent of college benefactors in storing a tithe of the ever-expanding collections of its illustrative apparatus, materials and specimens. The process of analysis in taking account of the works, whether of nature or of man, is endless, but the attempt to include all the objects of human enquiry or of human knowledge, or even such of them as might be pursued with interest and with profit in a college course is simply absurd. The attainment of the college ideal will never be reached by any mere aggregation of subjects, departments, or materials. These, without the informing and unifying idea, will

only obscure and obstruct it. There is no direction which human thought can pursue and no line of study from any point of departure which, if persistently and honestly followed with simple mental integrity of purpose, will not soon bring us to that circumference beyond which lies the infinite and the eternal.

In the course of the discussions which have taken place, a good deal of effort has been made to give to the expression "University education" a higher quality and dignity of meaning than that which English usage for centuries has given the term "College education." But whether determined by usage, by the historical facts, or by a careful analysis of their relative aims, methods or results, may not precisely the opposite be maintained? If the two are to be distinguished by the actual separation from each other of their own work, then the college outranks the university, as theory outranks practice, as a science outranks an art, or as the philosophy of history or of jurisprudence, of morals or of medicine outranks the technical unfolding and application of their principles in the schools of theology and law, of statesmanship and medicine.

The German university is simply an organized collection of such technical schools, with the addition of the Faculties of Philosophy and Science. There would certainly be no gain; rather would there be positive loss, if in our American system we were now to confound what we have thus far been fortunate enough, both in language and in fact, to hold so clearly distinct from each other. German civilization has no term by which to distinguish what in fact it does not possess, simply because its educational system, as such, does not produce him—a liberally-educated man, who is neither a clergyman, a lawyer, a doctor, nor a pedagogue. It is the noblest distinction of American education and of the American college, that it sends out no man, even with its first or lowest degree, who has not been introduced by the study of their rudiments and of their philosophy and at least a general acquaintance with their fundamental principles, to every department of human thought and life.

The men who, in Germany, enter any one of these professions are, to a much greater extent than with us, themselves the sons of professional men; but it was, at least a few years ago, quite customary for sons from wealthy and noble families to spend some time at one of the universities, and simply because it was fashionable to do so. A considerable part of the student population at Heidelberg, outside those in theology, has often been composed of this class. Members of some one of the different Burschen-corps, attended by a retinue of enormous dogs, punctual at the semi-weekly duelling, regular in their attendance upon the beer taverns, and but seldom troubling a lecture-room with their presence, they formed a picturesque object for the admiration of "the American girl abroad;" but far too often with their arbitrary and quarrelsome, when not drunken and brutal, habits, they became objects of terror to their mothers, sisters, and wives, until their employment in the army was looked forward to and hailed as affording the only hope of relief.

By separating the college course so sharply from the study of the professional school, and by its aim to develop that course into a larger degree of independent completeness, even when it is to be followed by the technical studies of a profession, the American college has done more to give the world a thoroughly accomplished and educated Christian gentleman than any other institution that has ever been known.

There is still another claim which has been so constantly and persistently reiterated in this whole discussion, as at least to have almost secured for itself acceptance as one of its permanent data; but in regard to which an impartial judgment from any reasonable point of view would do more to clear the whole atmosphere of what is called the College Question than any other contribution which could now easily be made toward its solution. I refer to the impression so widely prevalent, that judged by the general-standard purposes or results of a liberal education, the German institutions and the German methods are, as a whole, in every sense superior to our own.

The average age of the American college student at graduation is certainly not greater than that of the German student at leaving his university. The

American student is, however, not only a better educated man, in the best sense of that word, than the German student at a corresponding age, but the average American college graduate, who has not yet entered upon any professional study whatever, either in law, medicine, theology, or science, but who has spent three years at an academy of the grade of Andover, Exeter, or Easthampton, and four years at any one of the leading colleges of New England, is, by any fair test to be instituted by a committee of British or European educational experts, a better educated man than the average German student who has completed both his gymnasium and his university studies.

What can have created any other impression it is difficult to understand. The few American students who have, themselves, taken post-graduate courses in Germany can hardly be imagined, certainly, to have formed a syndicate for deceiving the public, for mutual admirationor for booming the market for their own educational wares.

The German student who takes a degree as Doctor of Philosophy, of Theology, or of Law, must have made special studies for this particular purpose, far beyond the usual university lectures, and often continued for an additional series of years. Not one in a hundred—to speak without precise data—of German university men ever takes any degree whatever. For admission to a parish or to the practice of law, medicine, or pedagogy, he must show the receipt of professors in certain specified universities, that he has paid for and, presumably, has heard, a certain number of lectures in officially prescribed courses. He must also be prepared to exhibit transcripts, easily obtained through fellow-students of the same or of previous years, of the dictated parts of those lectures. Will any one claim that the dictation-clerk of a lawyer, or even of a professor of law, receives, in the discharge of that duty, a legal education? Did the one or two hundred slaves in old Rome, by whose transcription from the reading of another slave, manuscript publication was secured for the Latin authors of the empire, become, by that process, accomplished classical scholars? If there be any one human performance more purely mechanical and automatic than another, or which can be perfectly done while all the other faculties are asleep, it is that combined action of ear and eye and fingers required in the work of a copyist. But this is the occupation during nearly nine-tenths of the time given to university work by the average German student.

German civilization as compared with English, is nearly a thousand years younger. In the prevalent despotism, which was never practically more absolute and certainly never more universal, than under the present dictator, the universities have been permitted a certain amount of literary freedom inside the boundaries of the politics of the present day. Within this somewhat narrow range, as compared with the actual and manifold interests of modern European society, German intellectual life has largely concentrated itself at the universities. From these points are issued an immense number of narrowly technical publications, in a sub-division of literary and scientific departments, whose minuteness the world has nowhere else beheld. Of general literary life and discussion, however; of that wide range of intellectual activity which busies itself with the actual problems of human life and society, and fills the countless issues of our so-called periodical press, daily, weekly, or monthly, Germany presents nothing which can for a moment, either in volume or in value, be placed in comparison.

When, therefore, the German student leaves the universities for the practice, outside the larger cities, of any one of the professions, he goes into comparatively waste and barren places, and, as a rule, sinks rapidly into a professional drudge.

A vast amount of talk has been indulged in about the German students' greater freedom of choice among one or two hundred professors and the various studies which they represent; and the wider the range of optional studies in an American college; the more nearly it is supposed to approach the German university idea. It is true that where all the professional, technical and scientific schools are massed together in one great university organization, the entire list of instructors presents to us a very formidable array; but it is also true that each individual student is, virtually, compelled to take those special courses which

the government has made obligatory for admission to employment in some one of its practical careers; and it is equally true that for this purpose the actual selection is quite as much a matter of routine as in most American colleges. The principal optional feature in which the German university student usually exercises his much vaunted freedom of choice, is in getting any professor who is likely to be a member of the Examining Board for his own admission to his profession—or who is supposed to possess special influence in higher quarters—to inscribe his name in his students' "Anmeldung Buch" for a disproportionate number of "Stunden" in his own particular courses!

Let us not be deceived by the vast multitude of brochures, monographs, or even of books, published by the men who are concentrated and supported in such large numbers at the German universities; and whose laborious but too often unprofitable, because aimless, industry is deservedly the wonder, if not always the admiration, of scholars. The supply of chips from the German workshops is vast and apparently exhaustless, but is there to-day, apart from this ceaseless supply of scholastic apparatus, a current German literature that can for a moment be compared in volume, in richness, in spiritual, or even in intellectual elevation with that which is pouring forth from the presses of England and America? The German learns and reads English, both as an element in his intellectual culture and as a necessity of his practical life, and hundreds of editions of English books are found on every book-stall of the empire; while one can count almost on the fingers of a single hand the attempts at a like supply of German books for English readers. A few American technical students buy and read a few German books in their own special departments of study, but the principal market for German literature with us is furnished by the boarding schools and by the optional courses of college students.

In this consideration of the College Question, the endeavor has been, not to minimize the difference, but to emphasize the antagonism which has been developed by the discussion. That antagonism is one which overrides the question between the classical and the modern languages. It is the question between the great Science and the little sciences. It is the question whether it is the fundamental purpose of the college to fit its student to fill the highest place, as an intelligent responsible actor, in advancing that kingdom of light and of love in which all knowledge is valuable in proportion to its practical use for the highest intellectual and spiritual ends; or, whether its purpose be merely to give him that exquisite refinement of culture and taste with which he will be able for himself and for his friends, to extract the largest possible amount of personal satisfaction from out the planetary oyster, which his university course enables him the more deftly to crack and to open.

It is the question, whether there is any thing settled and which parents and these who stand *in loco parentis* are authorized to teach; whether anything has been gained in the intellectual contests of the ages; whether there is any great "consensus" of truth the body of whose results we can give to those who are coming after us, as the capital on which to set up the business of thinking for themselves. If there is not, then whether on the Isis or on the Charles, we are only Athenians still, setting up and pulling down unknown divinities and asking ever who will show us some yet newer thing.

But is not the college then to feel and to represent the spirit of the age? Yes! and no! according to the spirit and intention with which the question is asked. The highest office of the college is to lift up for each generation of students as it comes upon the stage, every burning question of its own passing life, whether in theology, statesmanship, literature, art or science, into the light of that flame which shines high above all the ages. In this view, the studies for which the college really exists are only fairly reached, when the student is prepared to enter upon the high debates of ethics and philosophy and history. For these, all the rest have been but the preparation.

It is development in this part of their curricula by which the Christian colleges of America will fulfil their inherent and their historic idea. For this, not revolution but consistent, logical evolu-

tion alone is needed. And the college which will do most to mold the present and to determine the future thought of America, will not be that one which shall give its students, to stimulate their appetites, the largest or the most versatile acquaintance with the widest range of things in the almost infinite diversity which is beginning to characterize our modern life; but that other, which, through whatever popularity or unpopularity it may temporarily bring, shall most steadily, effectively and nobly, hold the best minds entrusted to its care, to those themes in which statesmen, poets, historians, philosophers and divines, have always found their most satisfying as well as their most stimulating food, the themes which occupied Socrates and Plato, Paul and Aquinas, Milton and Elizabeth Browning, and in which rest alike the destinies of nations and of men.

SOME OF COLERIDGE'S VERSES.

N examination of the various editions of Coleridge's poetry shows a certain incompleteness and irregularity in the contents, so that one never knows in buying a so-called complete edition whether it is reasonably full or not. I have looked in vain through sundry issues to find a pretty bit of verse of his which I lately discovered in "The Keepsake," printed in London in 1830. Only some very recent editions contain it. The first issue of "Sibylline Leaves" and the earlier poems published by Joseph Cottle include many pieces which were afterward rejected and are now mostly restored in editions put forth within a few years. The one I give here is from "The Keepsake"; it will, I imagine, be new to many who know Coleridge's poetry, in the main, quite thoroughly.

SONG,

EX IMPROVISO, ON HEARING A SONG IN PRAISE OF A LADY'S BEAUTY:

'Tis not the lily brow I prize,
Nor roseate cheeks, nor sunny eyes,—
Enough of lilies and of roses!
A thousand-fold more dear to me
The gentle look that love discloses,
The look that love alone can see!

The poem entitled, "Love, Hope and Patience in Education," said to be the last one which Coleridge wrote, is a contribution to "The Keepsake" with that just quoted; but its first title was "The Poet's Answer to a Lady's Question Respecting the Accomplishments most desirable in an Instructress of Children."

In the "Sibylline Leaves" there is a piece entitled "Mutual Passion," that is alleged to be altered and modernized from an old poet, a claim which very likely is chiefly pretence. A competent literary friend who has run through the first edition of that book for me and verified some of my searching, says of this piece: "It is a very pretty love poem, and never ought to have been dropped. Whoever the old poet was, I will guarantee that nine-tenths of the work is S. T. C.'s, with a good dash of the same initials in the remaining part." But the poem is now among those restored.

The editors of Coleridge's poetry as well as his family exercised some just discretion, with no little caprice, in making up the pieces which should be used. "The Foster-mother's Tale: a Dramatic Fragment," that was issued in the "Lyrical Ballads" in which Wordsworth had a partnership, has had its vicissitudes of appearance and suppression. Neither this nor "Mutual Passion," I believe, is to be found in the old Pickering three-volume edition of Coleridge's Poetical and Dramatic Works, published in 1834, the year of the author's death. Nor are they in the same publisher's one-volume edition issued in 1848, fourteen years after that date. The "Mutual Passion" consists of five stanzas, alike in form, of which I give the first, to show the quality of the piece:

I love and he loves me again,
Yet dare I not tell who,
For if the nymphs should know my swain
I fear they'd love him too.
Yet while my love's unknown
Its rosy buds are but half-blown,
What no one with me shares seems scarce my own.

These verses are now properly restored.

Among the poems in Joseph Cottle's volume of 1797, not so often found now, is one addressed to Cottle and a sonnet addressed to Lloyd. Main's "Treasury of Sonnets" gives that by Coleridge on Nature.

"Christabel" and "The Ancient Mariner" experienced several modifications by the hand of the author. My friend whom I have quoted already, calls my attention to a stanza from the latter poem, as published in 1817, which I, myself, had observed, and which Coleridge dropped along with other lines. It reads as follows; and, except in Linton and Stoddard's fine collection of poetry, will rarely be found:

A gust of wind sterte up behind
And whistle through his bones;
Through the holes of his eyes and the hole of his mouth
Half whistles and half groans.

A good deal might be said concerning Coleridge's verse and its various fortunes, for which fuller space than I can command would be needed. His productive poetical period was brief, for devotion to philosophy shoved the muse aside; while its fruits were often cared for by other hands, as they might chance to be put forth. However, I cannot close my brief reference to this author without reproducing two short pieces of his which I think are very slightly known. They show good internal evidence of the hand that wrote them; but, either for lack of perfect authenticity, or for some other reason, I believe the first appears in no collection of Coleridge's poetry, and the second in only one, not generally familiar:

CHORAL SONG OF ILLYRIAN PEASANTS.

Up! up! ye dames, ye lasses gay!
To the meadows trip away,
'Tis you must tend the flocks this morn,
And scare the small birds from the corn.
Not a soul at home may stay;
For the shepherds must go
With lance and bow
To hunt the wolf in the woods to-day.

Leave the hearth, and leave the house,
To the cricket and the mouse!
Find grannam a sunny seat,
With babe and lambkin at her feet.
Not a soul at home may stay;
For the shepherds must go
With lance and bow
To hunt the wolf in the woods to-day!

WATER BALLAD.

"Come hither, gently rowing,
Come, bear me quickly o'er
This stream so brightly flowing,
To yonder woodland shore.
But vain were my endeavor
To pay thee, courteous guide;
Row on, row on, forever
I'd have thee by my side.

"Good boatman, prithee haste thee,
I seek our fatherland!"
"Say, when I there have placed thee,
Dare I demand thy hand?"
"A maiden's head can never
So hard a point decide;
Row on, row on, forever
I'd have thee by my side!"

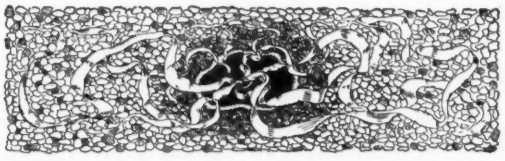
The happy bridal over,
The wanderer ceased to roam,
For, seated by her lover,
The boat became her home;
And still they sang together,
As steering o'er the tide;
"Row on through wind and weather,
Forever by my side."

Joel Benton.

EVENING.

THE softening sunset's last faint ray
Has faded from the heavens away;
The raven shades of Evening drape
The mourning earth with filmy crape.
In memory of the dying Day.
Eve for awhile asserts her sway,
And 'round the chilly form of Day
She wraps her veil of downy hair;
Night stealthy takes the mask to wear,
Till Morning tears it swift away

Clarence H. Urner.



"IN HIS OWN COUNTRY."

BY MARAH ELLIS RYAN.

"KNOW Karl Denny o' these parts? Well, I should say I did—an' his daddy afore him. His gran'father an' my daddy cleared the first bit o' lan' in the township—young chaps, both 'of 'em, then. Lor'! lor'! them was times worth hearin tell of—wolves an' bears all through this country then, an' a right smart sprinklin' o' wild cats; an' the folks a havin' to go on creetur' back over the mountains for their salt, an' a havin' to burn up timber to get potash to pay for it—'bout the only thing they had to trade in them days, 'cept hides. Yes, sir; this was pretty much all wilderness; an' I've heard my daddy tell us how—Oh, yes, Karl Denny. Well, just pull your chair back under the porch where it's shady. Ben 'll have the buckboard ready fer yeh in half-an-hour. Traveler are yeh? Jest to see the country. Lor'! lor'! I'd reckon that folks as had money to spend gaddin' round in strange parts, would a heap ruther settle down comfortable at home an' enjoy it; but there's no countin'.on tastes. What might your business be? Newspaper work; shoo! yeh don't say so! I never saw one to know him but once afore; that was when we had the first hangin' scrape in our neighborhood, an' they sent a reporter chap out to the courthouse from one them big Pittsburg papers; must 'a cost 'em a sight, for he boarded at the tavern all the time—a dollar slap out o' his pocket fer every day that trial lasted. I reckon it was worth it—a heap o' hard swearin' wa' done in that case. Yes, sirree! yeh see it was Mose Henderson's boy, Jim, as—

"Denny. Yes, yes, that was what we started on. Well, talkin' o' curious people, he was one vergin' on loony we all reckoned. Good enough stock he come of too. Zeb Denny, his daddy, was sheriff of the county once—an uncommon, hard-headed man. The softest thing he ever done was when he got married. Mighty curious that was. He was nigh forty—an old bach'. He courted an' married the girl in less than a week. Dutch, she was—had come over to live with some kinsfolk, an' when she got here they had moved out West in wagons, not knowin' jest where they'd stop; so she did n't know how to follow them, an' here she was all alone an' without any money—a thin, scared-to-death lookin' creetur', with eyes as always looked at yeh like a dumb man's kind o' tryin' to speak and could n't. A right smart of learnin' she had—could talk several lingos—and had come from some high-faluten family as had trouble in politics and lost all their money. It beats time how them kingdoms an' monarchies is always a janglin' in furren parts. Well, Zeb, he up and asks her to have him, as he needed a housekeeper pretty bad; an' she did. Lor'! lor'! how folks did open their eyes; but Zeb Denny wasn't a carin', though he soon found he hadn't got much of a bargain, for she'd never done real work in her life; but she buckled down to it like a soldier, and soon learned how to cook an' bake an' sich; and fixed over her queer clothes to try an' look more like our women-folk. But it wa' no use; she never did—not a bit more than if a trembly, skittish, fancy breed of a mare wa' let loose in the same field with our farm stock an' tried to do the same work.

"By an' by their boy, young Zeb, was borned red-headed; he was like his daddy. Then three years after come the twins, Frank an' Hank, an' a fine pair they wa'—stout as young oxen. Zeb was tickled to death, but Retta—that wa' his wife's name—did n't seem to want 'em. When they told her they was both boys, she just covered up her face an' cried quiet like. My woman was there at the time. Some o' them tried to chirk her up a tellen' her any woman 'd be proud o' such boys, an' a tellen' how Zeb was pleased; but all she said was: "The husband is good to be glad, but it is the daughters who bring ease to the mother's heart;" that was her queer Dutch way o' speakin'.

"Well, them boys jest growed like bad weeds, an' was too rough fer her low, soft sort o' words to keep 'em straight. A while afore the next baby came, Retta was real delicate like, an' so nervous and

shaky that Zeb had to get a girl to do the work. Jim Hazen's girl they got, married to my boy Ben since. She said all Retta 'peared to wish for was that the baby might be a girl, but it was n't. No, sir, it were a boy, but different, a heap different from the others. It had yellow hair an' blue eyes like the mother's, an' jest the same kind of a look in them. That, sir, was Karl Denny.

"He was the last, an' by degrees she got over wantin' a girl so bad, fer the baby was a'most like one—a toddlin' close to her, an' never getten' rough like the rest. The twins never took any stock in him; he seemed made o' different stuff. He growed tall an' slim an' gentle, like Retta, an' the more Zeb an' the boys plagued him fer his soft ways, jest that much more he stuck around the house. He was a reg'lar 'mother's boy,' an' Zeb did n't often see one without t' other. She taught him out o' some furren books she had brought along; though he was n't much in the 'rithmetic class at school, he seemed to study an' learn anything from her. At school the boys called him Miss Denny, an' sometimes they'd get into his desk and steal the poetry stuff he was always a writen', until at last he quit school altogether and studied his lessons to home. He 'd scribble rhymes over every bit o' paper he could get, an' his mother put tunes to some o' them. Yeh know the Dutch have great heads fer music, an' at sundown, as Karl would be a goin' fer the cows, Zeb could hear him a singin' o' his queer songs; an' lor'! lor'! how them cattle did know him; one call from him 'd bring them a troopin' from the furthest corner o' the field—a wonderful way he had with dumb things.

"Well, Zeb kind o' let him alone, an' not sayin' much, though he was shiftless considerin' the work the rest o' the boys done. But when Karl was nineteen, an' had n't done much but help around the house an' lay out in the woods a writin' o' poetry an' stories for Retta to read, then Zeb put his foot down, as was natural he should. He wanted Karl to learn the blacksmith's trade. Well, I guess there was quite a time among them, 'cordin to Hank, who told us all about it, fer Karl told Zeb he wanted to go to school an get more learnin' fer he intended to be a writer—a writer, mind yeh—fer the papers; him as had never been in a real town in his life, an did n't know nothen' 'cept what Retta had taught him. Zeb thought he was clean crazy, an' then it came out as he had sent some o' his rhymes an' a story to some paper in the East, an' they promised to print 'em an' pay fer 'em; an' Karl, proud as Punch, brought out the letter the editor had writ him, an' a story he was goin' to finish fer the same man.

"Yeh see, Zeb had a hot temper, an' thought it were all tomfoolery in him thinken' o' maken' his liven' that way, 'stid o' tacklin' honest work; fer o' course them stories were all lies. He swore he would n't have no such excuse fer laziness on his place, an' the first thing they knew he had pitched the letter an' story right into the fireplace. It was winter, an' a blazin' big fire they had. Karl tried to reach the papers, but they 'd dropped right down against the back log where the coals were hottest, an' there was no use o' tryin'. Well, it seemed as if Karl was crazy; he just stood there a lookin' at the paper a curlin' up an' gettin' black; the tears was a rollin' down his face, an' him a big fellow o' nineteen! But he did n't say a word. Retta she tried to comfort him a tellin' him he could write it over again, an' then he jest dropped down aside of her a sobbin' an' a cryin' as if it was a deathblow he 'd got, an' he kept a sayin' 'he never could, he never could.'

"Somehow he seemed to think that one story was somethin' better than he ever had done before, or ever could do again, an' that he could n't a done it of his own accord, but that it was what ye 'd call a sort o' inspiration thing, and that it would never come to him again. That, o' course was a lie. There was n't never nothin' inspired 'cept the Bible.

"Howsomever, that 's the way he talked of it, an' spoke as if the people in it were real people—his children—an' that they had died; an' he never could speak o' them without the tears a showin' in his eyes. So o' course that give folks reason to think him loony. And Zeb, he 'lowed it was all the poetry writin' as made him so, an' he should n't write another line. Retta she tried to persuade

Zeb to let him go on awhile longer jest as he had been—a tryin' to write again or do as he liked till he kinder got over his grievin'. But Zeb was hard-headed, and sort o' disgusted to think a boy o' his 'd ever be such a fool, an' he said no; the boy was n't of age, an' until he was he 'd got to mind what he was told, an' work on the farm 'stid o' scribblin' lies.

"Well, Retta had always taught her boys that what Zeb said was law. Them Dutch always look to the man o' the house as if he was a lord; anyway that 's the way she had been raised. So she could n't give Karl no encouragement to go agin his duty, an' Karl jest went to work like the rest. But no one ever heard him singin' his songs through the fields after that; it seemed as if all the life had gone out o' him, for he went around sulky like, an' not talkin' to any one 'cept Retta. At last the other boys would n't sleep with him; they said he jabbered so in his dreams, an' talked an' went on about the writin's that come into his head that he dare n't write down, an' he knew they 'd be gone before the time come that he would be of age; so it was n't much wonder the boys wanted to get away from him.

"The first that I judged fer sure that he was loony was in the spring. I 'd gone over to Denny's place with an axe I wanted ground. Retta told me to sit down while she called Frank to turn fer me.

"I saw Karl a comin' up the path with some posies in his hand—some o' them creepin' pink things that grow among the pine woods. He looked pale, an' his eyes hollow like an' bigger 'n ever, an' his legs were dragged along slow like an old man's. Retta went out to meet him, a takin' hold o' his hands lovin' like, and a kissin' him as if she had n't seen him fer a year.

"'Ah, you truant,' she said, a tryin' to kind o' laugh. 'What shall I do with yeh?—away until the noon without your breakfast; that was very wrong; yeh will be ill, an' then—then what 'd yer mother do? Where have ye been?'

"'I was over to Silver Lake,' he said.

"'Why, Karl!' said Retta, kind o' scoldin' like.

"Yeh see, this Silver Lake, as they call it, is about six miles as the crow flies towards the north—Kitteries Pond, they used to call it; has no signs of inlet nor outlet, yet the water is always fresh, and of a different sort from our spring an' creek water—kind o' queer where it comes from—an' I was taken aback as well as Retta to think he 'd done that tramp with nothin' to eat. He dropped down tired like in a chair, not 'pearin' to see me, an' then I heard him a talkin' loony fer sure. An' queer as it sounded, the words stuck in my mind, till I can almost hear his voice as he was a sayin' 'em; 't wa' curious, but Karl always had a way o' speakin' that people were bound to remember in spite o' themselves. He held out the posies to her.

"'Take 'em, mother,' he said; 'it seemed a pity to bring 'em from their home under the pines; but I knowed you loved 'em so; they looked like little pink stars in the brown leaves, an' it was so restful and quiet where they lived, with the scent o' the pines about 'em, and the washin' o' the little waves a makin' such music, an' the birds a chatterin' an' tellin' each other that spring has come.'

"'Yes, yes, my Karl, a great pleasure it must 'a been out there in the early morning,' Retta said, kind a chimin' in with his vagaries.

"'A pleasure an' a sadness both, mother,' he said, a holdin' to her hands. 'They should n't call it Silver Lake; there is no brightness about it. The dark pines gather too close around, an' their shadows are too deep for any silvery gleams to fall across it. So beautiful it is, but so lonely away up there on the hills, with only the hills, not even a little brook, to bring joy or laughter to it. In comin' away I felt as if it was a human thing I was a leavin' alone there, with no hope of ever knowin' the happiness of its kind.'

"'You must not feel things so deeply, my Karl,' said Retta, a tryin' to turn his mind a little. 'Souls like yours suffer so much it is not well for them to dwell on sad thoughts, and the little lake may after all be very happy.'

"'Right, my mother,' said he; 'it may be so; it is with the lake as, perhaps, with people. We are sad when we see those who are silent and alone, an' we pity them because they are not like others, and yet them people may have hidden in their

hearts treasures o' thought an' memory more to them than a century o' days bright with the pleasures o' the world; an' that secret inlet may bear with it more peace an' cool content than the bright brooks that wash by the hot stones in the sun. I am glad you gave me that thought, mother; it is better than the sadness.'

"An' then I slipped out o' the side door quiet like, an' left them two alone there. I felt as if I was comin' out o' a church an' did n't breathe free till I was off the porch. O' course it was all moonshine —a thinkin' that Kitteries Pond was a livin' bein', but I could n't help hearin' an' I could n't help rememberin' every word of it, and that was the last time I ever saw Karl Denny till he was on his death-bed. Quick consumption it was, the doctor said. He never had complained much, an' no one knowed how bad he was till he overstrained himself a liftin' a piece o' timber for a cow-shed Zeb was puttin' up. Some way it started him to coughin' till they had to carry him to the house, an' two weeks later he was dead.

"Lots o' people 'lowed it was a good thing, for he was n't fore-handed enough to make his own livin', an' it's a right smart expense a keepin' up a growed man that aint no use on a farm. Well, for all Karl's shiftless ways, Zeb was kind o' cut up. It was the first in the family to go, yeh know, and naturally was a shock to him.

"But, Retta! Lor', lor'! she wa' like a wild woman. She seemed to forget all her quiet ways, an' right there afore every one she forbid Zeb to lay his hands on Karl or come near the bed! I was there, an' I hardly knowed her. She stood over that dead boy, an' told Zeb he had murdered him with his cruelty. O' course folks tried to hush her up, but she turned on them jest as bitter:

"'Be silent,' said she, in her broken Dutch way. 'Be silent. You shall not touch him—not any one of you; least of all shall the father—the father who had a child of God given to him an' who would bring it down to the level of his cattle; who would crush the soul and the genius out o' the young life till he lays here cold-dead from the breakin' of his heart. Swine—all of ye—who looked on him as mad, and did not know it was the madness o' God-given genius.'

"An' then she dropped across the dead boy in a faint, an' it was weeks afore she was able to be about. But she's never been like the same woman since—mortally changed she is. Folks say she's colder than stone to Zeb an' never speaks only to answer a question. An' as soon as she was able to be about she gathered up all the writin's she could find o' Karl's an' sent them away with a letter to that editor Karl had told her about; an' some months after there came a book to her with stories an' rhymes in it, an' it had Karl's name printed in it, an' they say the letter the editor wrote her was beautiful, to say nothin' o' the bank check he sent her. The first use she made out o' the money was to buy a metal box and put Karl's book that he never saw in it and had it put in the coffin. A mighty queer thing to do; but then I guess she was a little touched as well as Karl. But here comes the buckboard, mister. Lordy, how long we 've been a talkin'! Had no idea it was so late. Yes, I know most everybody's history through here, but Denny's boy was about the queerest fish around.

"Heard o' him through the papers, did yeh say? Curious. Now, we take the *County Chronicle*—a live paper it is—an' we never saw his name in it, except the funeral notice. You newspaper chaps do beat time in findin' out about folks. Good day. You'll get to the station, time for supper. So long."

The buckboard rolled under the bending locust trees, and the traveler leaned back drinking in the beauty of the sloping fields in their midsummer holiday dress, while memory brought to him stanzas written among these hills—poems with the freshness of the wind in their tender fancies, written by a soul to whom the scent of the flowers was as incense; to whom the rustling of the leaves and grasses were messengers bringing secrets of the wood—secrets never divulged save to the lover, the enthusiast, of nature. One short volume had been given to the world; only that! But it was enough to tell that a prophet had sent it—one whose young eyes saw clearer and deeper than the wise men about him. Odd and visionary were some of the compositions, with the mysticism of past ages filtering through his German blood and giving glimpses of a soul too subtle and delicate

to be measured by the standards about him.

"There is the buryin' ground." It was the driver who spoke, and pointed to the left where a few gleams of marble could be seen through the trees. "An' ther's Miss' Denny, a neighbor of ourn. How-de-do, Miss' Denny?"

The woman bowed without speaking, and turned into the little gate, showing only a glimpse of a sad brown face and snow-white hair.

"Yes, that's a neighbor of ourn. Had a boy died 'bout a year ago, an' I don't think a day passes that she aint out here at the grave. She thought a heap o' him, but folks 'round here thinks its flyin' in the face o' Providence not to get reconciled by this time. But there's no use arguin' with her; she's Dutch, and they're always a pig-headed lot. Got two other boys too, but she don't seem to take no 'count o' them, but any one of them 'd make two o' Karl. He was kind o' queer in the head an' wrote some stuff in a book with verses 'bout the creeks an' the clearin's an' the pastures an' the woods—jest common sort o' things; never 'mounted to much, an' nobody 'round here took any stock in 'em."

The traveler made no reply, but across the rhythm of the dead boy's remembered songs there came to him the words of that other clear-visioned one—"A prophet hath no honor in his own country."

DICKENS ON THE AMERICAN STAGE.

BY GEORGE EDGAR MONTGOMERY.

I.

ONLY a few weeks ago I read in a leading journal the following paragraph, which prefaced an interesting account of Mr. Henry Irving's notable performance of *Alfred Jingle:*

> Mr. Pickwick and his companion have never enjoyed on the stage anything like their popularity in the pages of Dickens. This is true of all the creations of the great novelist which have been transferred to the footlights, though some of them have been more fortunate than their kindred whose sufferings caused Dickens to spend one evening at the theatre groaning on the floor of his box. The truth is that these characters are often more descriptive than dramatic, and that when they are withdrawn from the countless sidelights of witty comment and whimsical suggestion which play upon them in the text, they are apt to lose much of their vitality. This may explain the disappointment which has attended most of the attempts to dramatize Dickens.

Statements similar to this have been printed so often that they have become commonplaces. Yet they are, perhaps, literally exact. Dickens, on the stage, is far different from the great novelist in his books. The plays suggested by his books give but a faint idea of the strength and genius of that fluent and delightful author—not less delightful to-day than he was thirty years ago, even if certain eminent writers of our time seem disposed to think otherwise. Nevertheless, it should be remembered that what is a fact with Dickens is a fact with nearly all novelists. The best novels do not make the best plays; on the contrary, the best novels have, usually, made the worst plays. Even when the author of a thoroughly fine story happens to be his own dramatist, his own "adapter," he is almost certain to blunder and spoil his work. The rule is, however, that the adapter of the great novelist shall be decidedly not a great dramatist: and who but the great have right to adjust great work to new conditions of art? It is not, therefore, surprising that novels of fresh power and originality should lose much of these delightful qualities when transferred to the stage—should, indeed, prove to be mere carpenterings or travesties. We have seen "Jane Eyre," "Guy Mannering," "Vanity Fair," "Tom Jones," "Clarissa Harlowe," and how many others I cannot count, on the stage: but we ought to be glad to forget that we have seen them there.

It is not, therefore, proper nor critical to speak of Dickens as an exception to a rule which is well nigh general. And, after all has been said, who has fared better than Dickens, among the English novelists of the present or of the previous century, on the stage? Few of his novels have not been transferred, in one form or

another, to the theatre. Many of those which have been thus transferred lacked neither success nor a kind of distinction. For more than a quarter of a century Dickens has provided the playgoers of two countries—involuntarily, I admit—with some of their most agreeable and cordially relished entertainment. He may have been burlesqued, ill-used, misinterpreted, by dramatists, but a little of the true Dickens, the Dickens whom everyone might be expected to love, has surely found its way into the brightest plays drawn from his novels. Granting, then, that the stage has not been just to Dickens, that the pieces built upon his novels are "disappointments," that his novels were clearly prepared outside of stage restriction, and are descriptive rather than dramatic, the fact remains that no other novelist has been more popular or more interesting on the stage than he. And, by way of emphasizing the importance of his contributions to the stage, I may add that few novelists have offered as rare and extraordinary opportunities to the actor. Many of the famous actors of the last half-century are identified with at least one of his characters; scores of brilliant and beautiful performances are identified with his name. Finally, whatever may be thought or written of Dickens in relation to the stage, it is positive that the stage retains an affectionate and permanent regard for its Dickens.

In the circumstances—taking into consideration all these facts, together with the quality of his genius, his temperament, his tastes—it is not hazardous to assert that Dickens might have been a great dramatist. That is to say, he might have subjected his genius to the discipline of the stage. If he failed to do this, if he failed to make arduous effort to rank as a dramatist, the reason is, undoubtedly, that he was forced, in spite of himself, to follow the bent of his age, to pursue the smooth road to success. His age was that of the novel, not of the drama. But the potentiality of a dramatist was just as much a part of him as his over-flowing fancy. His stories were not, above all, dramatic: but there was a great deal of drama in them. He had the gift of characterization in the loftiest degree, and I can imagine readily that, writing as a dramatist, he would have added some immortal figures to the stage. As it is, many of his characters, even though deprived of the humorous or explanatory commentary which is enjoyed with so much zest in his novels, are strikingly individual on the stage. There are persons, without doubt, whose acquaintance with *Bill Sikes*, *Nancy*, *Fagin*, *Jingle*, *Sam Weller*, *the Artful Dodger*, *Cap'n Cuttle*, *Bunsby*, and twenty others, has been acquired wholly in the theatre; and yet I am sure that their impressions of these personages are vital and lasting.

Although Dickens did not write much for the stage—the few pieces that he did write are hardly worthy of remembrance—he showed in other ways his practical sympathy with the theatre. He was devoted to the welfare of the stage; he was never happier than when watching a good play, and was an astute critic of the drama. His criticisms, though short, are marked by singular honesty and pungency; and their value has been attested repeatedly. Then he was a stage-manager of exceptional skill—patient, tactful, unerring. The amateur theatricals which were given under his management had, as everyone knows, an artistic significance that amateur theatricals seldom have. He was also an actor of talent, and it was felt by his contemporaries that he might have gained reputation on the boards. In many of his speeches he spoke of the stage with the tenderest respect and with frank ardor, and his letters are often filled with comments on plays and actors. In fact, here was a man who was apparently born to add dignity to the theatre—who had, unquestionably, a genius, a skill, a business sense, which should have made him a conspicuous figure of the drama; yet it was only against his own will and judgment that his work found a place on the stage.

Dickens' criticisms, as I have said, were marked by singular honesty and pungency. They were also marked by rare independence. Those tiresome conventionalisms which hamper most criticism, which make it perfunctory and absurdly cock-sure, were unknown to him. He spoke his thought straight from his mind and heart. Who has forgotten his bold and just tribute to Charles

Fechter—an actor, by the way, who gave a powerful impersonation of Dickens' *Obenreizer?* Here is what Dickens wrote of Fechter's *Hamlet*, and it is good reading at this late day: "Perhaps no innovation in art was ever accepted with so much favor by so many intelligent persons, pre-committed to, and preoccupied by, another system, as Fechter's *Hamlet*. I take this to have been the case (as it unquestionably was in London), not because of its picturesqueness, not because of its novelty, not because of its many scattered beauties, but because of its perfect consistency with itself. Its great and satisfying originality was in its possessing the merit of a distinctly conceived and executed idea. Fechter's *Hamlet*, a pale, woe-begone Norseman, with long flaxen hair, wearing a strange garb, never associated with the part on the English stage (if ever seen there at all), and making a piratical swoop upon the whole fleet of little theatrical prescriptions without meaning, or like Dr. Johnson's celebrated friend, with only one idea in them, and that a wrong one, never could have achieved its extraordinary success but for its animation by one pervading purpose, to which all changes were made intelligently subservient."

Another little touch of Dickens, as a dramatic critic, demonstrating that knowledge of stage-sense which he is supposed to have lacked, is found in this note to John Forster: "I have been cautioning Fechter about the play whereof he gave the plot and scenes to B; and out of which I have struck some enormities, my account of which will (I think) amuse you. It has one of the best first acts I ever saw; but if he can do much with the last two, not to say three, there are resources in his art that *I* know nothing about. When I went over the play this day week, he was at least twenty minutes *in a boat, in the last scene*, discussing with another gentleman (also in the boat), whether he should kill him or not; after which the gentleman dived over and swam for it. Also, in the most important and dangerous parts of the play, there was a young person by the name of Pickles who was constantly being mentioned by name, in conjunction with the powers of light or darkness; as, 'Great Heavens! Pickles?' 'By Hell, 't is Pickles!' 'Pickles? a thousand devils!' 'Distraction, Pickles?'"

So much for Dickens as a critic. As an actor, his favorite characters were *Captain Bobadil* in Ben Jonson's comedy "Every Man in His Humour," *Flexible* in Mr. Kenney's farce, "Love, Law and Physic," *Justice Shallow* in Shakespeare's "Merry Wives of Windsor," *Lord Wilmot* in "Not So Bad as We Seem," *Mr. Gablewig* in "Mr. Nightingale's Diary," *Richard Wardour* in Wilkie Collins' play, "The Frozen Deep," and *Sir Charles Coldstream* in "Used Up." That strong novel, "A Tale of Two Cities," was suggested to Dickens by Mr. Collins' drama, and he was eager to get a play out of it. He was even ambitious to perform the character of *Sydney Carton*. A dramatization of "A Tale of Two Cities" was made by Tom Taylor, but was unsuccessful. Other dramatizations of it have also been made; and it is well known that a recent and romantic drama, "All For Her," is based upon one of its main incidents.

Mrs. Cowden Clarke is warm in her praise of Dickens' acting. But I venture to quote from another critic who, if not so enthusiastic as Mrs. Clarke, is possibly more judicious: "To say that his acting was amateurish is to depreciate it in the view of a professional actor, but it is not necessarily to disparage it. No one who heard the public readings from his own books which Mr. Dickens subsequently gave with so much success, needs to be told what rare natural qualifications for the task he possessed. Fine features, and a striking presence, with a voice of great flexibility, were added to a perfect mastery over the sense of his author, because that author was himself. . . If there were a certain ease and *handiness* which the practice of the art as a profession might have brought to him, he at least escaped the tyranny of those conventionalisms which the best actors (at least of our own time) have not been able to resist. Mr. Dickens's acting—certainly his *serious* acting—might have failed in a large theatre, just as a picture painted by Creswick or Cooke would have been ineffective if used as a scene

in that theatre. In both cases, broader effects and less carefulness in details would have been needed to produce the desired effect."

Dickens made his first appearance as a reader, in London, in 1858. Nine years later he was heard in this country. His traveling through the United States, also as a reader of Dickens, and is meeting everywhere with a welcome hardly less cordial than that given to the author of "Pickwick." The younger Dickens inherits much of his father's interpretative talent, and his sympathetic work

IRVING AS "JINGLE."

success, both in England and here, was prodigious, but it was success commensurate with his charming and irresistible talent. The novels, it it true, are not so much in vogue to-day as they were twenty years ago; yet at this moment a second Charles Dickens—the son who bears so honorably his father's name—is has undoubtedly revived public interest in writings which—as we have been told—are somewhat out of fashion.

II.

It was natural enough, when Dickens stood at the height of his fame, when people were greedy for his books, that the

stage should look to him for much of its most popular material. The slightest story written by him at that halcyon period was eagerly seized upon by dramatists, or would-be dramatists, and, when possible, was transformed into some kind of a play. Dickens' temper was grievously tried by certain ambitious bunglers who insisted upon their right to "adapt" him at their pleasure. His remonstrances were, usually, wasted, and he had to content himself with the situation. Occasionally, he gave his sanction to some special dramatization, and now and then he even condescended to assist or advise a playwright. He is supposed to have written, in collaboration with Wilkie Collins, the version of "No Thoroughfare" as done by Fechter; but Miss Kate Field, in her biography of Fechter, credits him with but a small part in that work. Dickens seldom offered a word of praise to even the most dexterous and honest of his adapters, although it is recorded that he admired Miss Fortescue's version of "Barnaby Rudge." He might have agreed with others, however, that in Andrew Halliday he had a sympathetic interpreter.

"Pickwick" was put upon the stage for the first time at the Theatre Royal, Strand, on July 10, 1837. The adaptation was called "Sam Weller," and it was made by William Moncrieff. Dickens protested vigorously against this piece, and the dramatist defended himself in a long and fiery advertisement, one of the oddest things of the sort that I have read. Other versions of "Pickwick" have been seen at intervals; but only two, and these mere sketches, are now remembered, "Alfred Jingle" and "Bardwell vs. Pickwick." In the former, Mr. Henry Irving gives his humorous and quaint performance of *Jingle;* in the latter, Mr. Toole is extremely amusing as *Sergeant Buzfuz.* A more ambitious effort to dramatize "Pickwick" was attempted by Edward Stirling, whose piece was produced at a London theatre in 1837; but, in spite of the fact that Stirling had ample knowledge of stagecraft, his work was soon forgotten.

At least three noteworthy pieces have been made out of "Nicholas Nickleby," and produced in London; for "Nicholas Nickleby" lends itself to dramatic treatment much more naturally than "Pickwick," which is certainly one of the least dramatic of novels—although characters like *Weller, Buzfuz* and *Jingle* offer exquisite opportunities to skilful comedians. A version of "Nicholas Nickleby," prepared by Edward Stirling and given for the first time in London, Nov. 19, 1838, ran one hundred and sixty nights; in the cast were John Webster as *Nicholas,* O. Smith as *Newman Noggs,* Yates as *Mantalini,* Wilkinson as *Squeers,* and the famous Mrs. Keeley as *Smike.* Another play based on "Nicholas Nickleby" was written by Andrew Halliday, and presented in 1875; in this piece the character of *Mantalini* is omitted. Mr. Halliday enjoyed the good fortune of seeing his play smartly acted, for in the cast were John Clarke as *Squeers,* George Belmore as *Newman Noggs,* William Terriss as *Nicholas,* Samuel Emery as *John Browdie,* and Lydia Foote as *Smike.* The third version of this novel was a mere fragment, and was prepared for the distinguished American actor, John S. Clarke, who produced it in London about three years ago.

Edward Stirling, like Andrew Halliday, is identified with the stories of Charles Dickens, and it will not be denied that he showed considerable ability as an adapter of Dickens. I have mentioned his versions of "Pickwick" and "Nicholas Nickleby"; he was also the author of plays taken from "Old Curiosity Shop," "Martin Chuzzlewit," and the "Christmas Carol." His "Chuzzlewit" was designed for Mr. and Mrs. Keeley, and it was remarkably successful, running two hundred and eighty nights. The original cast included F. Vining as young *Chuzzlewit,* R. Younge as old *Chuzzlewit,* F. Mathews as *Pecksniff,* Mr. Meadows as *Tom Pinch,* Mr. Keeley as *Mrs. Gamp,* and Mrs. Keeley as *Bailey.* When the same play was revived later, John Clarke appeared as *Mrs. Gamp,* Lionel Brough as *Pecksniff,* and Thomas Thorne as *Tom Pinch.*

Among other dramatizations from Dickens which have enjoyed popularity on the British stage are "The Cricket on the Hearth," by Albert Smith, produced in 1846, with Mr. Keeley as *Caleb Plummer* and Mrs. Keeley as *Dot;* "Great Expectations," by that most original of recent English dramatists, W. S. Gilbert, with the late John Clayton as *Jaggers;*

"Little Em'ly" ("David Copperfield"), by Andrew Halliday, with George Fawcett Rowe as *Micawber;* "Heart's Delight" ("Dombey and Son"), also by Halliday; "Tom Pinch" (another version of "Chuzzlewit"), with Thomas Thorne as *Pinch* and William Farren as *Pecksniff;* "Poor Jo" ("Bleak House"), with Jenny Lee as *Jo;* "No Thoroughfare"—a French version of which is known as "L'Abîme"—written by Wilkie Collins and Charles Dickens for Fechter; versions of the five Christmas books, and others which it is not easy nor profitable to recall.

Among those actors who have won renown in England for performances in the Dickens' plays are, in the first rank, Mr. and Mrs. Keeley, Miss Jennie Lee, Samuel Emery, Henry Irving, and, above all, J. L. Toole. I am speaking here of actors who belong, as it were, to the British stage. John S. Clarke and George Fawcett Rowe belong, on the other hand, to the American stage. Mrs. Keeley is said to have been an ideal *Dot* and *Smike*, and Miss Lee's *Jo* is known to American playgoers as a performance full of sweetness and pathos. Samuel Emery was an actor of original accomplishment, and no one was better fitted than he to express the peculiar Dickensesque humor; he was famous, especially in characters like *Dan'l Peggotty, Jonas Chuzzlewit, John Peerybingle, Cap'n Cuttle.* His *Cuttle* was esteemed by English critics as a conception that was absolutely faithful to Dickens. When our clever American actor, Mr. Florence, undertook to act the same character in London, the English critics, with Emery's performance fresh in their memories, expressed their dissatisfaction in strong terms. They were unable to discover that Mr. Florence had proffered any serious study to Dickens, and they drew the rather general conclusion that Americans must regard Dickens from a queer standpoint. Mr. Florence's performance is, nevertheless, an excellent one, and it is in the line of traditions handed down by Burton.

Mr. Irving was seen once upon a time as *Bill Sikes*, a character that is not unlike *Dubosc* in "The Lyons Mail." A present there is but one Dickens character in his repertory, *Alfred Jingle.* American playgoers are familiar with his performance of this, a performance which he gives, usually, as an afterpiece to his lurid and picturesque *Mathias.* Mr. Irving appeared first as *Jingle* in James Albery's dramatization of "Pickwick," which was produced by Mr. Bateman at the Lyceum Theatre, London, in 1870. The same play was cut down afterwards to two acts, and was finally reduced to its latest form, that of a one-act farce. It has been said that Mr. Irving's *Jingle* is not Dickens' *Jingle*—a criticism which, as I have pointed out, has been passed upon Mr. Florence's *Cuttle.* But Mr. Irving's *Jingle* is, at any rate, a highly amusing personage, with a distinct individuality and the jauntiest carriage imaginable. Mr. Irving carries the part with delicious drollery and audacity; and observed in contrast with his intense performance of *Mathias*, its effect is potent.

Mr. Toole, however, is the English actor who has been most successful with Dickens' characters. He has played *Bob Cratchit* in "Christmas Carol," *Caleb Plummer* in "The Cricket on the Hearth," *Toby Veck* in "The Chimes," *Ben Britain* in "The Battle of Life," *Fetherby* in "The Haunted Man," and the *Artful Dodger* in "Oliver Twist."

III.

Dickens has been quite as popular on the American stage as on that of Great Britain, and the list of American actors (including those English actors who have won their chief distinction here, like Burton) famous as exponents of the humor and pathos of Dickens, is brilliantly noteworthy. In this list are such names as Burton, Blake, J. W. Wallack, Jr., E. L. Davenport, Laura Keene, Lucille Western, Mathilda Heron, John Brougham, Dion Boucicault, George Holland, J. H. Stoddart, John Gilbert, Joseph Jefferson, John E. Owens, Charlotte Cushman, Rose Eytinge, G. F. Rowe, W. J. Florence, Mme. Janaushek, Miss Crabtree (Lotta), and Fanny Davenport.

One of the earliest dramatizations from Dickens made in this country was that of "Dombey and Son," by John Brougham, which was produced in 1847. Mr. Brougham then appeared as *Jack Bunsby*, W. E. Burton as *Cap'n Cuttle*, and Mrs. Hughes as *Mrs. Skewton.* Dur-

BURTON AS "CAPTAIN CUTTLE."

(From a Drawing by N. Sarony.)

ing the following year another version of the same novel, called "Edith," was brought forward by Hamblin, who had become manager of the Park Theatre. The cast of "Edith" was a strong one, including Mr. Placide as *Cap'n Cuttle*, John Gilbert as *Mr. Dombey*, Mr. Walcot as *Toots*, James Scott as *Jack Bunsby*, and Mrs. Shaw as *Edith*. But Mr. Placide's *Cuttle* suffered in comparison with Burton's, and the Hamblin production was unsuccessful. Those who witnessed Mr. Gilbert's performance of *Mr. Dombey* praised it in the very highest terms. In fact, Mr. Gilbert was then becoming a prominent figure on the New York stage, a figure that grew more stately and lovable with the passage of time. Another performance of his which evoked applause and eulogy was that of *Phantom*, in a version of "The Haunted Man." At the new National Theatre, in 1849, a play taken from "The Chimes" was given for the first time, with the gifted Charles Burke as *Toby Veck;* and, at a somewhat earlier date, John Brougham prepared his "Capture of Cap'n Cuttle" ("additional extracts from Dombey and Son") at Burton's Theatre. In 1853, Brougham's version of "Bleak House" was acted at Wallack's Theatre, with Lester Wallack as *His Debilitated Cousin*, Brougham as *Turreydrop*, and Laura Keene as *Lady Dedlock*. Mr. Lester Wallack has, I believe, acted in only two of Dickens' characters—the *Cousin* in "Bleak House" and *Steerforth* in "David Copperfield."

The Winter Garden Theatre—known also as a Conservatory of the Arts—was opened by William Stuart and Dion Boucicault on the evening of Sept. 14, 1859. This was the theatre in which the young genius of Edwin Booth had its first great and triumphant manifestation. The opening performance at the Winter Garden was a memorable one, for the play was "Dot," dramatized by Mr. Boucicault from "The Cricket on the Hearth," and the *Caleb Plummer* was Joseph Jefferson—a character which this fine comedian continues to act at the present day. Mrs. John Wood appeared as *Tilly Slowboy*, but her performance was not commended for artistic discretion. "Dot" was repeated many times, and was followed by another of Mr. Boucicault's dramatizations from Dickens, a neatly constructed version of "Nicholas Nickleby," entitled "Smike." The cast of this presented Mr. Jefferson as *Newman Noggs*, Mr. Boucicault as *Mantalini*, T. Johnston as *Squeers*, Mrs. Blake as *Mrs. Squeers*, Mrs. J. H. Allen as *Mrs. Mantalini*, and Agnes Robertson (Mrs. Boucicault) as *Smike*.

Mr. Jefferson himself turned adapter finally, and arranged a version of "Oliver Twist," in which George Jordan appeared as *Bill Sikes*, T. Johnston as the *Artful Dodger*, George Holland as *Bumble*, J. H. Stoddart as *Brownlow*, J. W. Wallack, Jr., as *Fagin*, and Mathilda Heron as *Nancy Sikes*. Of Mr. Wallack's performance in this play, the ablest critics have written with unbounded enthusiasm; the power and intensity of his acting as *Fagin* are as vivid in the memory now of those who witnessed it as if they saw it in the living flesh. "Wallack's *Fagin* was a masterpiece of art," declares Ireland, and this opinion has never aroused dissent. An ideal cast for "Oliver Twist" would have shown Mr. Wallack as *Fagin*, E. L. Davenport as *Bill Sikes*, and Lucille Western as *Nancy*. Mr. Davenport's *Sikes* was not less startling and impressive than Mr. Wallack's *Fagin*.

"Oliver Twist" was acted later at the same theatre, with William Davidge as *Bumble*, J. H. Stoddart as *Brownlow*, Wallack as *Fagin*, J. B. Studley as *Bill Sikes*, and Charlotte Cushman as *Nancy*.

Nancy Sikes has been a favorite character with many of our principal actresses. Miss Cushman, Miss Western, Miss Helen Western, Miss Fanny Davenport, Mathilda Heron, Rose Eytinge and several others, have been extremely effective in the part; and, at the present moment, it is one of Miss Fanny Davenport's strongest impersonations.

To make this record as brief as possible, I will simply call attention to a few Dickens performances that are still remembered, some of them still enjoyed by American playgoers. The late John E. Owens appeared as *Caleb Plummer*, at the theatre now known as Daly's, in 1865; in the following year, George Fawcett Rowe appeared as *Micawber*, in "Little Em'ly," at the Olympic

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Theatre; and, although *Micawber* has been performed by many able actors, no one has yet equalled Mr. Rowe in this character; at the Olympic Theatre, in 1866, Mr. Rowe's version of "Our Mutual Friend" was given with assured success, in the cast being Rowe as *Silas Wegg*, J. H. Stoddart as *Boffin*, James Lewis as *Sampson*, and Mrs. John Wood as *Bella;* George Boniface offered an interesting performance of *Micawber*, in Andrew Halliday's "Little Em'ly," at Niblo's Garden, in 1869. During that year, Lotta appeared in "Little Nell and the Marchioness" (a version of "Old Curiosity Shop"), acting both parts; a dramatization of Martin Chuzzlewit," by Stephen Fiske, was done at the Olympic Theatre in 1864, and Florence produced "No Thoroughfare" at the Broadway Theatre in 1868; "Little Em'ly" and "Oliver Twist" were revived frequently between 1861 and 1880. Madame Janauschek, when she retired from the German stage and came permanently to our own, added to her repertory a version of "Bleak House" which introduces the French maid *Hortense;* Madame Janauschek—an actress of broad intellectuality and power—performs both the character of *Hortense* and that of *Lady Dedlock*, a dual impersonation of astonishing force. But the Dickens performance which, on the whole, has ranked highest in the American theatre, was Fechter's *Obenreizer*. All that glowing imagination, vibrant natural passion, the strength of the mind, and the strength of the body, could do for acting, entered into that wonderful realization of artistic truth!

IV.

A few desultory comments on certain well-remembered impersonations of Dickens characters may, as supplementary to what has just been written, be read with some interest here. There are many old playgoers whose recollection of Burton's *Cap'n Cuttle* is still vivid, and they enjoy the advantage of being able to compare that impersonation with Mr. Florence's adroit and facile performance of the same part. Mr. William L. Keese, in his valuable sketch of Burton's career on the stage, makes detailed mention of this actor's *Cuttle*. John Brougham was Burton's stage manager (at the Chambers Street theatre) in 1848, and, as I have already said, Brougham dramatized "Dombey and Son" for Burton. It should be worth while pointing out that a lady known at present to all New Yorkers—by name if not by acquaintance—appeared as *Edith*, with Burton and Brougham, in 1849. Mrs. John Hoey was then Mrs. Russell, *née* Miss Shaw. Mr. Laurence Hutton writes in his graceful book, "Plays and Players": "Up to the time of her assumption of the rôle, *Edith*, in Brougham's version of the story, was comparatively a secondary part, and one to which but little attention had been paid either by performer or audience. Mrs. Russell, however, by her refined and elegant manner, brought *Edith* and herself into favor and prominence. She made of *Edith* more than Brougham himself ever imagined could be made; and *Edith* made her a reputation and a success on the New York stage which, until her honorable and much to be regretted retirement, she ever sustained."

Burton's Chambers-street company was one of exceptional strength and balance, and "Dombey and Son" was, therefore, acted in that spirit of harmonious expertness which is essential to perfect rendering. Yet Burton's *Cuttle* stood out with glowing distinctness amid its surroundings. Burton was seen in several typical personages borrowed from Dickens, notably in *Squeers*, *Sam Weller*, *Micawber*, and *Bumble*; but his *Cuttle* was far more popular than any of these, and it is one of the characters with which his genius seems to be most closely affiliated in reminiscence. Mr. Keese's account of the performance is better than that of a critic—it is that of a sympathetic and affectionate admirer: "What a memory it is to linger on! How the form comes back, clad in the white suit; the high collar, like a small sail, and the black silk handkerchief with flaring ends loosely encircling it; the head bald at top, a shining pathway between the bristling hair on each side; the bushy eyebrows arching the reverential eyes; the knob-environed nose; the waistcoat with buttons innumerable; the glazed hat under his left arm; the hook gravely extended at the end of his right. 'May we never want a friend in need, nor a bottle to give him! Over-

haul the proverbs of Solomon, and when found make a note of,' we hear him saying; and then we follow him through all those inimitable scenes which cannot be easily forgotten by those who witnessed them. The scene where he cheers up *Florence*, and makes such dexterous play with his hook, adjusting her bonnet and manipulating the tea —and yet exhibiting a simple and natural pathos with it all; and where he sits in admiring contemplation of *Bunsby*, while that oracular tar delivers his celebrated opinion in regard to the fate of the vessel, with the memorable addendum: 'The bearings of this observation lays in the application on it;' the scene with the *MacStingers*, and the *Captain's* despair; the timely intervention of *Bunsby*; the despair changed to wondering awe; and then all the suggestive by-play consequent upon his delivery by *Bunsby* from the impending *MacStinger* vengeance; all this, and much more than we can describe, passes by like a panorama in memory. Burton's *Captain Cuttle* occupies a conspicuous place in the gallery of famous dramatic pictures, and there it will long remain. As we think of it in all the details which made it so perfect an embodiment, it seems a pity that Dickens himself never saw it. We can fancy, that, had he chanced to be in New York when 'Dombey and Son' was the theatrical sensation, and had dropped in at Chambers Street, an auditor all unknown, he would have made his way behind the scenes, and to Burton's dressing-room, and with hands would have grasped the comedian's hook and enthusiastically shaken it." In a reference to the same performance, Ireland says that Burton's "grief at the supposed death of Walter Gay, or poor Wally, as *Captain Cuttle* affectionately calls him, was one of the most touching bits of acting ever witnessed, and has wrung tears from many an unwilling eye."

JEFFERSON AS "CALEB PLUMMER."

Mr. Florence's *Cuttle*, while not, probably, equal to Burton's, has, I surmise, some of the qualities of pathos and humor which made Burton's performance so effective. Mr. Florence has long been very popular in the part, and he gives it that fine air of sincerity which marks nearly all his acting. His talent as an actor is,

by the way, unusually broad, for, if his *Cuttle* is a clearly outlined and droll bit of comedy, his *Obenreizer* is a performance approaching tragic power. Mr. Florence invests the character of *Obenreizer* with subtle passion and malignity, and there are moments in his acting which safely bear contrast with the greater acting of Fechter. A just idea of Mr. Florence's versatility is suggested by his performances of *Bob Brierly*, in "The Ticket-of-Leave Man," and of the *H· n. Bardwell Slote*, in "The Mighty Dollar." It is hard to conceive two individualities more veracious and human, yet in such different ways!

I am indebted to Mr. A. Seymour Fitch, a thoughtful observer of the stage, for the following description of the late E. L. Davenport and J. W. Wallack, Jr., in a revival of "Oliver Twist," which excited profound interest. Mr. Fitch has kindly furnished this narrative at my request: "One of the most remarkable dramatic embodiments of Dickens' creations ever seen upon our stage was a version of 'Oliver Twist" performed over twenty years ago at Wallack's (the present Star) theatre. James W. Wallack, Jr., was the *Fagin*, Edwin L. Davenport the *Sikes*, and Rose Eytinge the *Nancy;* and these players were supported by the great company which was then assembled at this house, including in its membership Gilbert, Brougham, Fisher, W. R. Floyd, Holland, Sr., A. W. Young, Miss Henriques, Mrs. Vernon, Mrs. Sefton, Miss Morant, Mrs. Jennings, Mrs. Floyd and Ione Burke. Seldom has so perfect and memorable a dramatic ensemble of any of the novelist's characters and scenes been viewed upon the New York stage. Every personation by these artists remains indelibly impressed upon the memory. But above and beyond all of the incomparable cast stood the pictures wrought by Wallack, Davenport and Eytinge. This generation has never seen, and will never see, a *Fagin* to equal Wallack's, nor a *Bill Sikes* to compare with Davenport's. More hideous and degraded *Nancys* than the portrayal by Miss Eytinge may have been given, but in none was the tenderness of the woman interwoven with the repulsiveness of untutored depravity.

"There were three scenes to which were given a marvellous emphasis and potency by the principal players. These were the act which occurs in *Fagin's* den, the murder of *Nancy* at *Sikes'* lodgings, and the disclosure of *Fagin* in his cell in Newgate. In the first the delineation of the cowardly malignity, cruel ferocity and fawning craft of the *Jew* was tinged with a grim humor which, while it intensified the repulsiveness of the portrait, evoked laughter even as the audience shuddered. Who that saw this *Fagin* will ever forget the picture as he stood at the fire frying sausages for breakfast, the red glare reflected from his horrible visage as he grinned at the *Dodger* and *Bates* skylarking with 'little *Oliver*'; or, when the quarrel occurred between *Sikes* and *Nancy*, the fiendish glee with which he watched *Nancy's* dogged defiance and *Sikes's* rage.

"In the Newgate cell, Wallack attained a climax of horror far more harrowing to the sensibilities of the audience than the 'situations' in our later plays, which theatre-goers of to-day consider too gruesome. Between the bars of the grated door of the cell could be seen a pair of piercing rat-like eyes set in an ashen face which was half concealed by the shaggy, disheveled hair and beard. Now, this figure would pace the cell, moaning in an agony of terror and despair; anon, it would clutch the bars, and, peering between them, would call in pleading tones for *Bill*, for *Nancy*, for 'little *Oliver*'; then, fiercely shaking the iron gates, it would bellow in maniacal fury, shrieking for mercy, and filling the gloom with imprecations. At last, fainting, gasping, it fell, a quivering heap of impotent rage and craven fear, as the curtain closed the scene. The entire personation was masterful in its fidelity to the traits which Dickens named, and it gave a picture of this demon which will always live in the memory of those who looked upon it.

"In murdering *Nancy*, Davenport seized Miss Eytinge by the hair and literally dragged her across the stage, she clinging to his feet and begging for her life. Pulling the prostrate woman through a doorway, so that only her skirts remained in view of the audience, the dull thuds of an axe were heard,

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mingled with her cries and moans, as the murderer dashed out her brains. Then leaping upon the stage, flinging the blood from his hands, with his eyes fixed upon the woman he had stricken down, Davenport gave one of those depictions of inwrought terror which his intellectuality as an actor always rendered him pre-eminently able to portray. As he slunk and cowered to escape from the room, *Nancy* was seen to drag her mangled face and matted hair across the threshold of the door. With one wild, pleading look at the ruffian who had smitten her, and murmuring '*Bill*,' she died; and *Sikes*, with a yell, staggered away, his eyes still rivetted upon the woman's form."

There are few American playgoers who are not familiar with George Fawcett Rowe's *Micawber*. This is one of the salient personalities of our stage, an achievement of lucid purpose and genuine comic force. Burton's *Micawber* is said to have been not less amusing than his *Cuttle;* but Mr. Rowe is the only actor whose name appears to be inseparable from that of *Micawber*. In England his performance was cordially admired and praised, and he stepped easily there into a place which had been occupied by several accomplished comedians. The success of Mr. Halliday's version of "David Copperfield" in London, to be strictly just, was due chiefly to Mr. Rowe. An English critic, Mr. Percy Fitzgerald, has expressed the accepted judgment on this subject: "Mr. Rowe's *Micawber* is a most enjoyable performance; the player seems to revel in the unctuous platitudes and stick-flourishings; the fitful changes from hopeless despondency, born of 'pecuniary embarrassment from his cradle upward,' to pleasant and eager spirits, on the mention of punch; his strange and original attitudes, and quaint gamut of tones, make up a very odd and racy picture. All these oddities of speech and attitude give the notion that they are the honest expression of what is within. Had Mr. Dickens' *Micawber* never been written, this stage character would have been a very original performance, but it shows what a vast dramatic force lies in all Mr. Dickens' characters."

Two American actors of high rank—one of the highest rank—have been identified with that wonderfully pathetic picture of patient resignation, groping old age, gentle senility, *Caleb Plummer*. One was John E. Owens, a comedian of rare buoyancy and versatility; the other is Joseph Jefferson. In depth of homely

LOTTA AS "THE MARCHIONESS."

pathos, absolute sincerity, it has always seemed to me that Owens's *Caleb* was truer than Jefferson's. On the other hand, Mr. Jefferson applies to this character, as to every character that he impersonates, a delicacy of method which is unrivaled. His touches of humor are exquisite, his resources abundant, his style finely chiseled without being in the least formal. He is, probably, the most gifted actor of his class who now speaks the English language, and he is totally unlike any other actor.

Without resorting to broad treatment, he can be, with no apparent effort, broadly humorous; without resorting to the devices of the stage whimperer, he can be unaffectedly pathetic. The sparkle and dash of his singularly interesting *Acres*—a performance of great originality and justifiable fame—throw his winning old *Caleb* into the sharpest relief.

Miss Lotta certainly merits a pleasant word, at the end of this rather long list of popular names. For years she has been a favorite with our playgoers. And she has given them some of their merriest hours. She is the hoyden of the theatre, the frolicsome mischief-maker whom everyone likes and whom none is disposed to take seriously. She is not, in an exact sense of the term, an actress; she is simply a lively little extravaganza, and all her acting is extravaganza. She comes as close to true acting, perhaps, in the blithesome character of the *Marchioness* as in anything she attempts, but she spoils the effect of this by making rapid changes from the *Marchioness* to *Little Nell*. As the *Marchioness*, however, she is a queerly-spirited creature.

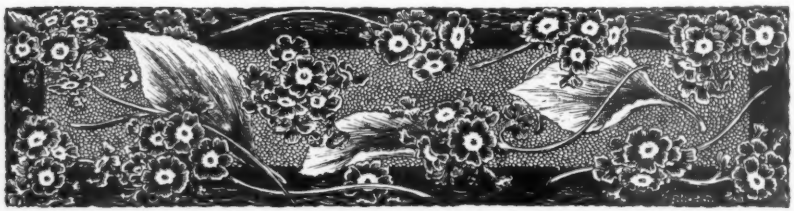
JUNE.

O WHAT a magic touch is thine, fair June,
That dost set Nature in such perfect tune;
Match earth to sky in wedlock so complete,
Tame Ocean's savage roar to rhythm sweet;
Till murm'ring winds and waves make lulling symphony,
And even discord's self melts into harmony!

In those mysterious caverns where are wrought
The tender germs of Nature's inmost thought,
Thou dost but breathe,—and vital powers are blent
In sweet accord, like voice to instrument;
Floating upward, till that celestial siren hears
Who measures her glad song to music of the spheres.

The Year wears thee as brightest, proudest gem,
That doth encrust his royal diadem;
Flashing thine emerald light and opal hue
Through roseate amethyst and turquoise blue;
For Spring and Summer both endow thee with their best,
And what is fair in them, in thee seems loveliest.

Zitella Cocke.



ECUADOR AND HER CITIES.

BY WILLIAM ELEROY CURTIS.

[FIRST PAPER.]

On the west coast of South America is found the perfection of ocean travel—fine ships, fair weather, and a still sea. Although one floats over, or rather across, the equator, the atmosphere is cool, the breezes delicious, and the water as smooth as a duck-pond. The Pacific Navigation Company, a British institution, though founded by an American, Mr. William Wheelwright, has been sending vessels from Panama to Liverpool, through the Straits of Magellan, for more than forty years, and has not only a monopoly of transportation on the coast, but has subsidies from the British Government and the various South American States whose ports it enters. It charges enormous rates for freight and passengers, the tariff from Valparaiso to Panama being forty dollars a ton for the former and two hundred and ninety-seven dollars a head for the latter, while the distance is only about as great as from New York to Liverpool; but the company gives its patrons the best the country can afford, and until the recent ocean greyhounds were turned out to race across the Atlantic, it had the finest and largest ships afloat. One fleet of vessels run from Panama to Valparaiso, where a transfer is made to a stronger fleet, built for heavy seas, which go via the Straits of Magellan, and Rio de Janeiro, to Liverpool. Those which ply along the west coast from Panama southward, are built for fair weather and tropical seas, with open decks and airy state-rooms, through which the breezes bring refreshing coolness. Such boats would not live long in the Atlantic nor in the Caribbean Sea, but they find no heavy weather on the Pacific, where the wind is "never strong enough to ruffle the fur on a cat's back," as the sailors say, and the vessels sail in a perpetual calm.

From Panama to Callao, and in fact to the end of the continent, the western coast of South America presents an unbroken line of mountains, with a strip of desert between them and the sea. Occasionally some stream from the mountains brings down the melted snow and opens an oäsis. These oäses have been utilized, and wherever the barren strip has been irrigated it produces enormous crops of sugar, coffee, and other tropical staples. The whole of it might be redeemed by the introduction of a little capital and industry. If the money that has been wasted in revolutions had been expended in the development of mines, and the soldiers had dug irrigating ditches with the energy they have expended in fighting, there would be no richer section on the globe. Wherever the ground was cultivated by the Incas, it produced in profusion, and the wealth of the nation was fabulous. Their empire extended three thousand miles north and south, and about four hundred miles east and west, from the Pacific to the great forests of the Amazon, which the people, with their simple tools, were unable to subdue.

In no part of the world does nature assume more imposing forms. Deserts as repulsive as Sahara alternate with valleys as rich and luxuriant as those of Italy. Perpetual summer smiles under the frown of eternal snow. The rainless region—this arid strip which lies between the Andes and the sea—is about forty miles in width, and the panorama presented to the voyager is a constant succession of bare and repulsive uninhabited wastes of sand and rocks, whose silence is broken only by the incessant surf, the bark of the sea-lions, and the screams of the water-birds which haunt its wave-worn and forbidding shore. The coast is dotted with small rocky islands, which have been the roost of myriads of birds for ages, and furnish the guano of commerce. The steamers seem to provide their only entertainment, and they surround every vessel that passes, soaring about and above the masts, and screaming defiance to the invaders of their resorts. The water, too, is full of animal life. Nowhere does the sea offer science so many curious forms of animate nature.

Monsters unknown to northern waters can be seen from the decks of the steamers, and at night their movements about the vessel are shown by a line of fire which always follows their fins. The water is so strongly impregnated with phosphorus that every wave is tipped with silver, and every fish that darts about leaves a brilliant trail like that of a comet. The larger fishes, the sharks and porpoises, find great sport in racing with the ships; and under the bowsprit a school of them were to be seen every evening, sailing beside our vessel, darting back and forth before it, leaping over and plunging under one another. Every motion was apparent, and the outlines of their bodies were as distinct as if they were drawn with a pencil of fire. Nowhere else is this phenomenon so conspicuous.

Near the mouth of the river Guayaquil is the island of Puna, where Pizarro first landed, and where he waited with a squad of thirteen men while the deserters from his expedition went back to Panama in his ships, promising to send reinforcements, which afterward came. Beside Puna is the famous Isla del Muerto (dead man's island), which looks like a corpse floating in the water. Just below, and the northernmost town of Peru, is Tumbez, where Pizarro met the messengers from Atahuallpa's army, who came to ask the object of his visit.

NATIVES OF ECUADOR.

Behind Tumbez are the petroleum deposits of Peru, which have been known to the natives ever since the times of the Incas, but they were ignorant of the character or the value of the oil. A Yankee by the name of Larkin, from Western New York, went down there to sell kerosene, and recognized in the material which the Indians used for lubricating and coloring purposes the same article he was peddling. Attempts have been made to utilize the deposits, which are very extensive, but so far they have not been successful in producing a burning fluid that is either safe or agreeable.

At each of the little ports on the coast the steamer stops and takes on produce for shipment to Liverpool or Germany. These towns are usually collections of mud-huts, dreary, dusty, and dirty; and are inhabited by fishermen or the employes of the steamship company. Back in the country, along the streams which bring fertility and water from the mountains, are places of commercial importance, the residences of rich hacienda owners, and the scenes of historic events as well as of prehistoric civilization. The products of the country are sugar, coffee, cocoa, and cotton, while those of the towns are "Panama hats" and fleas. In each of the ports the natives are busy braiding hats from vegetable fibres, and the results of their labor find a market at Panama and in the cities of the coast, where, as in Mexico, a man's wealth is judged by what he wears on his head. The hats are usually made of toquilla, or pita, an arborescent plant of the cactus family, the leaves of which are often several yards long. When cut, the leaf is dried, and then whipped into shreds almost as fine and tough as silk. Some hats are made of single fibres, without a splice or an end from the centre of the crown to the rim. It often requires two or three months to make them, and the best ones are braided under water, as the fibre is more pliable when immersed. The cost of a single hat is sometimes two hundred and fifty dollars, but such last a lifetime, and can be packed in a vest-pocket, or worn inside out, each side being as smooth and well finished as the other. The natives make beautiful cigar-cases too; but it is difficult for a stranger to purchase either these or the hats, be-

WHARF AND CUSTOM-HOUSE, GUAYAQUIL.

cause they have an idea that all travelers are rich, and will pay any price that is asked. One old lady produced a cigar-case, such as is sold in Japanese stores for one or two dollars, and politely offered to sell it for twenty dollars. When I told her I could get a silver one for that price, she came down to eighteen dollars, then to twelve dollars, and finally to one dollar. They have no idea of the value of money, and are habitually imposed upon by local traders, who exchange food for their work at merely nominal rates, and then sell the hats at enormous figures.

When the steamer stops, an army of officials come aboard at each port, to get a good dinner or breakfast, and a cocktail or two, at the expense of the steamship company. They wear swords and gay uniforms, and there is usually one inspector, or other official, for every ten packages of merchandise. First is the Captain of the Port, with his retinue; then the Governor of the District, with his staff; then the Collector of Customs, with a battalion of inspectors; and, finally, the *Comandante* of the military garrison and all his subordinates. The deck of the vessel fairly swarms with them, and as the steamer's arrival is the only event to give variety to the monotony of their lives, they celebrate it for all it is worth. There is little wonder that the governments of the South American countries are poor, with all these tax-eaters at every little town of four or five hundred inhabitants.

There are many more railroads than is generally supposed. Nearly all of the coast towns have a line connecting them with the plantations of the interior; and as there are no harbors, but only open roadsteads, expensive iron piers have been constructed through the surf from which merchandise is lifted into barges or lighters and taken to the ships, which anchor a mile or so from the shore. Where there are no piers, the lighters are loaded at low water, run through the surf when the tide is high, and then floated off to buoys to await the arrival of vessels.

A system of "deck trading" is carried on by the people of the country all along the coast. Men and women come on board the steamer, with fruits, market produce and other articles, which are strewn about the deck, and sold to people who visit the vessel at each port. These traders are charged passage-money and freight by the steamship companies, and are a nuisance to the other passengers. Each female trader brings a mattress to sleep upon, a chair to use during the day, her own cooking and chamber utensils, and spends a great part of her life sailing from one port to another.

Guayaquil has the same longitude as Washington, and is only two degrees south of the equator. It is sixty miles from the sea, on a river which looks like

the Mississippi at New Orleans, and it stretches along the low banks for more than two miles. So brilliant are the terraces of gas-lamps, rising one above the other, as the town slopes upward toward the mountains, that one's first impression, if he arrives at night, is that the ship has anchored in front of a South American Paris. When morning dawns the deception is renewed, and a picture of Venice is presented, with long lines of white buildings, whose curtained balconies look down upon the gayly clad men and women that float upon the river in narrow, quaint-looking gondolas and broad-bosomed rafts. Unless he is forewarned, the traveler meets with a very unpleasant surprise upon disembarking; for the gondolas are nothing but "dug-outs" bringing pine-apples and bananas from up the river; the rafts are balsam-logs lashed together with vines; and the houses, which look as if they had been erected by an architectural lunatic, and would tumble into the river with the first gust of wind, are dilapidated skeletons of bamboo with a thin veneering of white-washed plaster. The streets are dirty and have a repulsive smell, and the half-naked Indians who throng them are continually scratching their bodies and their heads. Half the filth that festers under the tropic sun in Guayaquil would breed a sudden pestilence in New York or Chicago, yet the inhabitants say it is a healthy city, and that yellow-fever nor cholera never visits it.

FLOATING HOUSES AT GUAYAQUIL.

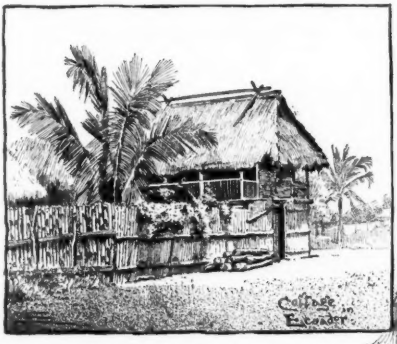
A narrow-gauge street railway, or *tramvia*, as they call it, runs a couple of miles across the city; and upon its cars the products are brought from the plantations to be transferred by lighters to outgoing vessels.

When the steamer arrives, the passengers are immediately surrounded by a crowd of boatmen, who clamber up the sides of the vessel, screaming with all the strength of their lungs the merits of their craft. Their vociferousness and persistency would make the Niagara Falls hackmen blue with envy; and the fact that most of them are almost nude makes the scene picturesque, though somewhat alarming to a timid person. The costume of the Ecuador boatmen is equivalent to a pair of cotton bathing-trunks, and they are as much at home in the water as in their canoes.

With twenty-five or thirty of these naked black men pulling and pushing one another, screaming, gesticulating, and performing a war-dance of the most extraordinary description, a nervous man is apt to be deceived by appearances, and imagine that he has fallen into the hands of a tribe of hungry cannibals, instead of a party of innocent Sambos who wish to promote his welfare. As soon as these maniacs discovered that our party were Americans they were smart enough to introduce into their bedlam as much of our mother tongue as they could command, which made the occasion all the more amusing. One big fellow, black as midnight, with only about half a yard of muslin and a dilapidated Panama hat to protect his person from the elements, jumped up and down, yelling at the top of his lungs, "Me Americano! me Americano! me been to Baltimoore!" Becoming interested in the fellow, we learned that he had been a sailor on a Spanish man-of-war which several years ago visited that city.

Among the crowd of howling dervises

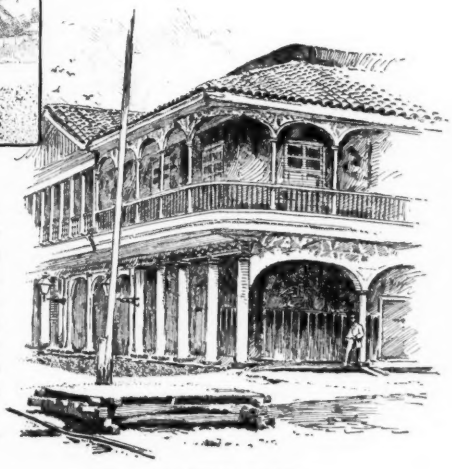
was a pleasant-looking fellow with a whole pair of pantaloons and a linen duster. He was not so noisy as the others, and could speak a little English. Taking him aside, I told him how large our party



COTTAGE IN ECUADOR.

was, and where we wanted to go. He agreed to take us and our luggage ashore for two dollars, and was at once engaged; whereupon, instead of going off and minding their own business, the crowd began to abuse Pepe and his patrons in the most violent manner. When the baggage was brought up they seized upon it, and each man attempted to carry a piece into his own boat; but the mate of the steamer was equal to the occasion, and laid about him with so much energy that the deck was soon cleared.

The street railway extends only to the limits of the city, but a short walk beyond it gives one a glimpse of the rural tropics. At one end of the main street, which runs along the river front, is a fortress-crowned hill, from the summit of which a charming view of the surrounding country can be obtained, but the better plan is to take a carriage and drive out a few miles. The road is rough and dusty, but passes pineapple plants and banana trees bending under the enormous loads of fruit they bear, among cocoa-nut groves and sugar plantations, through forests fairly blazing with the wondrous passion-flower, so scarlet as to make the trees look like living fire. The rickety old carriage we engaged rolled along until our senses were almost bewildered. Nowhere can one find a more beautiful scene of tropical vegetation in its full glory, and no artist ever mixed colors that could convey an adequate idea of nature's gorgeousness there. The most beautiful thing in the tropics is a young palm-tree. The old ones are more graceful than any of our foliage plants, but they all show signs of decay. The young ones, so supple as to bend before the winds, are the perfection of grace and loveliness, as picturesque in repose as they are in motion. The long, spreading leaves, of a vivid green, bend and sway with the



STREET CORNER, GUAYAQUIL.

breeze, and nod in the sunlight with a beauty no other tree possesses.

Founded in 1535 by one of the lieutenants of Pizarro, Guayaquil has been the market for five hundred miles of coast ever since, but now it is almost destitute of native capital. Nearly all the merchants are foreigners, chiefly English and German, with one or two from the United States. It is the only place in Ecuador in which modern civilization exists. The rest of the country is a century behind the age. Since its foundation, Guayaquil has been burned several times, and often plundered by pirates. Now its commercial condition seems secure from all danger, except the revolutions, which are epidemic in this section. Earthquakes are frequent, but the elastic bamboos only tremble—they never fall. Touched by the

torch of the revolutionist, however, they burn like tinder, and the blocks that have been destroyed testify to the effectiveness of this weapon.

Over the entrances to the houses are tin signs, representing the flag of the country of which the dweller is a citizen; and upon these signs are painted warnings to revolutionary looters or incendiaries—"This is the property of a citizen of Great Britain," or, "This is the property of a citizen of Germany," or, "This is the property of a citizen of the United States"—and the robber and torch-bearer are expected to regard their rights as such, though they seldom do.

Bolivar freed Ecuador from the Spanish yoke, as he did Colombia, Venezuela, Bolivia, and Peru. It was one of the five states which formed the United States of Colombia under his presidency; but the priests had such a hold upon the people that liberty could not live in an atmosphere they polluted, and the country lapsed into the state of anarchy in which it has since continued. The struggle has been between the progressive element and the priests, and the latter have usually triumphed. It is the only land in America in which the Romish Church survives as it was in the colonial times.

SEÑOR CAAMAÑO, PRESIDENT OF ECUADOR.

One-fourth of all the property in Ecuador belongs to the bishop. There is a Catholic church for every one hundred and fifty inhabitants; of the population of the country, ten per cent. are priests, monks, or nuns; and two hundred and seventy-two of the three hundred and sixty-five days of the year are observed as feast or fast days.

The priests control the government in all its branches; dictate, and enforce its laws, and rule the country as if the Pope were its king. There is not a penitentiary, house of correction, reformatory, nor benevolent institution outside of Quito and Guayaquil. Laborers get from two to ten dollars a month, and men are paid two dollars and a quarter for carrying one hundred pounds of merchandise on their backs two hundred and eighty-five miles. There is not a wagon in the Republic outside of Guayaquil, and not a road over which a wagon could pass. The people know nothing but what the priests tell them; they have no other amusements than cock-fights and bull-fights; no literature; no mail routes, except from Guayaquil to the capital (Quito); and nothing is common among the masses that was not in use by them two hundred years ago.

There once was a steam railroad in Ecuador. During the time when Henry Meiggs was creating such excitement by the improvements he was making in the transportation facilities of Peru, the con-

tagion spread to Ecuador, and some ambitious English capitalists attempted to lay a road from Guayaquil to the interior. A track seventeen miles long was built, which represents the railway system of Ecuador in all the geographies, gazetteers, and books of statistics; but no wheels ever passed over the rails, and the tropical vegetation has grown so luxuriantly about the place where they lie that it would now be difficult to find them. Last year a telegraph line was built connecting Guayaquil with Quito, the highest city in the world, but there is only one wire, and that is practically useless, as not more than seven days out of the month can a message be sent over it. The people chop down the poles for firewood, and cut out pieces of wire to repair broken harness whenever they feel so disposed. Then it often takes a week for the line-man to find the break, and another week to repair it. In the Government telegraph office I saw an operator with a ball and chain attached to his leg—a convict who had been sent back to his post because no one else could be found to work the instrument. A female clerk took the message and the money. There is a cable, belonging to a New York company, connecting Guayaquil with the outside world, but rates are extremely high, the tariff to the United States being three dollars a word, and to other places in proportion.

Although nearly under the equator, the temperature of Guayaquil seldom rises above ninety, and after two o'clock in the day it is always as cool as a pleasant summer morning in New England. A fresh breeze called the *chandny* blows over the ice-capped mountains, and brings health to a city which would otherwise be uninhabitable. On clear afternoons, Mount Chimborazo, or "Chimbo," as they call it for short, until recently supposed to be the highest in the hemisphere, can be seen, white, jagged, and silently impressive against the clear sky.

The road to Quito is a mountain path around the base of Chimbo, traversed on foot or mule-back, and then only six months of the year, for in bad weather it is impassable, except to experienced mountaineers.

During the rainy season the President, Señor Don José Maria Caamaño, resides in Guayaquil, in a barracks surrounded by soldiers, where he can watch the collection of customs, and see to the suppression of revolutions. He is the representative of the Church party, and the people of the interior are loyal to him; but the liberal element which mostly exists on the coast, where a knowledge of the world has come, is in a perpetual state of revolt, and requires constant attention. A fortress overlooking the town of Guayaquil, and a gun-boat in the harbor, keep the people in subjection. We called upon the President at his headquarters, and found him swinging in a hammock and smoking a cigarette. He is a man of slight frame, with noticeably small hands and feet, which he appeared quite anxious should not escape our observation. He has a pleasant, intelligent face, but seemed to be bewildered when we drew him into conversation about the commerce of his country. He was educated in Europe, and has the reputation of being a man of culture.

Although the rest of the country is still in the middle ages, Guayaquil shows symptoms of becoming a modern town. It has gas, street-cars, ice-factories, and other improvements, all introduced by citizens of the United States. The custom-house is built of pine from Maine and corrugated iron from Pennsylvania, and a citizen of New York erected it. An American company has on the river a line of paddle-wheel steamers, constructed in Baltimore; and the only gun-boat the Government owns is a discarded merchant-ship which plied between New York and Norfolk. Some of the houses, although built of split bamboo and plaster, are very elegantly furnished, and the stores show fine stocks of goods. But the poorer part of the city is so filthy that one has to hold his nose as he passes through it. The people live in miserable dirt-hovels, and the buzzard is the only industrious biped to be seen.

There is no fresh-water supply in town; what the people use is brought on rafts from twenty miles up the river, and peddled about the place in casks carried upon the backs of donkeys or men. It looks very funny to see the donkeys all wearing pantalettes—not, however, from motives of modesty, as the native children go entirely naked,

and the men and women nearly so—but to protect their legs and bellies from the fierce bites of the gadfly. Bread is sold about the town in the same way; and vegetables are brought down the river on rafts and in dug-outs, which are hauled upon the beach in long rows, and present a busy and interesting scene. Guayaquil is famous for the finest pineapples in the world—great juicy fruits, as white as snow and as sweet as honey.

One afternoon, at Guayaquil, I witnessed a singular ceremony which is, however, very common there. One of the churches had been destroyed by earthquake, and funds were needed to repair it. So the priest clad in his sacerdotal vestments, took the image of the Virgin from the altar, and the holy sacrament, and carried them about the city under a canopy. He was preceded by a brass band, a number of boys carrying lighted candles and swinging incense urns, and followed by a long procession of men, women, and children. The assemblage passed up and down the principal street, stopping in front of each house. While the band played, priests with contribution plates entered the houses, soliciting subscriptions, and the people in the procession kneeled in the dust and prayed that the same might be given with liberality. Where money was obtained, a blessing was bestowed ; where none was offered a curse was pronounced, with a notice that a contribution was expected at once, or the curse would be daily repeated.

All imported goods are first brought to Guayaquil, and from that point distributed. Those destined for Quito are conveyed by a steamboat up the river for a distance of sixty miles. From the termination of the steamboat route to Quito is two hundred and sixty more, making the total distance from Guayaquil three hundred and twenty miles. Between the upper end of the steamboat route and Quito all packages of merchandise that do not weigh more than two hundred pounds are conveyed on the backs of horses, mules, or donkeys. The average cost in United States currency—in which all values are stated—is four dollars per one hundred pounds between Guayaquil and Quito. Pianos, organs, safes, carriage-bodies, large mirrors, and some other articles too heavy or too bulky to be carried on a single horse are placed on a frame of bamboo poles and borne on the shoulders of men the entire land portion of the journey. A piano weighing about six hundred pounds can be carried by twenty-four men, one half serving as a relay to the other. Although labor is very low-priced, this man-carriage is quite expensive. A cartroad, or railroad, both of which are feasible and practicable, would greatly reduce the expense of transportation, and would materially influence domestic manufactures, as well as the introduction of foreign manufactured products. It seems almost impossible that any American goods could, after undergoing such a very costly carriage, compete with native manufactures, however crude, in Quito; and yet they do. Nearly all the furniture in use in that city is brought in separate parts from the United States, and put together on arrival; and in that, the highest city in America, many people sleep on Grand Rapids beds. The twelve breweries running in Quito import their hops from the United States and Europe, and with railroad facilities American beer, as well as hops, could be liberally sold in Quito. American refined sugars are largely consumed, although the native products are good.

Ecuador, with about one million inhabitants, has only forty-seven post-offices, but they are so widely distributed that it requires a mail carriage of 5,389 miles to reach them all ; seventy-two miles by canoes, and 5,317 by horses and mules. About five hundred miles of the seaboard is also covered by foreign steamship mail service. Between Quito and Guayaquil there are two mails each way weekly by couriers—the usual time one way, traveling day and night, being six days. Other sections of the country are less favored, the receipt and departure of mails ranging from once a week to once a month, as people happen to be going.

During the year 1885 there were carried within the country 2,989,885 letters, eighty per cent. of them being between Guayaquil and the neighboring towns, and 50,000 letters were sent to foreign countries. No interior postage is charged

on newspapers, whether of domestic or foreign publication. Interior letter postage is five cents each one-fourth of an ounce. The postage to foreign countries is twelve cents each half ounce on letters, and one cent an ounce on newspapers.

The social and political condition of Ecuador presents a picture of the dark ages. There is not a newspaper printed outside the city of Guayaquil, and the only information the people have of what is going on in the world is gained from the strangers who now and then visit the country, and from a class of peddlers who make periodical trips, traversing the whole hemisphere from Guatemala to Patagonia. These peddlers are curious fellows, and there seems to be a regular organization of them. They are like the old minstrels that we read of in the novels of Sir Walter Scott. They practice medicine, sing songs, cure diseased cattle, mend clocks, carry letters and messages from place to place, and peddle such little articles as are used in the households of the natives. Going invariably on foot, and carrying packs upon their backs, it often takes them three or four years to make a round trip. When their stock is exhausted they replenish it at the nearest source of supply. They are welcome visitors at the homes of the natives. This internal trade does not amount to much in dollars and cents, but it supplies the lack of retail establishments and newspapers.

MY DREAM OF ANARCHY AND DYNAMITE.*

[CONCLUDED.]

III.

IT is three hours since we left the great mob in the Bowery, and half an hour since that in Union Square received so terrible a chastisement, now so terribly avenged. The first move of the Bowery mob was to attack the nearby savings banks. The Dry Dock bank which had not opened its doors that morning, except to admit anxious officers, frightened clerks and a number of special watchmen, heavily armed, was first visited. Stones were hurled through the windows, and, with loud yells and threats, the surrender of the bank was demanded. The cool-headed Anarchists, however, knew better than to waste precious time in parleying. The mob was ordered back into the middle of the street, and in a moment a solitary bomb had blown in the doors and brought down a great mass of masonry, leaving space large enough for a score of men to enter abreast. With an exultant yell the surging crowd pressed forward for the plunder; quickly bore down the feeble, because hopeless opposition within, and in a few moments more had beaten and trampled to death all the guardians of the bank's treasure. But the great vaults were closed. There was no time now to hunt for milder means! "Clear the building!" and again a bomb was thrown from the middle of the street into the counting-room. Examination showed that the treasure was not yet exposed, and a second attempt brought the money within reach, though under a heap of *débris*. Here the mob elbowed and fought for hours, swarming, like ants, upon the ruins. It was night before all the spoil had been dug from beneath the wreck.

The leaders learned a lesson. A number then went to the Bleecker Street bank, blew in its doors, massacred its defenders, and with smaller quantities of explosives blew open the iron doors of vaults and safes, and without loss of time appropriated the contents. The Bowery Savings Bank came next; and as the great mass of now crazed men moved down town, those who were not early enough at one bank to see promise of liberal rewards, moved rapidly on to the next.

The Anarchist managers left the banks for the thoughtless rabble, and bent their steps eagerly towards the Sub-Treasury. Here, in one building, was over two

* The author is a well-known writer who stands very high in military, social and political circles, but whose name is withheld at his request.—[The Editor.]

ATTACK ON THE SUB-TREASURY.

hundred millions of gold, silver and treasury notes, according to the balances published the night before; an amount twice as large as the coin and legal tenders held by all the banks of deposit. If the Bowery and Broadway were rich prizes what would be the Sub-Treasury?

A few armed men were gathered and hastily thrown into the building, and the doors were barricaded with desks and furniture, but a wind-break of bulrushes might as well have been set up against a cyclone!

The long-headed Anarchists knew that this was their greatest and grandest opportunity. Several covered wagons were brought to the vicinity of the building, with orders to drive to the Pine Street entrance as soon as the Wall Street door had been forced. The mob was not large when it first appeared in Wall Street, but among the foremost *this* time were the orators, writers and principal agitators, bent on receiving, as their due, the lion's share of the day's spoils; the jackal's share was enough for the hordes whom they had at last succeeded in rousing to frenzy.

A little later a man was lifted upon the brawny shoulders of half-a-dozen whiskered patriots from Poland and Bohemia, until he could reach the shoulders of the heroic bronze statue of the First American, which stood in front of the structure, upon the spot where he had taken the oath of office as the first President of the United States. A rope was passed up and fastened about the statue's neck; a cheer of derisive triumph arose from the mob as the end of the long rope was passed down and out to them, and in another moment this memorial of Washington had plunged headlong to the pavement. The head was broken from the body, and the right hand that had been outstretched to take the oath, bounded away from the trunk, and was instantly appropriated by the editor of the Anarchistic organ to decorate his sanctum. It was almost as good as the key of the Bastile!

Then a bomb flew with perfect aim against the massive doors; a huge breach was made. The leaders again stepped aside and let the thoughtless crowd press in ahead of them to receive the first fire of the little garrison. Dozens of dead and dying choked the passage—but the body of no orator nor agitator was among them. The fiery editor and the fiery orator rarely blaze upon the battle-field. America has had one Joseph Warren, and a thousand Johann Mosts.

The outcome was a foregone conclusion; the wives of the little garrison slept widows that night!

The great vaults were blown open; the wagons drove up to the side entrance, and thither the leaders, working with more industry than ever before in their beery lives, carried bag after bag of gold coin, and bale after bale of treasury notes, leaving the silver to their followers. Afraid to trust their drivers with such a precious freight, they themselves jumped into them and drove rapidly away. Men carried off the coin in bags, under whose weight they could scarcely stagger, often to be knocked down, robbed and trampled to death by the ravenous crowds outside, which had not been able to gain admittance. Here and there, little eddies in the packed masses of men showed where a plunderer was himself being plundered and torn asunder by his "brethren" with the ferocity of hungry wolves devouring a wounded comrade. One man had stripped off his overcoat, and converted it into a bag. Bending beneath nearly two hundred weight of silver he appeared upon the topmost of the long flight of steps descending to the street, only to become one more victim to the jealous fury of his outside compatriots. Hour after hour passed amid scenes like these, but still the Government hoard held out; for, finally, men who had fought their way inside learned wisdom, and contented themselves with carrying outside only such plunder as they could conceal upon their persons, trusting to future trips to make themselves rich.

The banking houses on Broad, Wall, Pine and the adjacent streets, and the great Safe Deposit Vaults shared a similar fate, while the rich stores of jewelry in Maiden Lane furnished their full quota to the saturnalia of the day. Ornaments, art, luxuries and treasure in a thousand forms were borne in an incessant stream upon the backs of men and boys towards the tenement-house districts!

Up-town, similar scenes were being enacted. Dry-goods stores did not lack for

XUM

customers, who destroyed more than they carried away. Trucks stood in front of carpet and furniture stores, loading up with goods, incongruous enough for Tompkins Square. In the tenement-house quarter, rich furniture, carpets, clothing, dry goods, vases, pictures, furnishings and bric-à-brac were piled so thick in their rooms that the people themselves had no space. The streets were filled with the plain furniture and cheap adornments, which had been cast out to make room for the new.

A thousand wholesale liquor stores had been rifled, and those who never before drank to excess were rapidly transforming themselves into madmen.

As the afternoon wore away, groups of men and half-grown boys appeared in the up-town streets terrorizing alike those who rode and those who walked, behaving at first with great rudeness to girls and ladies, and soon descending to the grossest indecencies. Here and there a more reckless spirit sent a stone flying through the window of some brown-stone front. Immunity from punishment seemed so unnatural at first that others were restrained for a time from following the pernicious example, but soon the consciousness that there was no accountability to any one or for anything gradually took hold of the masses, and then the atrocities grew and multiplied at a fearful rate. It seemed as though the evil tendencies of whole masses of men had suddenly beaten down their better natures and transformed them into demons. The grossest outrages were perpetrated with a bravado worthy of a Digger Indian. Nothing was sacred enough to command their respect; nothing helpless enough to invoke their pity.

A mob gathered in front of the mansion of a well-known millionaire on Fifth Avenue, and for a time amused itself with calls for wine and fine refreshments. The only response made by the frightened inmates was to barricade the doors and pile up furniture against the windows to shield the interior from missiles, and then retire to the rear of the house. The mob grew more and more demonstrative, and soon a paving-stone crashed through a plate-glass window, tore its way through the rich curtains, and revealed to the gaze of the outsiders the piles of furniture which indicated that the inmates had expected violence and had, in a measure at least, prepared to defend themselves and the house. This evident spirit of opposition to their will served but to kindle their fury and incite them to go beyond their original purpose of merely tasting some of the luxuries which riches alone could provide, and to awaken a desire for violence which had not animated them at the beginning. Stone after stone crashed into the heavy front-door until at last it gave way; the furniture which had been piled against it was overthrown; one or two rioters crawled over the heap and removed enough to permit easy access to the hall, and in a moment more the yelling horde streamed in, bent on plunder less than upon destruction.

Some descended to the wine cellar and ravenously attacked the rich stores of tempting wines, pouring down their own throats as much as stomachs could contain, and then making way for others to do the same. Next, the work of destruction began. Furniture was smashed, pictures were torn from the walls and thrown from the windows into the street below, there to be broken to fragments by the outside mob. Laces and hangings were consigned remorselessly to ruin, books and bric-à-brac were pitched upon the floor and trampled under foot; the top of a piano was removed and a man jumped into the case and danced with drunken glee upon the strings. The family and servants had retired to the rear second-story rooms, locked the doors and barricaded them inside, and there they tremblingly awaited the fearful crisis of their fate. A man, tall, pale and thin, whom wine had only made the paler, tried the door, and blasphemously demanded admission. Meeting with no response, he returned to the head of the staircase and called out to the demons in the lower rooms and halls: "Here are the cursed aristocratic rats caged in their own trap. Come, let us take them out. They are resisting us. Down with the bloated robber barons!"

A dozen brawny fellows came up the padded stairs three steps at a bound, and threw their shoulders against the well-made doors, which did not yield. "Bring up an axe. That will let us at them." One was brought from the cellar

and the door was soon hewed down. Behind it stood formidable piles of furniture, still barring ingress. The tall pale man climbed to the top of the pile and was endeavoring to overturn the topmost articles, when an old man's voice called out from within: "What do you want here? There are no valuables here; only an old man who never injured you, and some harmless women and children. Take what there is in the house and welcome, but do not disturb or harm us." But the pale man still kept shoving his way inward, and replied with an oath: "No, it is you that we want. You rich men have made us feel your power pitilessly, and now we are going to show you what our power is. This is the day of the proletariat's vengeance. Come out, you rats, you pampered thieves. I have good use for you outside there in the street."

Again the voice of the old man replied: "My friend, I have done you no wrong, nor have these ladies. I warn you, do not attempt any wrong to us. I am armed, and if you persist you will do it at your peril."

"Ha! You will fight? Good! Citizens, citizens! Here is an old villain who wants to fight us. Now let us give him his fill! Come on. Follow me. Down with the aristocrats!"

In another moment he had overturned a sofa from the top of the barricade, and as it fell to the floor with a shock that brought screams from all the females, he jumped through the aperture after it and stood within the apartment occupied by the household. The ladies, children and servants retreated to the farthest corner of the room; and the old man retired a few steps and stood resolutely between them and the intruder. He was below the medium height, his form was well filled out, his face exceedingly wan; his blue eyes wore an intense, strained look, his nostrils were distended, his white lips apart and the breath coming between them was short and heavily labored. His left hand clutched nervously at the lapel of his coat; and his right, hanging at his side, trembled painfully as it held a cocked revolver. He was loath to take a human life; he doubted the utility of resistance against such odds, and yet he had little faith in the mercy of a mob; he hoped that the police would soon become aware of the attack upon his residence and come to his rescue. Poor old man! Little did he dream that the day of police intervention was yesterday—not to-day, nor to-morrow, nor, so far as he was concerned, ever, and that no human arm could avail for himself or those whose lives and honor were dearer far than his own!

The pale, thin man was unarmed, but he was not lacking in physical courage, and he knew the overwhelming odds upon his side so well that he doubted the old man's willingness to resort to extremities.

"Surrender, you old robber!" he cried.

"What do you want with these ladies and myself?" responded the old man; "take everything and do not molest us. We are of no use to you, and certainly we shall not harm you or your followers."

The pale man fixed his eyes upon the graceful forms cowering behind the old man, and replied with a laugh: "*You* are of no use to us, but *I don't agree with you about the others!*"

"Miserable devil!" gasped out the old man; "not yet, so help me God!" The trembling, old right arm became as steady as a wrestler's, and as quick. It pointed for a brief second toward the pale man's breast. He jumped forward with both hands outstretched toward the old man's throat. There was a sharp, ringing report, a smell of powder, a little cloud of smoke; a man lying upon the thickly-carpeted floor, with contorted features and rolling eyes, clutching convulsively at his breast, from which a thin crimson stream was oozing; a cluster of fainting females in the corner of the room, and an old man's voice tremulously and reverently saying: "God have mercy upon his wicked soul—and upon me!"

A form was already following over the pile of furniture. The old man now comprehended the nature of the men with whom he had to deal; and before the fellow could withdraw, the deadly tube was pointed to the top of the barricade, and the man fell backward into the hall with half an ounce of lead in his brain.

The blood of the old man was now thoroughly kindled. His ways had been

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those of peace; the sacredness of human life had been a favorite theme, and he had been widely known as an opponent of capital punishment. He had been surprised at himself for yielding to the advice of one of his grown sons to purchase a revolver when several daring burglaries had been committed among his neighbors some months before. But now, in his old age, he had taken two human lives with his own hand; taken them, too, most righteously, in defense, not of mere property, nor even of his own life, but of that which was dearer to him, as a father, than even his children's lives. Terrible as was such a deed, surely the good God would not in such a case as this frown upon it. He awakened, also, to a comprehension of the monstrosities to which human nature could descend when unrestrained by fear. He saw that there are creatures against whom no barrier is effectual except death itself.

There was aroused in him, too, something of that madness which possesses man and beast alike at the sight of blood freshly shed: *he almost wished for more!* He advanced close to the barricade, and his voice grew loud and clear as he called out to those who were already at work again trying to push away the furniture from the door: "You vile wretches, understand me now! The first who shows his head in this room is a dead man. I 'll shoot him like a dog—like a vile dog, such as you all are! Oh! I 'd like to meet you on fair grounds and equal terms! I 'd teach you a lesson, you miscreants, you hounds, you cowards, to come a thousand strong against an old gray-headed man and half a dozen defenseless women! The curse of a righteous God be upon you all, you scoundrels, you devils!" The old man's voice rose to a scream as he proceeded, and his rage kindled with every word. The men in his hall listened, and knew that they had a dangerous foe to deal with. For a few moments they stood urging one another to lead the forlorn hope across the barricade, but none seemed to crave the honor of such leadership. Finally they retired, and the old man began to breathe more freely. With the aid of the stronger females he replaced the sofa upon the barricade, and they fearfully awaited developments.

They had not long to wait. The smell of burning wood crept slowly up the noble staircase, filled the halls, found its way between the articles piled against the doorway, and struck the senses of this devoted family, like a vapor from the Valley of the Shadow of Death. *The house was on fire below them.* They raised a rear window. Smoke was pouring in black masses out of the basement windows. Should they leave their retreat and venture forth into the street among those demons of lust and hate, or should they save their honor and terminate their lives by yielding themselves to the more pitiful flames?

"Good God! teach us what to do!" The old man sank upon his knees, and as his voice was lifted up to the Great Being to whom he had looked for guidence all his long life, the entire family knelt beside him and followed his petition with hysterical moans and sobs. "If death impend, O merciful Father, we ask not to be delivered from it, for Thou hast taught us that whenever it comes to those who believe in Thee, it is a blessing and not an evil; it is but the entrance into bliss which has no alloy of sorrow, disappointment nor sin. But we beseech Thee, O Father, spare these Thy servants from a fate harder to bear than death, and give us all grace and strength to bear Thy will unto the end." They crept closer and closer together, upon their bended knees; the intervals between the old man's sentences grew longer and longer; they passed their arms around each other, and their hearts grew calm as the earthly love and the heavenly seemed to blend into one. The flames crept on until retreat over the staircase became no longer possible; the smoke became thicker and more stifling and stupefying; they knew that the portals of the other world were opening to receive them, and the shadow of the Eternal Peace had begun already to settle upon them. The awfulness of death even by fire was swallowed up in that great peace, when a merciful bomb, thrown by a merciless human hand, came through the window from the courtyard, exploded in the room, and spared them alike the slower tort-

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SACKING A FIFTH AVENUE MANSION.

ures of the flame and the more hideous cruelties of those beings who had once been created in the likeness and image of God. For, once, a dynamite bomb had done a good deed.

Alas! this was but one of hundreds of the sickening scenes of that day and the black and gloomy weeks which followed. There were not wanting in those bellowing crowds, scores of evil beings whose crimes during the reign of the Commune of Paris nearly twenty years before, gave them a hideous but now coveted distinction among the throngs with whom they mingled. My pen refuses the attempt to paint the horrors to which their hellish ingenuity and malignity gave birth upon this our free, American soil.

Before night fell, it became known that the leaders had appropriated to themselves the elegant mansions of the leading millionaires, and thither, it was presumed, they had taken their wagon-loads of plunder from the Sub-Treasury. "Let us do the same. Tenement houses are not fit for human beings. Let us move out, and burn them down!" So ran the quick reasoning of the exciting hour; and, before midnight, the wintry sky reflected back the glow of acres of tenements, whose denizens had gone to take up their abode in the aristocratic quarters of the city. Thousands of families forced out by flame had no alternative but to displace "the aristocrats."

Morning came, and with it a proclamation from a self-appointed "Congress of Citizens," announcing that the hour of emancipation having come, and the glories of an Anarchistic State having been realized, it now remained to make their new-born liberties secure. The minions of bloodthirsty capital would soon be arrayed in actual war against them. They must organize to defend their new-found property, their liberty and their lives. Troops must be enrolled and armed without delay. The "Congress of Citizens" would pay liberally to its valiant soldiers for the preservation of their liberties. Above all, dynamite battalions must be formed, to take possession of all avenues of ingress to the city, and destroy every armed invader. The world must know that they were brave men, able to defend what their valor had won. That once accomplished, their next great step was to secure their prosperity, commercially. The fundamental principle must be the *abolition of competition.* This leads logically and necessarily to the Commune, where alone competition can be shut out, by all men turning their labor into a common pool, out of which the wants of all shall be equally supplied. Thus no man shall be richer nor poorer than his neighbor. On these terms they would take the commerce of the world, as capitalistic New York did before; would do the manufacturing for all America, instead of half as formerly, because the rest would be subject to competition. All the untold millions of profit from this enormous business would be divided equally among the faithful workers, instead of unequally as formerly. Was it not plain to the dullest mind that this glorious future was worth fighting for to the very death, if necessary?

No more artful or stirring appeal to arms could be devised. He was both dullard and poltroon who failed to respond. Soldier-life was easy where little fighting was to be expected; and full of glory—and sweet revenge—if fighting there should be.

Arms, artillery and ammunition in abundance were in the city.

Women enthusiastically called upon their husbands to enlist; girls gleefully sent forth their brothers and lovers to wear a gorgeous uniform, receive rich pay, and perhaps get a chance to revenge their many wrongs upon the capitalistic class. Fifty thousand men were enrolled in the first few hours; as many more offered, but could not at once be taken. The dynamite battalions received the first attention of the recruiting officers, and they, with a few regiments of troops, were at once sent to watch the ferries and railroads.

IV.

The news of the day's fearful work had gone out to the world. Officials who had refused to look such a possibility in the face and make reasonable preparation for it, now were paralyzed. It seemed the height of folly to march more troops into the city until some comprehensive plan could be devised for preventing their destruction by wholesale.

The Governor of New York summoned his military advisers and spent hours in anxious conference, meanwhile ordering all the State troops to assemble under arms. The Governors of adjoining States telegraphed offers of assistance subject to the call of the President, and held their troops in readiness for service. The President called together his counsellors, and all stood for a while aghast at the terrible emergency, of which all had received ample warning, but which none had made the slightest preparation to meet. Mental paralysis was the characteristic everywhere.

The calling out of large bodies of troops would be only a bull against a comet, unless some one should devise a method of making troops available against a city of dynamiters. None of the maxims of military science were founded upon any consideration of so destructive an agent as dynamite. The oldest and most experienced generals could suggest no strategy equal to such an emergency. Some favored cutting the Croton Aqueduct and stopping all supplies, till the rioters were starved into submission. But this would be work of time, and, long before the end, would bring misery and death to hundreds of thousands of human beings, many of whom were innocent of wrong; and no one could doubt that ere the last hour came the whole city would be consigned to the torch. Such a holocaust must not be invited. Some favored a bombardment, but this was dismissed on similar grounds.

Meanwhile, the Anarchists had notified the President that if he interfered it would be at the risk of his own life, and similar word had gone to the various governors.

Daylight, however, brought from the President a proclamation calling into the service of the United States all the National Guard of New York and the adjacent States, and placing them under the command of General Sheridan. All the available troops of the regular army, and the war vessels, were ordered to New York harbor. The country was *at last* awake to the meaning of Anarchism when combined with Dynamite!

Guards were ordered to the White House grounds under competent officers as soon as the proclamation was sent out, but before they had reached their posts of duty the word of the Anarchist had been again fulfilled, and the cable announced to the world for the third time that the President of the United States had been assassinated.

The next bulletin told of the partial wrecking of the Capitol by dynamite; others announced the death of governors who had called out their troops; yet another told of the destruction of police and troops in Chicago, and the sacking of that city; still another recited the prompt announcement of martial law in Cincinnati, the searching of every house for dynamite, the arrest of every known Anarchist, and a call from the Governor convening the Legislature, and demanding, in the name of the public safety, the immediate enactment of a law making the possession of a dynamite bomb *prima facie* evidence of an intent to commit murder, and visiting upon it an irrevocable sentence of death; also requesting that the Legislature call upon Congress to expel from the country every person avowing Anarchistic sentiments.

This was the one ray of light and hope which broke upon that terrible morning.

Several days were consumed in preparation for military movements, and meanwhile the city was invaded by an army of spies who carried accurate intelligence of the plans and means of defense adopted by the Commune. The "Congress of Citizens" had sent out its invitation to the world to do business with New York, and promised ample protection to life and property; transportation lines were requested to proceed as formerly, but cautioned against bringing in any enemies. The Commune pledged itself to repay all losses by violence that might occur in the future, and proposed to deal in good faith with the whole world; "respect our newly-acquired rights and we will respect yours," was the substance of the manifesto.

Meanwhile the plundering of the well-to-do went on remorselessly within the city, accompanied with indescribable atrocities. The special hostility of the Anarchists was directed against the churches. In forty-eight hours after the police first faced the red flag on the Bowery, not a church spire rose above the

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city's outlines from Wall Street to the Harlem.*

One week passed, and the day for action by the Government came. The city was to be invaded from four directions. A column of troops was to be landed at the Battery; another to cross Third Avenue bridge at Harlem; a third to cross the Harlem at McComb's Dam bridge, and a fourth to be landed at Riverside Park. War ships were stationed in the North and East Rivers where they could rake the streets. The troops were to penetrate the city with the greatest caution, and at first only in skirmish lines. Thousands of detectives were employed to accompany the skirmishers, enter every house and every room and closet, and remove every person, either driving them ahead or sending them to the rear. It was a herculean task, and the bodies of troops could advance only at a snail's pace, taking with them ample supplies of provisions and ammunition. Thus, if all communications should be closed behind them with dynamiters, they could be sustained while reopening them. A depot of supplies was to be established in Central Park, which should also be a basis of operations for the three upper columns. It was conceded that if good generalship were displayed by the Commune their line of defenses would be very difficult to carry at the upper end of the island, but it was not known that they had any officers of special ability, and it was therefore believed that the seizure of Central Park could be accomplished by the convergence of those columns without any extraordinary difficulty.

Plans were laid accordingly.

The army was composed of 30,000 troops of the National Guard and nearly 4,000 regulars, marines and blue-jackets. Of the National Guard, New York furnished 6,000 men, Pennsylvania 6,000, New Jersey 3,000, Maryland 1,000, Massachusetts 4,000, Connecticut 2,000, New Hampshire 2,000, Maine 1,000, Rhode Island 1,000, Virginia 2,000 and South Carolina 2,000.

The great encampment in New Jersey where the troops from the south and west of New York were rendezvoused was indeed an inspiriting sight. The Marylander was standing guard beside the Jerseyman; the Virginian and the Carolinian were drilling in the same field with the Pennsylvanian, and marching in review beneath the same starry folds which had waved over their common ancestry at Brandywine and Monmouth, at Cowpens and Moultrie, behind the weak breastworks at New Orleans, up the steeps at Cerro Gordo and Cherubusco, and upon the hills of Buena Vista. Forgotten now was the hatred of five short years a quarter-century ago; remembered were the glories of their heroic fathers' days, and their mutual hopes and aspirations for the common country. Forgotten not, indeed, the undying laurels won on a hundred fields by the leaders who wore the gray, but remembered most justly and loyally by those who had marched into battle under a Lee, a Johnston and a Stonewall Jackson. Base indeed would be the son of the North who, having learned what it was to face American bullets and American bayonets, should grudge the men who had once worn the butternut and gray the right of paying honest tribute to those who once had led them into battle! Yes, it was a glorious sight to him whose pulses beat higher whenever he thought of his birthright as an American. The ex-Confederate thanked God that the issues of that mighty conflict had not dismembered this glorious union of the whole American people, as he saw the South rising into a prosperity never dreamed of in the days of the old *régime*. Defeat for one side had been splendid victory for both; and here they stood in arms again, as they had promised—as brethren—keeping glad step to the music of the Union! Here stood the Northerner who had madly charged the Southern battery; there the Southron who had plunged gallantly into Northern powder-smoke in the hot strife for victory. Here, fraternally commingled, were men who, in the lurid glare of battle, with fierce shouts and scorn of death, had flung themselves with equal bravery each against the other—showing the world *then* how Americans can fight; teaching the world *now* how Americans

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* Among the writings of Johann Most, which were alluded to at his trial in November, 1887, was a description of the methods of using dynamite, and *the amount required to destroy a church.*

can forgive; and each too manly to ask that the other should forget—*anything!*

A common foe confronted them as well as civilization. A hateful, hideous thing; the enemy of all freedom, yet mouthing its false pretences of being freedom's friend, as tyranny always does; and in the coming conflict with this foe, the old Union veteran was resolved to buckle tighter his belt and show the Virginian and Carolinian that he had not forgotten how to fight since Gettysburg and Winchester; while the worn features of the ancient "Johnny Reb" relaxed into a grim smile as he resolved that it would be a cold day when a "Yank" should show off better under fire than the men who had stormed Malvern Hill and defended Marye's Heights. Ah, yes! The war was still bearing good fruits.

The column operating by the way of the Third Avenue bridge was to be 10,000 strong; that moving by McComb's Dam bridge, 5,000; that by Riverside Park, 9,000; and the Battery column, 10,000.

The Commune troops had fortified the strong position which overlooked the North River, west of Central Park, and run the line thence northward through Riverside Park, facing west; from that across to Morningside Park, and thence southerly and facing east to Central Park; thence along the north line of the great park, with a connecting line near the eastern boundary, running nearly the whole length of the park. Thus they commanded all the low ground across which their assailants could advance, held possession of one elevated railroad almost the whole length of the island, and could with facility strengthen their lines at weak points both laterally and transversely.

The Third Avenue column reached Harlem flats without serious opposition, and with spirit engaged the north-eastern lines of the Park defenses. An ill-timed assault brought a bloody and disheartening repulse; and the commander, reporting the result to General Sheridan, sat down in front of the works to wait further orders. Meantime the defenses were being momentarily strengthened, and the news of the first successful encounter spread with vast exaggerations throughout the city, and brought thousands of eager recruits to the front.

The McComb's Dam bridge column failed similarly in an attempt to storm the slopes of Morningside Park, and its commander sent to the rear for artillery to place on Manhattanville heights and enfilade the enemy's position. Meantime heavy traverses were thrown up by the Communist troops in anticipation of such a course.

The Riverside column met with opposition in landing, and the gunboats dislodged the forces at the river bank only after a prolonged shelling. Much annoyance and demoralization to the troops was caused by the explosion of torpedoes which had been placed under the docks and at various points on the hillside.

The heights above were well supplied with artillery, most of it being out of sight from the river, so that the shelling by the gunboats was not effective. As the National troops effected their final lodgment, it became apparent that this was their most formidable body, and the Commune lines at this point were heavily reinforced. Appeals were sent into the city for more volunteers, and these brought thousands carrying such weapons as could be hastily secured. They swarmed upon the heights as the National troops formed under the fire of their artillery for a grand assault. Orders were sent to the two other columns to make heavy feints, and change them into determined assaults, if circumstances seemed to warrant.

After the sounds of battle to the north and east became heavy, the commander of the Riverside force ordered his line to advance to the attack. The fire of the navy, which had never been effectual, except against the slopes immediately at the river-bank, now ceased; and the troops advanced, supported at first by their field artillery, which presently ceased firing as the assaulting line drew nearer the entrenchments. Gallantly went forward the Stars and Stripes, straight at the Red. Across the brown parapets the puffs of smoke shot thicker and faster towards the blue lines coming at a right-shoulder, upon a quick-step. Thicker and faster appeared the gaps amongst them; more and more the ranks bowed in and out. Not a shot came from the advancing

troops. The line was broken at frequent intervals by dwellings. The fire from the entrenched Communists grew hotter, until the earthworks were hidden by a thick bank of smoke, except here and there, where it was lifted by the November gusts. The supreme moment was at hand. "Charge!" rang out in quick repetitions along the line, and with a wild cheer away dashed the gallant citizen-soldiers to meet their foes in close embrace. Every man bent to the race with his best speed; the most were new to the business, and had not learned to husband their powers for the sterner struggle at the crest. Those who had smelt battle smoke before were carried away by the mad excitement to which their hearts had been strangers now for a quarter-century, and as the lines drew closer together it became apparent to the veteran generals at the rear that, if the Commune were good at a fight, the close-quarter contest would result in a terrible repulse and punishment of the breathless and exhausted Nationals when they had torn away the *abattis*, cleared the ditch and leaped upon the parapet. All depended upon the presumed lack of fighting quality in the Commune. Not yet! The line of entrenchments lay fifty yards beyond an avenue—with here and there a house. Each house was garrisoned with dynamiters, and no sooner had the line struck the pavement, than right and left from window and housetop hurled the deadly bomb down upon the charging battalions. Regiments were annihilated at a breath; the line hopelessly broken, shattered, ruined; and, before any order could be passed along, the wild yells of the Commune struck upon the breeze as its troops swarmed across the parapet in a triumphant counter-charge. They outnumbered the survivors of the Nationals ten to one; order was lost, control was gone; bombs still rained out from the houses as far as brawny arms could make them reach, and in another minute the remainder of the National force was in full rout, fleeing panic-stricken to the slopes, where the guns of the navy could protect them. Field batteries, left in an exposed position, were captured and added to the strength of the Commune line.

In the meantime, upon the north and east, the commanders had been learning how difficult it is to make a feint with unseasoned troops; and that it is far easier to advance brave and inexperienced men under fire, than to halt and withdraw them by a single word of command, before they have been actually repulsed. The fire from the entrenchments indicated no lack of defenders, and an order was sent by the general to recall the troops; but before it reached them they had dashed off under the mad enthusiasm of the moment into a headlong charge that nothing but the Angel Death could check. In many places they reached the parapet, crowned it with their colors, beat down their immediate foes, only to find that the enemy's reserves outnumbered them ten to one, and to die with face to the field and feet from the foe.

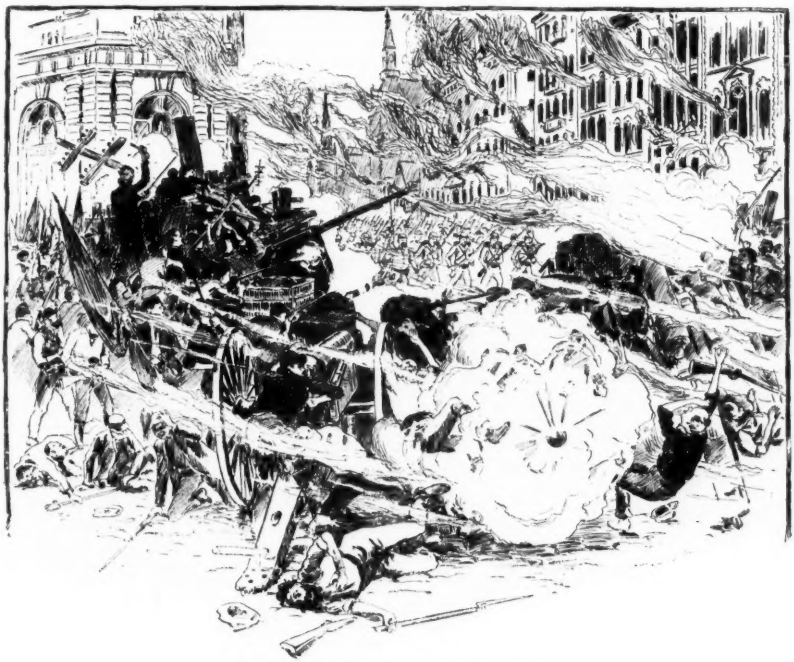
The Battery column made slow progress. The commander was ordered not to expose his men to dynamite, however slow his pace might be, and faithfully he obeyed his orders. It was noon before his skirmishers halted, at easy shot from a heavy barricade which had been thrown up across Broadway at Park Place, and waited the approach of the main column. It had not reached Courtlandt street when a shell came plunging down the street, doing tremendous execution among the packed masses of soldiers that filled between the curbs and extended far southward in solid column. The troops took shelter in the side streets, the buildings of which had not been cleared by the skirmishers and detectives, only to find that such a precaution should not have been neglected, for almost every street had its little corps of bomb-throwers on the housetops and in the upper windows, who, before they could be dislodged, wrought fearful destruction among the dense bodies of military.

Artillery was brought up to engage the barricade, and a long duel ensued, with heavy losses among the cannoneers, and without visibly affecting the vigor of the fire from the barricade. The National artillery had no protection, while the heavy barricade afforded efficient shelter to the Commune troops who served the guns. Their infantry was massed heavily in the large open space behind the grateful shelter of the Post Office.

The commander of the National column finally resolved to place his force in

Broadway again and storm the barricade. While dispositions for the assault were being made, still more artillery was brought up and instructed to demolish the barricade with a heavy and rapid fire of solid shot. The fire of the Commune cannon slackened under this furious bombardment, and the column was quickly thrown into the street and set in motion. The barricade artillery had been so severely punished that it did not get effectively at work again upon the advancing column, and the Nationals reached St. Paul's Church without serious losses. Here the charge was sounded, and away went the column in fine style. The Commune troops had been poured by thousands into the street behind the barricade, and a heavy body lay back of the Post Office, to fall upon the right flank of the Nationals if they should succeed in carrying the defenses. Another barricade was erected across Park Place looking west, and others on Murray, Warren and Chambers Streets. It was indeed a formidable position, if its defenders proved to be fighters.

The head of the charging column had not quite cleared St. Paul's when it unmasked a powerful barricade across Park Row at the upper end of the Post Office, of which the mobs swarming on his flanks and through the side streets had prevented the National commander from obtaining any information. Had he credited his enemy with skill he would have foreseen these valuable auxiliaries to his defense; but it would probably have made no change in the plans of attack, if, indeed, any were practicable, with the force in hand. Over-confidence in himself and over-contempt for his foe, those splendid vices of a brave soldier which have wrung more victories from adverse circumstances than they have ever lost, were characteristic of the hour, from Harlem River to the Battery.



FIGHT ON BROADWAY AT THE POST-OFFICE.

This barricade now poured a galling fire of canister and musketry upon the troops. The head of the column wavered

under the heavy shock, but the weight of the cheering masses behind drove them forward again, and once more the charge proceeded at a rapid pace. Another moment unmasked another barricade on Ann Street which opened a fearful flank-fire. From the nature of its situation it was plain that a few rapid strides would carry the troops beyond its range; and still onward the brave men pressed to grapple with their original foes behind the Broadway defense. The cross fire of the Ann Street and Park Row barricades piled up great heaps of slain and wounded opposite the angle formed by those streets, but these were cleared at a few bounds by the infuriated National Guardsmen who dashed forward madly to avenge their losses.

The head of the charging column had almost reached that barricade, and the street was densely packed with cheering men, when a signal was given from an upper window of the Astor House, and instantly with yells of delight a shower of bombs descended from the Post Office, the *Herald* building, and others down Broadway almost to John Street. The sickening scenes of the uptown streets were renewed on a scale larger than ever; the Communists swarmed over the barricades, shooting, bayoneting and braining as they went, taking no prisoners and wreaking a vengeance that more than fulfilled the bloody threats of their orators in the most bombastic flights. The poor remnants of the shattered battalions fled down Broadway, fighting sullenly as they went. Fresh artillery was run out and tore them asunder again ; the National artillery, now on even terms, replied, and covered the retreat to the Battery, where the guns of the Navy afforded shelter.

The day, indeed, had been one of unmitigated disaster. The nation had just awakened to the full meaning of Dynamite.

By night the country and the world knew that Anarchism and Dynamite were not to be blown away like a puff of cigar smoke; that optimistic indifference was the food these monsters fattened on; and the fools of society were, not those who thought out and sought to apply the only effective measures of prevention, but those who first despised prevention, next ignorantly attempted obvious impossibilities, and finally sat down in despair, and discouraged all effort at retrieving the imbecility of the past.

General Sheridan, as a military man, had expressed the opinion that the force of men called out was inadequate to cope with the army of the Commune, which he estimated would number not less than 100,000 able-bodied men. They would have interior lines of communication; could easily reinforce threatened points; had the enormous advantage of defense offered by the possession of a city which public sentiment would not allow to be bombarded or starved, and, in his belief, *would fight*. He urged the calling out of a force of 100,000 men for three months; the gaining of a street at a time, and its being efficiently and permanently garrisoned, so that as the commercial parts of the city were recaptured, business could be resumed in such sections with perfect confidence in the ability of the government to protect them. As the footholds were gradually increased, inducements should be held out to the rioters to abandon their leaders, and enormous rewards and immunity should be offered to those who would bring in certain ones, dead or alive. As the cordon closed about them, this would be a constant firebrand in their midst; and the moment that some dissatisfied Anarchist should destroy a leader and claim the reward, that would be the beginning of the end. Such a course would involve less bloodshed, lessen the probability that the city might at the last moment be destroyed by fire, and insure that the Commune should not gain the prestige of victory over the Government which would result from underestimating it as an adversary.

But General Sheridan's views were not accepted; and, in trying to do impossibilities, the Commune gained the prestige of four complete victories in one day, and increased beyond computation its hold upon its devoted followers. The Government now found itself driven by sheer necessity to the extended plans of the general, and sat down to wait nearly a month before all the preparations could be completed.

The Commune improved its victories and the immunity from immediate assaults which they secured, by issuing

renewed proclamations to commerce and trade. It re-opened manufactures, carried on more or less exchanges with the outer world; encouraged unrestricted communication, though it watched railroad, steamship and ferry lines with an corps of detectives; strengthened the defenses of the city; laid in stores of war munitions; perfected the organization of an immense army, and established the pooling system of the Commune in every department of business and trade. Its leaders labored hard to so regain the confidence of the world, that before the Government could again bring on its armies, the progressive sentiment of the world would forbid the subjugation of a people who had so vindicated their pet theories of government.

Indeed, there was not wanting a large class of citizens throughout the country who, with more or less of reservation, adopted that view The population of the city was recruited from all parts of the country by those in sympathy with the principles of the Commune, no less than those who held the same views concerning work which are characteristic of the true Anarchist. New York became the paradise of the vicious and lazy, who more than filled the places vacated by the better classes.

The Commune began to see how extensive an undertaking it had on hand to bring these indolent, ignorant and naturally turbulent masses into harmonious relations with any state of society, when the liberties and rights of others were to be considered or maintained. Discontent soon began to manifest itself, as men themselves too lazy and too vile to work claimed an equal share with those who were industrious in the proceeds of the common endeavor. Again, those who had wasted their share in riotous or profligate living, grew envious of the comforts and luxuries enjoyed by those who had spent their money to better purpose. The absence of compulsion and force in internal affairs left the naturally vicious and tyrannical to work their will, unrestrainedly, upon the rights of their less combative or weaker neighbors; and the latter class became dissatisfied with a state of society which left the feeble, sickly and non-combative to be the unprotected prey of everybody who chose to impose upon them. In short, the new theory of society was not a success, and the dissatisfaction of thoughtful workingmen increased every day.

The Government at last was ready to move. It put an army of 100,000 men upon Manhattan Island. Every block of buildings, as it was captured, was turned over to its original owners with pledge of future protection for its occupants. The fighting was carefully adapted to the new conditions of warfare, and nothing was left at hap-hazard. Business crept again, street by street, into the hands of those who originally conducted it. The space occupied by the Commune grew more and more restricted. Dissatisfaction rapidly increased in its ranks as disasters multiplied, and finally, after two weeks of house-to-house fighting, most of the section that still remained to the mob was consigned to the torch. Then it was found that the leaders, orators and writers were missing, with, of course, enough "portable property" to make them thereafter silent upon the subject of an "unjust distribution."

By this time the element of war had been entirely eliminated from the conflict. The rage of the American people had been so kindled by the appalling dangers of the situation, that the rights of belligerency were denied, and an infuriated demand arose from all quarters for meting out the utmost rigors of an outraged law upon all who had partaken in the horrible atrocities at which organized society, in general, had been shuddering. All males who surrendered or were captured were treated as felons. Great prison camps were established upon the islands of New York harbor and at the various military posts, and preparations were made upon a grand scale for the trial of every man taken in arms against the law. Every other public interest was subordinated to the one great thought of executing summary but legal vengeance upon all who had been engaged in acts of armed treason. Society the world over united in the demand for a lesson to these dangerous classes, which should be remembered as long as civilization should preserve history.

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The crimes of many years, now culminating in so fearful a tragedy, must be expiated in a penalty so condign that as long as men could read they would be deterred from similar atrocities. It was universally felt that all the blood which flowed in the veins of the criminal classes that had engaged in this horrible crusade against civilization would but poorly atone for the terrible loss of life and property which they had caused, or for the shock which society had suffered everywhere. It was in vain that a handful of maudlin sentimentalists voiced their protests, and repeated their platitudes about the sanctity of human life. Society replied that the life of one man, loyally endeavoring to maintain law, order and civilization, was of more account than the lives of a hundred who stood arrayed against them. This, a truism in any land, was doubly so in this country, where the power to redress grievances and the enjoyment of personal liberty surpassed anything ever before known in the world's history. If Germany, France and Russia were justified in crushing out, with a mailed and bloody hand, organized resistance to law and order, how much more should free, populace-governed America teach these outcasts of Europe that whover attempted to overturn the government of the majority by force of arms and murder need look for no mercy.

Thousands of men who could not read nor understand a line of any American law were arraigned for attempting by murder and torch to overturn those laws. All the machinery of Government was devoted to their speedy trial. Every man taken in arms or wearing the uniform of the Commune was placed on trial for high treason and murder; the uniform or weapon was considered *prima facie* evidence of guilt, and the death sentence followed. For once, justice made no miscarriage. Every man found with dynamite bombs was tried for murder. The possession of the bomb was held to be conclusive proof of murderous intent, and no jury hesitated to connect this intent with the thousands of murders actually committed by the agency of bombs. Conviction and the death sentence were the results. All who had held any office under the Commune, or voluntarily contributed to its support, were tried for treason, and condemned to banishment or imprisonment for life. The death sentences were executed by the military, and society began to breathe more freely.

Enormous rewards were offered for the apprehension, dead or alive, of the escaped leaders, editors and orators, and every government entered into immediate treaty for the extradition of such as should be found within its borders. Hundreds of detectives, amateur and professional, started in their pursuit; some stimulated by hope of reward, but many by a burning desire to avenge the murder of friends and relatives. The whole civilized world was scoured by the remorseless sleuth-hounds of tardily-awakened justice. The fugitives were tracked from cover to cover, and hunted from land to land. They found no hiding place secure from betrayal or search. Many were treacherously given up by their supposed friends for the sake of reward. The very money which they possessed often proved their ruin: If they spent it, it betrayed them; if they sought to conceal and guard it, their betrayal was just as certain. Many ended their lives of misery and apprehension by their own hands; others died, like hunted beasts, at the hands of their pursuers; and a few were brought back to the scene of their crimes to pay the penalty of the law.

There was no trouble now in securing the passage of stringent laws against Anarchists. Acts of banishment were passed, and citizens freely gave the necessary information to bring criminals to the notice of the proper officials. Every State made the possession of a dynamite bomb, except by license for blasting purposes (and then under heavy bonds and ample restrictions and supervision) *prima facie* evidence of an intent to commit murder, and gave to police authorities unlimited rights of search.

Every precaution which legal ingenuity could devise was employed to prevent a miscarriage of justice in the jury-box, on the bench or through the pardoning power.

* * * * * *

Such was my Dream of Anarchy and Dynamite. Is any reader so blindly

optimistic as to think that it may not be realized during the next few years? It has not been written as a mere idle piece of sensationalism, but in the hope that it may to some extent at least bear the fruit of directing public sentiment and action toward the enforcement of laws that will render the unlicensed possession of dynamite a capital offence, and convert Anarchism into a harmless foe of American liberty.

FROM OUT THE PINES.

BY B. WERDAN.

THE doctors have just said that there is no hope for me; that I may die to-morrow, perhaps, indeed, to-night. But they did not tell me that. Had they done so I could have told them better, but they did not. They went out softly to the other room, shutting the door, lest I should hear them whisper it to Minnie—my niece Minnie—who takes care of me, and who cried, yes, absolutely *cried*, when they had gone away.

They shut the door, I say, but ah, I laughed at that! Little do these doctors know how keen grows the eye, how sharp the ear, how eager the dull mind and clear the brain, as one draws near the shore and feels the breeze from off the Lake of Death fanning the sunken cheeks. Sometimes, while lying here, I have heard the neighbors in the room beyond talking about my chances in the battle with the "shadow grim," and wondering and planning what had best be done after all was over with me; and I have been tempted to call out that I heard them, and tell them to be gone, but then, why should I? They are good neighbors, as neighbors go, and they have been very kind to Minnie; so I let them alone, nor did I speak to them at all, only, it used to worry me a little—but that is over now.

But so I heard the doctors, as they told Minnie this morning; and afterward, when she came into my room, I pretended not to see the pretty eyes all red and weighed with tears, or hear the tremor in the sweet, young voice. I merely asked for pen and paper, and to be alone awhile. She brought me these, drew up the little table within reach, and went out. I was left alone—yet not alone, for the spirit of the dead woman is here beside me now, giving me feverish strength to write the words that may at last bring peace to her soul and to mine.

I am an old man now, yet, how clear it seems before my eyes—clearer than is the memory of yesterday—that bright sunshiny morning long years ago, when I joined hands and fortune with three other men (all now are dead but me, and I am dying). But *then*, ah, then, we were so young, and brave, and strong, and full of boyish dreams of wealth, and love, and manhood's happiness!

We were out locating mining claims among the Rocky Mountains, and for two wild weeks we worked on side by side, scanning anxiously the sands that ran beneath our feet for signs of the gleaming yellow dust. But, so far, all in vain.

One day it came my turn to hunt the game for camp, and in the clear, bright morning I started off, whistling light ballad snatches as I went; for, ah, how could I see, with my duller eyes, the "wee, small cloud" then gathering in the west.

The game was hard to track and led me farther and farther up hills and down glens, so that when I turned my face toward camp the night was falling around me, and with it came the conviction that I had lost my way. But what of that? I was young and fearless, and a night spent in that far canyon, with the white stars for my candles and the wind soughing through the dark rock-pines above me, would be filled with pleasant dreams, not idle fears. So I stood still, and looking about me for the safest spot on which to set stakes, I saw just a little before me, in the glen below, a small clearing, and beyond, a clump of trees. I made up my mind to go to this clearing, and had just started, when

suddenly a shrill, piercing scream rang out on the quiet air, seeming to come from the shadow of the trees beyond, and echoing down the long ravine, like the cry of a lost soul. Again it came, as I stood there, for at first I hesitated at going toward it, fearing a panther-trap. Then once again it rose, shivering through the darkness, "Oh, help, help, for the pity of God!"

Then I knew what it meant: No panther cries like that. Swinging myself down from ledge to ledge, I was soon on the little clearing, then on into the gloom of the pine-tree cluster, led by the cries that had now sunk into pitiful sobs and moans.

Just beyond the edge of the woods, through the trees, I saw a ray of light, and tracking it, soon came up to a miserable old shanty, a miner's hut. Within this shanty were the sobs, as of a young girl; and every sob was accompanied by a curse, and the dull *swish* of some heavy lash as it flew through the air and fell upon the quivering flesh! One moment I paused, the next I had burst open the miserable door, and stood gazing on a picture that has haunted me through all my life. Here, in the low, unfinished room, lit by an old lantern that hung suspended from a beam across the centre of the roof, stood an old, gray-haired, gray-bearded man. *Man*, did I say? Nay, rather devil, fiend in flesh and blood! There he stood with a long cattle-whip uplifted for another blow, and at his feet lay a young girl, scarcely more than a child, with her long black hair all tangled about her face and matted with blood upon her breast. Blood was upon her face, her dress, her feet, and on the floor. Ah, what a sight it was!

One glance, and I had caught the old fiend by the throat, and flung him senseless on the floor beyond. Then I took the poor little lassie in my arms, brushed back the matted curls from her white face, and gave her whiskey from my hunting flask. She soon revived and stood up before me. Drawing the tattered frock across her bruised and bleeding breast, she looked at me with a sort of dazed, childish wonder, but with no sign of fear. Ah, I can see her now; just as she stood there, tall and lithe, and graceful as the young fir-trees growing by the door, with her long black hair, black as a dream of darkness, and her eyes, eyes with the changing mystery of the night, the passion of the storm winds in their depths.

"Who is he?" I asked her, pointing to the man who lay there, stirring faintly.

"He? Oh, he says he is my father, but he lies, he always lies!" came the answer, in hot, passionate sobs, while her dark eyes glowed with the memory of hate and pain.

"And you?" I asked.

"Me? Oh, I am Carma, and I have always lived here, only to be beaten and beaten by that man—he will kill me sometime, I suppose!" she said in a dreary little voice, where pitiful despair seemed giving way before the hope of death.

I stayed there all that night. About day-break the old man pulled himself together, looked at us for a moment, and muttering curses, turned and went off down among the trees. But when I too would have left, the poor child clung to me, and begged and prayed that I should not leave her there alone.

"He is only hiding down there, till he sees you go; then he will come back and kill me!" she whispered, trembling and fearful even at the thought.

So I stayed, won by the glorious beauty of those eyes.

And that day, and the next, and yet the next, went by, and found me there, content. Carma soon forgot her terror, and laughed in happy glee, as she sat beside me, under the stilly trees. And I forgot my comrades up the long ravine; and all my gold dreams faded from my mind, for ah, I loved the wild-wood flower I had found beneath the pines, and she—Oh, the memory of her love for me!

She told me of herself in those sweet days, how she had always lived there, with that fiend, seeing no other face but his; hearing no sound, but the shrill cry of the panther, through the dark. She wore a little locket in her breast, with the face of a woman in it—a face, beautiful as the angels, with eyes like Carma's own. Her father, she said, had told her once it was the face of her mother, who had died at Carma's birth. "And then he struck me, and went off, and staid for many days," she said, shivering with the memory of his brutal

blows. I comforted her as best I could, and lingered on.

One morning, our stock of venison getting low, I started off again in search of game. Carma stood in the doorway, and watched me out of sight. I had good luck that day, and went hurrying homeward in the twilight, listening to catch the first notes of greeting song, but all was still—too still, I thought. Then, suddenly, there was one long wild scream, one such as called me to her side before, and I knew that the fiend had come back. Rushing madly forward, I reached the door in time to see the villain seize my darling by the throat, and plunge a long, dirk-knife into her breast; to see her totter, fall heavily, and then—then my senses left me, and I knew nothing of what I was doing for some time.

When I recovered I was kneeling beside the dead body of the girl I loved, while close to us lay her murderer, with the long knife in his blackened heart—for I, too, bore the mark of Cain.

Somehow—I know not how—I staggered to my feet, and, seizing my gun, went out, leaving the dead together in the accursed hut.

The next few weeks are a blank to me, but my old friend, Totten, told me that one day I was found by some hunters more dead than alive, in a glen, far off from the bloody scene. They said I had lost my way, and had fainted from starvation, where they found me. I never told them otherwise.

Three years after that, I was in San Francisco, living with a friend, a great criminal lawyer there. He told me of many things, and in his conversation spoke of a case he had tried, two years before, of a young girl, accused of murdering her father. Then the tale came out.

My darling was not dead, as I supposed, when I left her, but rather in that awful swoon which is twin-sister to death. A party of miners, passing down the canyon some days after the tragedy, saw the cabin, hid among the pines; and going in, found the old man lying dead on the floor, with the girl crouching beside him. When questioned, she would answer nothing, but that the crime was hers. "I killed him. Yes, I killed him; don't you see?" was all she said when they spoke to her; so she was taken to San Francisco, tried, and sentenced—yes, sentenced to a prison cell for life, for the cold murder of her father! Such is the usual justice of our land. She never faltered, never wavered through all the slow tortures of those terrible days, shielding the man she loved at the price of her own soul, bowing her glorious head to the accursed blow, bearing the ignominy and deathless shame of crime, simply, that the one she loved—and who deserted her—might live on in honor, and escape the storm; for she saw me, saw her lover, strike the fatal blow

"And she, does she still live?" I gasped out, as the lawyer paused a moment to pour out a glass of wine.

"Ah, no," he said; "she fainted when the sentence was pronounced, and was carried across the street to the hospital, where she died the next night. I went over to see her there, and, just as the sun went down she half rose up, put out her hand, as if reaching towards some one in the dark, murmured a name, and then fell back, asleep!"

"A name! What name?" I whispered, for my voice had deserted me, and he was watching me, quizzically, if not suspiciously.

"What name? Why, strangely enough, it was your own," he said, and then "Good God, Jasper, what's the matter, man! Here, drink this and come out into the air!"

I drank the brandy he poured out for me; followed him out into the sunshine that has ever since been to my soul but a shadow: out among the jangling bells of the songs and merry laughter of this great, busy world, only to hear ever, amidst it all, the dying moanings of the woman that I loved.

So have I lived, doing what little I could in my own strange way, to drag out a life, burdened with this double curse of Cain, without drawing any other human heart within the awful shadow of my sin. And so, to-night, as the great sun goes down behind the purple hill-tops, I stretch out my hands into the darkness, and, touching hers, made clean, by this, my true confession, of any shade of guilt, or shame, I turn my tired face toward the waiting stars, and with her own sweet name upon my dying breath, I go to meet her in that "Land Beyond."

IN REVERIE.

BESIDE a silent grave I sat one day.
The grassy glebe around grew rank and free,
The kiss of autumn sweet was on my cheek.
I silent sat, when lo! beside me stood
One strange and fair: Had I him ever known?
So still he came, so deep my reverie,
I knew not he was there. "And who am I?"
In questioning words he to me speaks at last—
"Hast thou no place in memory for me?"
He at my side did now so closely stand,
I fain would grasp his hand in greeting free,
But, gesturing away, he unto me:
"One day I thought thou didst me deadly wrong—
Nay, start not so; hear patiently nor fill
Afresh the cup both drained in days now dead.
Each long loved one, and she—she loved but one!
He, knowest thou or shouldst know now, I was.
Thou won her from me; won her, then I thought,
By arts most base. Long since I learned the truth;
Found then how wrong I was, how true thou wert!
I come to ask forgiveness: Canst thou give?"
Remembered all. She whom I laid away
These many years agone ere white my hair,
Late learned I—oh, so late!—loved me, but less
Than him who stood beside. Then I to him:
"Where learned thou this? Methought thou, too, hadst gone
Unto thy narrow home. Forgive I all."
Then reached me frank his hand, and strangely said:
"This long I've known; I learned it since—of her."
I, rising, fain would flee as from one mad,
But when once more he, smiling, to me turned,
I, re-assured, took in my hand his palm—
When, lo! it softly melted in my grasp;
His face, still smiling sweet, blent into air:
I stood alone: Together were the dead.

W. S. Harwood.

MY PET CAGE-BIRD.

ONE who has only dwelt within the bricks and mortar of a crowded city and whose ear has become deaf to the hum and din of the street, knows merely the dryest pages of nature's prose. But the gilded cage and the sweet tropic flowers that adorn his library or parlor show the longing for the poetry of nature that still survives in human breast. The bird of the wild-wood and the flower of the Nile have come to live with man, so long as he remains on the earth.

In the estimation of the public, perhaps, the three greatest of the bird musicians, in the order of their excellence, are the American Mocking-bird, the English Nightingale and the Song Canary.

But, if you have listened, as I have, to the most gifted of nature's songsters, the mocking-bird, in his own Southern home, perched in early spring upon the topmost bough of some budding tree; if you have heard his morning carols from an almost bursting throat, and have seen the ecstatic joy of the bird as he suddenly bounds into the air a few yards, only to return with quivering wings and vibrating tail to his perch again, all the while sending forth unceasingly his varied notes, you can never fully enjoy the song of this bird in captivity. A pity would fill your heart as you heard the plaintive melody broken by a wild-wood note that would bring from memory's treasures the image of the glad singer in his native freedom, and you would be unable to bear the sight of the restless captive, that is singing because nature made him to sing; singing, ever singing, for a mate that never can come.

The same objection, too, holds against the nightingale as a cage-bird. Philomel is more chary of his sweet and mellow song than either the mocking-bird or the canary. Nor does cage-life agree so well with him as with the latter. He cannot forget the hedge where he was reared, nor the wild life of his parents; and when winter comes he is restless to join his kindred across the Southern sea.

I, therefore, prefer the canary as a cage-bird, both to our wonderful mocking-bird and to the sweetest of the singers of the Old World. Having long ago forgotten the traditions that told of the leafy homes of his ancestors and the wild free life they used to lead, he knows no home but a cage, and no care nor trouble, save that now and then a rival singer will taunt him from a neighboring cage—then his little eyes will flash angrily as he tries in vain to reach and silence his enemy; or when a cruel owner neglects the little bird whose life is in his hands and who depends upon at least ten minutes' daily care.

Canaries are classed according as they are bred for song, for form or for color. Crosses from one class to another are not uncommon; but the highest prized are those that come under one of those heads.

The Scotch, the French and the Belgians breed chiefly for form. First-class Belgian birds are worth small fortunes to their owners; they have poor voices, and ordinary canary colors only: pale yellow and mottled; but the long and slender form, tapering evenly from the shoulder to the tip of the tail, with a head almost at right angles to the body, is considered the acme of grace in figure. The French breed is a less exaggerated type of the long canary, and has a ruffed or frilled breast. A perfect Scotch bird is crescent-shaped.

In color-breeding the English lead. Their birds, moreover, are far better musicians than the long variety. The Manchester Copy is the "giant of the canary race," and looks more like a yellow pigeon. The Norwich bird, with its deep gold and green and black, and the gold and silver-spangled lizards in their beautiful coats throw the modestly-clad German canary in the shade; and with their loud, clear voices drown the sweeter melody of the Hartz Mountain birds. Then, if you wish to hear the real song-canary, you must go to Andreasberg, a village in Germany nestling among the Hartz Mountains. There only will you find the highest type of this songster, which a bird importer has

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not inaptly named "the Campanini." These are modest little fellows, clad in simple suits of almost every color worn by canaries, but always rather pale; sometimes wearing a crest.

To be appreciated, these Campanini canaries must be heard. If you are a lover of bird-music and have not heard him, you have yet to know the sweetest of bird-songs. The low ripple of the well-trained St. Andreasberg's song, swelling gradually into a burst of melody that never hurts the most sensitive ear, and drawing gradually to a perfect close, always strikes the new listener with wonder and delight. Not long ago an old gentleman who had traveled all over the United States heard my Campanini for the first time. The other canaries had been giving us a concert, apparently unnoticed by my venerable friend, when, suddenly, as if by common consent, all were silent listening to one of Campanini's best efforts. The old gentleman ceased talking, and turned and gazed on the little musician until the song was over; then he said: "I have heard birds sing in the North and South, in the East and West, but I never heard one equal to that. There is not a harsh note nor break in his song—perfect continuity of sweetness."

While the canary is not so docile as some other cage-birds, yet he is far more tractable and lovable than most persons think. It is an easy matter to win the confidence of this little pet, so that he will take seed from your lips and trill his sweetest when perched upon your shoulder. But you must be very gentle and kind, and, above all, you must love him.

As has been said of a higher order of animals, so it can be said of birds, that the shortest route to the heart is down the throat. Teach your bird to look to you for his food. If he is timid and flutters in terror about the cage whenever you put your hand in, withhold his seed for two hours, and then stand close to his little prison until he has eaten all he wishes. Take the seed-cup away for another two hours, and do not allow him to eat until he will take his food from the cup while you hold it toward him. Follow this plan and you will soon be delighted with having your pet take his breakfast from your hand, and sing his thanks from your finger! You must, however, continue to notice and to pet him, or else he will soon grow wild again.

Whenever my wife enters the room in which she keeps her pair of breeding canaries, with their food, she seats herself on the rug before the hearth; and without invitation sixteen canaries fly to her, alight on her shoulders, head, lap, everywhere, and tug and quarrel over the chickweed until they can eat no more, when they go about their business, trying to unravel the carpet, or tear the paper from the wall, while Jinks, the paterfamilias, perched on his mistress' knee, sings a sweet song of thanks.

I must relate here some things about this Jinks, as they illustrate the intelligence of the canary. At the time I bought him he was extremely wild, but now he can almost talk. One day I received a beautiful game-hen. As she was ill, I took her to my room to be doctored. Jinks had the liberty of the room then, and soon spied the wheat in the hen's box, and no sooner was she out than he was in testing the contents. When he had made a full meal, I closed the box and left the room. On my return after three hours, Jinks met me at the door and began to scold and to beg. At first I would not notice him. But as he flew to the back of my chair, and prevented me from reading, I turned and looked at him to discover, if I could, what the trouble was. No sooner did he see that he had my attention than he flew to the box containing the wheat and began to beg anew. I returned to my book, and he to my chair. This was repeated several times, and whenever he saw that I was looking, he would fly to the wheat; so, convinced that he was begging for some of that, I went to the box and opened it. As I approached, he hopped aside and watched in silence; but before I regained my chair, he was busily eating.

We sometimes find it convenient to confine Jinks to his cage, and while behind the bars, he often asks my wife for a bath by dipping his head in his cup and scolding whenever she would not notice him. As soon as supplied with his tub of water, he bathes and is contented again.

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He is, moreover, the only canary I ever knew that could be trusted out of the house. When his mate was sitting, I have known him to fly far into the woods out of sight of home, always, however, returning voluntarily, and never attempting to enter the house by any way except through the window of the room in which his cage was hung. One rainy day his mate escaped from the house, and left a newly-hatched brood. When an hour passed and she did not return, I opened the window and Jinks immediately went to search for his spouse. He flew about in the trees and sang at the top of his voice, and it was not long before she answered and joined him. In a short time he had led her slowly back to their young. She could never find her way back from an outdoor excursion, alone; and finally when Jinks became tired of her and married another, he permitted her one day, when he was escort to some half dozen others, to wander off and get lost.

While breeding for form or for color requires knowledge and skill on the part of the breeder, it is perhaps easier to obtain the desired form or color than it is to produce the highest quality of song. The forms or colors of the offspring are pretty accurately determined by those of the immediate ancestors; but the song is only partly inherited. The best songsters, however, come from a line of fine singers; but they must not only be prevented from hearing any harsh-singing bird, but must hear first-class singers of their own species, and also those of other species. Trained in this way the young canary will execute well his natural song, and is even likely to add to it some of the best notes of the nightingale or of any other sweet-singing bird he has had the opportunity of listening to.

That the canary will often mate with a bird of a different sort is another item in his favor. In such matings, however, the female should be the canary, as she makes a surer and safer mother than the wilder females of the finches. Sometimes these canary-finch hybrids are most excellent songsters, and often are very beautiful. Whoever succeeds in raising a white hybrid with a good voice has a prize well worth the care it took to gain it. "Hybrid-breeding," says Holden, "is fascinating, and has great charms, as its results are so uncertain; the probabilities are, that all the males will be dark, ordinary-colored birds; the possibilities are, there may be among the nest of fledglings a single brilliant-colored bird—a bird whose wealth of white and gold is worth years of experiments to obtain."

There are, however, laws governing these combinations of blood, color and song well worth the seeking. Here is a rich field ready for the young investigator, where he may spend years of labor and not uncover Nature's secret, or she may yield to patient, thorough, systematic, scientific experiment, and crown the seeker with a wreath of immortelles.

Canary-keeping, however, is no exception to the truth in the old proverb: "No rose without its thorns"; for, even should our little pet be so lucky as to escape the cat or the rat, or accidental neglect of his owner, he will, after giving to us his ever-sweet song for twelve or fourteen years, yield to nature and pass away. Then, while some birds will sing every day of the year, others will remain silent during the moulting season—two months or more. Yet these latter will usually, when they do begin again, make up for lost time.

As intimated before, the cat and the rat are the canary's greatest enemies—always excepting a careless owner. A strong close cage will effectually protect the bird from rats. But cats will quickly thrust their paws through the wires of any ordinary cage, and in a few seconds wound its fluttering inmate past recovery. As these treacherous animals are incapable of being taught to restrain their natural appetites, you must, if possible, banish the whole feline race from your premises. But, as your neighbor may be a cat fancier, and as you wish to keep the peace, you may be compelled to act only on the defensive. In such a case, hang your cages where the cats cannot climb, and, if you give your bird a room, you may not only keep the enemy out, but effectually guard against the accidental escape of a bird by fitting each door and window on the outside with a frame of galvanized wire-netting. The wire-doors should be made to close tightly with a spring. In the heat of summer all

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doors and windows, except those of wire, should remain open, as this will add much to the comfort of the birds. It is not, however, so much the heat of summer as the cold of winter that may harm our feathered pets. But, if they are free from currents of cold air, they will be happy and sing gaily in a well-lighted room in an atmosphere of from 50 to 60 degrees Fah. The aviary should be guarded against extremes of temperature. Hence, in the North, a steam pipe should run through the bird-room, lest the night be too cold for its inmates after a bright sunny winter's day. Yet I once forgot to take in at sunset a choice pair of canaries, and they passed a cold night in January on the porch, and the morning found them as bright as ever, though their water-cup was broken by the ice. Again, I have frequently seen Jinks, when at liberty in the room, bathe in freezing water, but after such a cold plunge he would always fly to the hearth and there, before an old-fashioned wood-fire, lie on his side with tail and wings spread, enjoying the heat intensely as it penetrated his ruffled feathers.

After having arranged some evergreen trees tastefully in your aviary and placed therein a drinking-fountain or two, do not forget to cover the floor with clean sand. And, if you wish to make your birds love you and fly to you, keep always a box of lettuce, chickweed and rape growing in their room ; but keep this treat covered with a wire-frame, so that the birds can enjoy it only when you remove the cover. This you should do two or three times a week. Soon the birds will know you, and will perch on the box or on your hand while they feast on the green dainties.

Jesse Talbot Littleton.

WINGS.

BEAUTIFUL birds have plumage,
  Beautiful thoughts have wings;
Stars shine high above the sigh
  Of earth's vague whisperings.
Under the earth's broad bosom
  Never a beauty lies
But shall burn its way to the rim of day,
  And flash to our wondering eyes.

Beautiful gems lie hidden
  Under the fold of earth;
Even the slime hides a thought sublime
  Till the time of the lily's birth.
Even the birds went creeping
  Wingless and featherless,
Till plume by plume, like the roses' bloom,
  They borrowed the singer's dress.

Beautiful birds have plumage,
  Beautiful thoughts fly high;
The poet's song cannot slumber long,
  Its track is the boundless sky.
Under the infinite heaven
  Never a wing unfurled
But shall find its way to the verge of day,
  And flash on some wondering world.

Laura Bell.

EDITOR'S STUDY.

The Workingman and Dynamite.

THE large number of letters of approval from all classes of citizens, rich and poor, educated and uneducated; the free discussion of the question by the newspaper press; the great amount of abuse that has reached this office from optimists, fanatics, and those who in one form or another are in sympathy with a revolution in social institutions—all these are the very gratifying results of the publication of the first part of the forcible article on Anarchy and Dynamite Warfare, which appeared in the May issue of THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE. The letters are a study in themselves, particularly those evidently from honest, hard-working men, who appear especially solicitous that prompt and effective measures shall be immediately taken for the suppression of anarchy and dynamite.

The question is certainly one that requires immediate legislative attention. If the evils that are so graphically described in the article are merely imaginary; if the Anarchists are so cowed by the swift justice that overtook their Chicago brethren last year, that they will remain quiet for a time, there is no reason why laws should not be immediately enacted and enforced that will prevent any outbreaks in the future. He is a poor general who waits for an attack to be made before making preparation to resist it; and it is not only an obviously unwise, but it is a criminal policy for the lawmakers of any nation to allow a condition of affairs to exist that menaces the lives and property of a large number of citizens. Nearly every vessel that arrives brings from foreign shores a number of malcontents, to whom government in any form is a bugbear that must be overthrown; and these fresh recruits, filled to the brim with "wrongs of the workingmen," render it only a question of a short time when the country will be treated to a second and enlarged edition of the Chicago massacre in one of the Anarchists' strongholds—New York, Chicago, Cincinnati or St. Louis.

It is an encouraging sign of the times, however, that the honest workingman is showing less disposition to associate with movements that have in view the overturning of society by violence, or with movements that have only visionary objects. In a word, the laborer, having almost passed through one of the periodical cycles of discontent, is once more becoming practical. He is philosophically recognizing the fact that in every community there will necessarily be evils; that nothing can be perfect in this world; and that the best, the only way towards a betterment of his condition is by industry and economy. He is beginning to appreciate the fact that no system of strikes, boycotts nor similar agencies can improve the condition of the employé when the employer is not doing a prosperous business; and he is coming to the point of seeing that the labor market, like all other great markets is controlled by the inexorable law of supply and demand; that if the demand for labor is good and the supply light, the price must advance; and if the supply is large and there is little demand, wages must decline.

The spread of such a feeling among the laboring classes is perhaps one of the strongest barriers that can be interposed against the contagion of anarchy throughout the laboring classes; but as the sentiment and sympathies of the ignorant wage-earners can be so easily inflamed, it certainly is the part of wisdom for the Legislature to prevent the possibility of a Commune in America, by adopting the sage advice, "In time of peace prepare for war."

What Is Thought?

THE French materialism which taught that "Thought is a 'secretion' of the brain as bile is of the liver" would seem as sound philosophy as that essayed by Col. Robert G. Ingersoll in the recent debate on "Toleration" before the Nineteenth Century Club. General Woodford, on the same occasion, said, truly, that Mr. Ingersoll's fatal error was in making thought the neces-

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sary result of impressions made upon the senses. Mr. Ingersoll's argument was based upon an assumption which must be false if personal identity and consciousness are conceded, and there are few who will undertake to deny either. His first proposition may be said to contain the essence of his reasoning:

> Thought is a necessary natural product—the result of what is called impressions made through the medium of the senses upon the brain, not forgetting heredity.

Now, this is not a clearly scientific statement of an old doctrine. Its form, as here given, conceals more than the usual amount of sophistry. But it will serve for our present purpose.

First, there are no *impressions* made upon the brain, if by this is meant the cerebral organ. *Impressions* stop with the organs of sense-perception, as the eye, the ear, the fingers, the tongue, the nose. Impressions of form, by the aid of light, are printed upon the retina of the eye, which is but an expansion of the optic nerve leading to the brain proper. Impressions of sound, vibrations of air, are received upon the drum of the ear, and are thence conveyed to the separate fibrous ends of the auditory nerve, and onward to the central brain. But there is no evidence that images of forms or vibrations of sound are transmitted and become permanent affections of the central tissues. Long ago, Sir Benjamin Brodie taught that thought consisted of an infinity of little images in the brain. But this theory was soon exploded. The nerves of sense do not, and cannot, repeat and transmit the *impressions* received by the external organs any more than does the telegraph wire throughout its length repeat the touch of the operator upon the keys of his instrument. A condition and an accompanying force are present to communicate the *fact* of impressions to the mind which interprets them. Impressions must be so interpreted.

Now, take any statement, say the one before us, and communicate it first through the ear; second, in printed form, through the eye; thus making physical impressions totally unlike upon the differently constructed organs. The "necessary" results should, therefore, be unlike if there is not some intelligent interpreter at hand to translate the "impressions."

Thought is a created product, not a natural result; and *consciousness* is the main factor in its formation. *Attention*, with comprehension, is requisite to intelligent perception; and, in proportion to its intensity, is the clearness of knowledge. Perception is an experience over and above sense-impressions; else, why are not all impressions made under the same material conditions equally recognized. We hear only when we listen. We see clearly only when we look.

Attention is an exercise of the mind over and above external causes. Consciousness is a *fact* undiscoverable by material instruments, and is not convertible with any physical condition or force. Thought arises out of consciousness. In the end, knowledge and consciousness are convertible. Knowledge is a store of summarized and classified thought.

Sense-impressions and knowledge differ and vary indefinitely, we may almost say infinitely. But there enters into these an informing, regulating, determining force, which gives to the product—"thought"—its unity and permanence. Without the stamp of such a force, knowledge, itself, would be as fleeting, transient, as the passing shadow upon brick walls. Consciousness, memory, personal identity, disclose in every human mind a living fact quite in harmony with nature and *necessary* laws, but superior to them.

The Magazine and Newspaper Press.

MUCH has been written within the past month in relation to the Magazine and Newspaper press, and efforts have been made to show that the Sunday and special Saturday editions of the large dailies are, practically, weekly magazines, and are actively appealing to and receiving the support of magazine readers.

A little reflection, however, will show that the two branches of literature are as far apart as ever. The newspaper press in America during the past ten years has, it is true, made vast progress in its literary composition; many of the best writers contribute signed articles to its columns; but the very nature of the daily newspaper prevents its becoming an active competitor in the field of the magazine. While there are some notable exceptions (which exceptions are not the most successful journals), the general tendency of the newspaper is to grasp anything that will make a "sensation," no matter how shallow may be the fabric nor, sometimes, how much disregard of truth there may be interwoven. That this is the case is no fault of the editor; it is the fault of the readers. While public opinion may be molded in many ways, experience has, in numerous instances, shown us that the journal which attempts to educate public taste to an unpopular form or policy, has a very unremunerative road to travel. What is demanded is, simply, that the news shall be given in an attractive manner. In these busy days of the nineteenth century, a man wishes to take the news in at a glance on his way to business, and after that he cares only to be amused until he reaches his destination. Papers that fill this want are usually the most prosperous, and it is not surprising, therefore, that to produce a journal of this character should be the general aim in newspaper offices.

The magazine, however, has a widely different mission, and appeals to a totally different class of readers. It is purchased for its finely selected literature, and is carefully read and often re-read. In its own way it has advanced to an extent far greater than the newspaper, as will be forcibly indicated by a comparison of the magazine of to-day and that of ten years ago. The business man finds in it a means of rest and instruction after the day's toil; and, in fact, magazine readers, as a class, are those who seek education, combined with entertainment. The magazine and newspaper will, without doubt, maintain their respective fields for ages to come.

LITERATURE—BOOK REVIEWS.

"CURRENT" LITERATURE is in itself an illusive something which no words nor phrases can stereotype into a present and definite reality. Every daily and weekly newspaper, every monthly magazine and review offers to its readers the "best" that by its peculiar methods can be gathered from a limitless field.

What shall be included in "literature"? The answer to the question may not be one that shall flatter the conceit of every ready-writer. There is much that is printed and put between durable covers that is unworthy of the name book. And, unfortunately, there is much clear and searching thought of the wisest kind upon human life and affairs, upon the activities and transactions and associations of men, in business, in politics, in society, found in the daily press, that with perfect fitness may be named "literature," but which will not be preserved to mankind for future instruction. We do not say that such is profitable for the day and hour only, and then is wholly lost. For no real force is lost, the law of the "conservation of forces" being not less true of the intellectual than of the physical forces that move as powers in the universe of things.

When the mind of Roscoe Conkling ceases to labor in life, the intellectual world suddenly is made aware of an inestimable and irreparable personal loss. We have known and felt the influence of a strong and manly brain, with powers cultured and capable of the highest accomplishments in any field of thought, casting its forces and treasures abroad with a lavish generosity altogether unmindful of self in the memories of men. May we not trust that there will be found in the remains of this great American statesman and orator such records of his talents and works as may be formed into a fitting literary monument of his life and public services?

Quite naturally we are reminded of another and grievous loss to society and the world—this one more immediate and significant to literature. It is perhaps no exaggeration to say that, in his time, Matthew Arnold was one of the greatest masters of English expression. His mind was not of the class called "original," but rather the finished product of a studied and exact system of training. The son and pupil of Dr. Thomas Arnold, Master of Rugby, he exemplified in his literary life and works the effects of unsurpassed skill and ability exerted for the culture of a mind by one of the world's great teachers. As a poet, Matthew Arnold was indebted quite as much to nature as to art, and to this is due the most enduring quality of his works. As an essayist, a critic and a social philosopher, in which respects he justly ranked among the most eminent, there is much credit to be given to the lessons afforded him at Rugby and Oxford. To these must be added his widely extended studies in mature life, especially in Celtic literature.

The student of literature seeking for examples of good prose, will find in the writings of Matthew Arnold, generally, a pure and clear style, a most accurate fidelity of word and sentence to idea and thought, and a "straightforwardness" of expression that never misleads. Mr. Arnold did a great service for public education and public schools that has not as yet been duly recognized in the United States.

The one thing in which he was wanting to be regarded a perfectly trained public man, the talent of public speaking, will be lost sight of in the memory of his eminent services to English literature.

Mr. Arnold's essays in political philosophy seem not to have produced any marked effects to his credit. In this respect he falls far below the rank he appeared so ambitious to attain—the rank of Macaulay, John Stuart Mill, Gladstone and a few others, alike illustrious in politics and literature.

We find nothing more worthy of mention in current literature than Mr. Gladstone's contribution to *The North American Review* for May. At an age beyond that permitted to men in general, in the midst of arduous and exacting political duties apparently borne with ease, Mr. Gladstone finds ready at his command the ability and time to write upon an issue pre-eminent in human thought, in

a manner that challenges the attention of the most thoughtful among men of letters, whether in literature, philosophy or science.

It is very strange that in nearly every case the attempts to question the authorship of Shakespeare have originated in this country. The recent attempt, so widely noticed in respectable quarters, of Mr. Ignatius Donnelly of St. Paul, meets its deserved fate and dies in its minority. But it was cruel and somewhat discreditable to the sound scholarship of Prof. Thomas Davidson, that he should publicly encourage the "entirely honest" Donnelly in the "literary enthusiasm" which inspired him to assassinate the "divine" Shakespeare, that he might enthrone the "meanest of mankind" in his stead. And it is a little amusing to see how alert is Professor Davidson in hastening to save ("with the utmost regret for Mr. Donnelly's sake," regardless of the fame of the "immortal bard of Avon") a reputation for Shakespearean scholarship that has hitherto stood very high. Prof. Davidson's second article on "The Great Cryptogram" is more instructive, as well as more assuring than his first. Yet the closing sentences of this last article leave us in doubt as to his faith in *our* Shakespeare.

The Shakespeare Society of New York, whose membership includes many students of the great dramatist living in other parts of the country, and of which society Mr. Appleton Morgan of this city is president, has published the first volume of their edition of "The Comedies, Histories and Tragedies of Mr. William Shakespeare, as presented at the Globe and Blackfriars Theatres, *circa* 1591–1623." The plan of this edition is to give the text furnished to the players in parallel pages with that of the revision, or first folio. In this plan seems to lie the chief value of this twenty-volume limited edition, now offered to the public. Mr. Morgan edits the work, and writes an introduction to the first volume which consists of "The Merry Wives of Windsor."

It is but a short time since the Messrs. Estes & Lauriat began to issue their edition of Duruy's "History of Rome and the Roman People," edited by Prof. J. P. Mahaffy. This is an *édition de luxe*, consisting of 1,000 copies in sixteen imperial octavo volumes, and sold at $160 a copy. The entire edition has been placed. About three hundred copies were furnished to the public and private libraries of this city. This is noteworthy evidence of the increasing interest in historical literature. Nor does the growing interest in Roman and Greek history take from the public appreciation for new books on American history and literature. "The Narrative and Critical History of America" continues to be received with favor as each succeeding volume of the work appears. Vol. VI. is the last published. Some readers and good critics object to the plan of many writers of unequal abilities and diversities of style in the same work. This certainly is a fault, but one which is more than compensated by the great value of the work as an exhaustive compilation of the facts of American history critically reviewed and arranged.

It is a very encouraging sign of the times that American publishers meet with substantial sympathy in their most ambitious and liberal literary ventures. It is further most gratifying to be able to note the promise of a better day for American authorship in the more favorable attitude of the National Legislature to the rightful claims of "home" writers on the Government for protection. For as we write, the hope for a just copyright law seems to be well grounded.

There seems to be no good reason why "summer readers" should drift into indolent habits of merely absorbing without mental effort the lighter works of fiction. Of course every demand will be met, and the shallow brain will be supplied with what it calls for. But true recreation for the healthfully vigorous must have suitable play for its powers. Nothing can be more wearisome to such a mind, even in the heated days of summer, than the "light literature" found everywhere on news-stands, in railway cars, and places of resort for vacation pleasures. To such readers, a new and "popular edition" of George Meredith's "Ordeal of Richard Feverel" (Roberts Bros.) will be especially welcome. Nor can we see why this, "one of the greatest works of fiction," should be the exclusive pleasure and possession of exceptionally strong minds. The masses are now reading Dickens and Thackeray and George Eliot. They will enjoy and profit by an acquaintance with George Meredith's works, and particularly this one, which is not the less entertaining because profound in its study of human nature. The superficial reader may find at times a seemingly obscure sentence, a paragraph difficult to understand, but the intense earnestness of the author will finally fix his interest and engage his best thoughts.

Roberts Brothers give to the American public a rare treat in Katharine Prescott Wormely's fine translation of Balzac's beautiful creation "Modeste Mignon." One who reads it for the first time enjoys a delicious literary feast, the memory of which lingers in the mind and heightens intellectual desire. The description of "Modeste" is incomparable. There is nowhere in literature so perfect a portrait, so complete a picture in even the minutest details, so fine a specimen of pure art. We need go no farther to be

convinced that Balzac "surpasses all others in fiction by as much as Shakespeare surpasses all others in poetry."

A Teacher of the Violin and Other Tales, by J. H. Shorthouse. (Macmillan & Co.) "John Inglesant" has been described by the greatest of living Englishmen, an authority not less weighty in literature than in politics, as the "greatest work since Romola." We see no resemblance between this writer and "George Eliot," except the likeness of great intellectual power expressing its forces in quite different, not to say opposite, ways. George Eliot, in all her writings is subjective and analytic. She engages and surprises us with views of deep things in life and character. In the mysteries and labyrinths of these, led by her master-hand, we are prone to forget external nature.

The writer of the stories before us is objective in his method and leads us out of ourselves. He speaks to us in terms of nature rather than of mind. In a manner and style most attractive he appeals to our sense of the beautiful in nature and art. In "A Teacher of the Violin" the story is of a life instinct with passion for beauties that charm the soul through eye and ear and voice. The boy was "profoundly impressed by the sounds of nature: the rushing water, the rustling oaks, the sighing and moaning winds down the mountain-valleys spoke to me with distinct utterance and with a sense of meaning and of speech. These sounds were more even than this: they became a passion, a fascination, a haunting presence, and even a dread."

In the "Marquis de St. Palaye" we have a polished gentleman and courtier, "a man of the world" at thirty, "one of the handsomest and most distinguished of his day . . . His features were faultlessly cut, and the expression, though weary and perhaps almost insolent, bore slight marks of dissipation, and the glance of his eyes was serene and even kindly." The Marquis and the Mademoiselle de Frontênac are about to be married. On the day of the expected wedding a strange circumstance occurs: Mademoiselle does not love the Marquis, but the Chevalier de Grissolles, her playmate from youth. On the day named, these two lovers meet and walk together in the bypaths of the romantic neighborhood of the Chateau de Frontênac. "The lady was of supreme beauty even for a romance, and was dressed with a magnificence which at any other period would have been fantastic in a wood." . . . His face was very handsome, and the expression on the whole was good. . . . The girl came down the path clinging to his arm." The Marquis and they meet. What occurs? Nothing, except unspeakable embarrassment on the part of the lovers and apologies on the part of the Marquis, who assures them that it was blundering, a "gaucherie" in him thus to interrupt their enjoyment. On the day appointed the Marquis and Mademoiselle are espoused. The lovers continue to meet. The Marquis admires his promised bride and suppresses all signs of distrustful feeling, and manifests no resentment towards her lover. Gradually Mademoiselle is estranged from the Chevalier, and finally refuses to see him. The mystery of the story lies in the character and action of the Marquis.

In this character we are reminded of "Grandcourt" in the "Daniel Deronda" of George Eliot. But here again the methods of the authors are in contrast. The searching analysis of George Eliot lays bare the very springs and motives to action in the life of Grandcourt. The character of the Marquis is better drawn, in that his subtlety is hidden in his mastery of himself, despite his passion. He acted with the forbearance of a true Christian; but we are quite sure he was not one, being made so to believe by the author, although the Marquis puts a climax to his self-possession by willing a large amount of property to his rival.

Len Gansett, by Opie P. Reed, editor of *The Arkansaw Traveler*, is one of the best of Ticknor & Co.'s "Paper Series." It is a strong story of Southwestern life, the scene being laid in Arkansas. The plot is very simple, with not many striking diversities of character, yet some that impress the reader as distinct and positive individualities. The feeling of the reader is almost irresistible that the author of the story is but telling his own life and experiences in the character of his hero. To one who knows in his own person the early life of the West and South there is nothing improbable in the events, scenes and persons portrayed. As we read we believe the tale, and feel sure that we have known just such a hero and heroine as "Len Gansett" and "Ned Hobdy," just such an educated villain as "Col. Bently," just such an honest, uncultured, but strong-natured old pioneer as "Bob Gansett," just such a simple-hearted, trustful old "mother" as "Sarah Gansett," the wife, just such a fool of a Western editor and politician as "Dockery," just such a trifling but good-hearted incompetent as "Old Braley," and just such a repulsive, unbearable "natural cuss" as "Honeycutt."

The style of the author is clear, simple, strong, and throughout as true to nature as life itself, in the language he puts into the mouths of his characters; and there are not a few fine passages in the book, the more striking by reason of their simplicity and transparent truthfulness.

Ethics of Boxing and Manly Sport, by John Boyle O'Reilly (Ticknor & Co.). This title strikes us as at once singular and interesting. Gymnastics and poetry were kindred

passions with the classic Greeks; but among moderns, in the light of a more humane civilization, some will question the view that may regard John L. Sullivan and "Charlie" Mitchell champions of a gospel of ethics. Nor is it plain how the genius of John Boyle O'Reilly can safely disport itself on a pegasus of the "Ring." And yet he rides the animal well, for this book is made to good purpose and is well written. It is a handsome octavo of 350 pages. Here and there are illustrations, some of which do not strongly appeal to the æsthetic sense.

The body and mind were made for each other. They live and grow together. The neglect to educate one will leave the other more susceptible to the causes of disease, decay, and death. The chances for healthful happiness and long life are greatest for "the sound mind in a sound body."

But the means of *ethical* culture for either body or mind must be chosen with great care. Physical exercise is indispensable to an approving stomach, pure blood, firm nerves, an erect form, and correct manners. Within such surroundings, with organs that respond readily to the command of the will, the mind may "play" at ease and the conscience have less excuse for vagrancy and self-deception.

The "manly art of self-defense," especially boxing, to become a means of true culture, must be quite separated from the demoralizing conditions that usually attend it. Happily Mr. O'Reilly's book treats the subject of physical exercise in an intelligent and large-minded way, and after the first few chapters on boxing we follow his pages with interest and pleasure. The chapters on the Greek games, their physical culture, etc., are excellent. "Play is the gymnastics of nature," says the author in his Introduction· "and that artificial exercise is best which comes nearest to it in interest and amusement." But the essential quality of *play* is that it brings pleasure, enjoyment, not harm nor suffering.

Considerable space is given to the artificial training of athletes. But considerations of proper food and drink, due alternations of rest with labor, perfect respiration in pure air, full complements of leisure and sleep, are just as important to every man, whatever his occupation, as to the professional gymnast. And, therefore, to every man who would make the most of his intellectual, as well as physical, powers the chapters on training will be found instructive and useful. There is much sound teaching in the chapters on "Exercise for City Dwellers and School Children," and the following portions on "Corpulence, Diet, and Sleep." "Hints for Training" and "Good Health" are full of practical and valuable suggestions. Then comes one of special interest to the curious student, on "Ancient Irish Athletic Games and Weapons."

The last few chapters of Mr. O'Reilly's book will prove of special interest to the hard-worked denizen of the city who looks eagerly forward to his few weeks of vacation in the summer months and to such restful "play" as will bring renewed health and vigor. And what more fascinating and inspiriting pleasure than canoeing on our own beautiful rivers that wind in graceful ways among scenes of ever-varying interest!

Morris's Atalanta, etc. Edited by Oscar Fay Adams and William J. Rolfe. (Ticknor & Co.) This little volume, designed for the use of schools, consists of selections of poems from William Morris's "Earthly Paradise."

The reader familiar with the plan of "The Earthly Paradise" will remember that it "consists in the relation at fortnightly feasts of certain mediæval and classical tales told alternately by wanderers and by men of the 'seed of the Ionian race,' whose guests they have become," and the stories are shaped to accord with the varying seasons of the year. The selections here presented are intended for the spring.

Skillful teachers whose minds are educated up to a fair standard in literary attainments and tastes will not fail to make good use of such admirable books for the culture of their pupils. Fortunately for the youth, the time has gone by when the proper work of the schoolroom was restricted to the "three R's."

The editors of this book of literature for schools have, by a carefully prepared "Introduction," well chosen illustrations, and a full appendix of "Notes," made it a very useful and profitable volume for the study of young scholars. A book designed to be a text-book in literary study for the youth should be perfect to the last degree. This one seems fairly to meet the requirement.

In *Queen Money*, by the author of the "Story of Margaret Kent," (Ticknor & Co.) we have a story excelling even that most interesting one. It deals with somewhat the same phase of New York life as the former story, and surpasses it in brightness and vigor. The sketches of newspaper and other writers, while they may not be actual portraits, yet, have so many of the characteristics of prominent literary people, that one can almost name them, especially "Clayton White." There is a chapter devoted to a dinner party, and one to an afternoon tea, that are as charming bits of writing as it has been our good fortune to read for a long time.

The character studies are admirable, and the conversations are bright, witty and enjoyable. Altogether, the author has written a most readable and interesting book, a worthy companion to "Margaret Kent," and whetted our appetites for more.

XUM

The D. Lothrop Company, publishers, have hit upon a plan of making us acquainted with the history of our own country, which, if continued as begun in *The Story of New York*, by Elbridge S. Brooks, will merit a generous patronage. The plan proposes histories of the several States of the Union by different writers, the series to be edited by Mr. Brooks.

The "Story" of the "Empire State," for many good reasons, is a fit beginning; for, although not the first colony settled, it would appear to furnish initial events of the most importance and interest to the whole country. The first decisive battle of the Revolution was won in the Empire State.

Most histories of cities and states are dry reading. Few read them for pastime or pleasure. Mr. Brooks has written an entertaining and very useful book, and one which will, doubtless, be read by young and old with appreciative interest. It should readily find a place in the school libraries everywhere. The hero of the "Story" is of the plain unromantic sort, but his character is one well worthy of study, and the real events and scenes through which his career leads will be found not less thrilling in interest, because actual.

Teunis Jansen, a youth of nineteen, who lands at New Amsterdam in 1657, forms, with his family and descendants, the central figures of the story, and they represent the average citizen, around whom gather the historic facts of the State.

The illustrations of the book, excepting portraits, are original designs by Bridgeman, and are particularly pleasing and suitable, though the one map given seems quite inferior to the general make-up of the book, which, indeed, deserves to be supplied with several good maps showing local changes in the history of the State.

There is added to the "Story," a synopsis of the Constitution of the State, a very full summary of events, chronologically arranged, a list of works that bear upon the history, and a good general index at the close.

A handsome "Library Edition" (cloth, gilt-top) of the novels of Walter Besant and James Rice, has been published by Dodd, Mead & Co. The two volumes before us are *My Little Girl* and *The Golden Butterfly*, the former being already known to a large class of readers and the latter having been first published in the London *World*. The "Golden Butterfly" is dedicated to Edmund Yates, editor of the *World*. There is a finely etched portrait of Mr. Walter Besant opposite the title-page. The merits of the associated writings of these two authors are so well known and appreciated by the literary public, that very little need be said here. They of course belong to high-class works of fiction, which afford to readers much more than mere pastime and momentary pleasure. A curious freak of nature furnishes the title, "The Golden Butterfly." This story impresses us as one of great power. Its descriptions of Western scenes and characters especially, are life-like, and serve as a strangely interesting introduction to a story whose chief personages with their parts are transferred to the Old World.

Dodd, Mead & Co. have issued two stories in paper covers, by E. P. Roe: *An Original Belle*, which is a new issue of one of Mr. Roe's best novels, and *Found yet Lost*, a short and entertaining story of the war. The sterling, wholesome character of Mr. Roe's writings, their large-hearted patriotism with a generous interest in the misguided South, are well-known to his thousands of readers.

His heroine Marian Vosburgh, in "An Original Belle," too easily perhaps for human nature, in general, relinquishes her coquetry and disposition to trifle with the feelings of her admirers, but the character on the whole is quite conceivable, and finely drawn.

To the mind of the writer, Hobart Martine, in "Found yet Lost," also shows a moral strength quite unusual under the influence of a pure passion that had fairly won a rightful claim to its most desirable object "Helen Kemble."

Quite remarkable, too, is the author's treatment of Captain Nicoll's case, the original lover in "Found yet Lost." He is wounded in "The Wilderness," not fatally, but loses all consciousness of a former life, which is not recovered, not even at sight of "Helen Kemble," until on the verge of death, when the passion of patriotism is made to appear stronger than that of love, and he dies with his last command, "Forward, Company A, Guide Right," on his lips.

THE CALENDAR OF HEALTH.

Jottings for June.

THIS month and October ought to be the healthiest of the year in Northern latitudes, and they usually are. Of October I shall speak later, and am delighted that June has come to talk of now.

Winter and frigid spring have departed, and warm airs, so long detained by the way, have reached our waiting land. That everlasting hawking which is caused by nasal catarrh has lessened or is gone with other cold-air accompaniments, and heavy overcoats are packed away for a time.

Let us enjoy the delicious temperature while we have it, for its duration seems to grow shorter every year in our Northern homes; but the pleasure, to be rational and helpful, must be guided by laws of health. With heavy clothing, heavy food should be discontinued. The blood, laden all the winter with carbon that was shut up in our bodies by closed skins, needs thinning down. There is no longer call for great fires within, to keep up vital temperature to its standard; the beneficent sun has come north for that purpose, and carbon may be replaced with lighter fuel in the human laboratory. Fruits, fresh vegetables and the variety of sea food that summer brings to market are all of value, and should be freely eaten, especially in the morning. When stomachs are empty their lining membrane is covered with mucus that ought to be cleared away before food is introduced, and nothing does this better than subacid fruit juices. A couple of oranges eaten before breakfast, as is universally done in tropical climates, is a pick-me-up far more effective and thorough than any stimulant, and one that recommends itself to everybody.

Cherries, strawberries and bananas are equally useful if not equally well liked; and choice may extend to a much larger list. Perhaps there are not many who know that bananas are much better cooked than raw, and nobody who has eaten one baked like a potato will preferably take the fruit natural again. Put it in its skin upon a plate into a quick oven, and when thoroughly soft it is done, the operation requiring about ten minutes. When eaten thus with a little salt, it is delicious, very digestible and very nutritious. Try it.

I am convinced that three hearty meals are too many in warm weather. Absorbents cannot care for so much carbon, and it is not assimilated, remaining an irritative foreign substance until rejected. Breakfast and dinner alone should be complete in this respect; luncheon and supper ought to be very light.

It is essentially necessary to change clothing, but the difference should be in external garments only, at least in material. Neither in warm nor cool weather ought underclothing to be other than woolen, and that is supplied at present of such fineness of texture as to be as soft as silk. With skin well protected in this way, outer garments may conform to our sudden changes with considerable impunity.

I have recently been asked about the climate of the Pacific slope in summer, as a sanitarium, and do not hesitate to pronounce it bad. Dry harsh winds are common, and in larger towns there are constant clouds of dust. The journey thither for people who do not like sea travel is uninteresting and costly, with so little change from the average East that it scarcely pays for the trouble.

Delightful though a steady temperature is, climate is by no means all of travel, even from a health point. These June days, when every thrill of life within us answers to the call of Nature's holiday and longs for an outing, there are few who cannot take an opportunity, however small, to revel in sunshine, free air and the music that sounds from singing trees and brooks.

There is in change of place alone, and of environment, a subtle influence for good that is most potent; an influence felt as keenly by the bootblack coming back from a day at Canarsie as by his more fortunate brother whose longer holiday gives him a journey to historic lands. When drugs fail and doctors despair of cure, a trip away has often proved most effective. Dull eyes brighten in anticipation, and long-absent appetite comes again by thinking of something new to eat.

Maps and guide-books are ransacked for information; trunks and general outfit are hunted up, and I have said *bon voyage* more than once to departing invalids who had been, without this stimulus, on their way to the grave.

So the Calendar wishes that all its readers may have an outing, and holds its own wide experience of travel quite at their disposal to consult.

During warm weather, much attention must be paid to bathing. Pores that have been inactive during winter are thawed out again and at work.

To do their duty they must be kept clear, needing daily care. This matter of bathing cannot be made to fit any rigid rules; for it is rare to find two persons who are affected alike by contact with water in a bath. Some cannot bear cold, others are depressed by

heat, and each must consult his own likes in this important matter. Only, the skin must be completely cleansed once in twenty-four hours, or the neglect will make itself felt in disturbance somewhere in the system. Perhaps a plan that will come nearest to a general one is a warm shower or sponge bath at bedtime, followed by a brisk rubbing with a rough towel. It is essential that soap should be used. Our skins are plentifully supplied with oil, which forms a coating over sweat gland openings that can not readily be started with water alone. A little soap does it at once, and leaves the surface pure, flexible and velvet soft, besides being in its best condition for work.

Where a daily bath of water is not well borne or not obtainable, a good sharp rubbing with a dry towel is next best; but in modern houses there are not many that lack provision for ablution.

For several years I have marked a gradual, steady improvement in the physique of our women, due to a better understanding of physiology and observance of sanitary law. Comparatively few remain who compress vital organs into wasp waists by lacing; sanitary underclothing is more generally worn, and heavy boots with low heels have taken the place of the ridiculous French abominations that once deformed women's feet and ruined their natural gait. False modesty has given place to true with very great gain to female health and corresponding increase of promise for coming generations.

We are training physically the future children when we give their prospective mothers better, stronger bodies; and physicians rejoice with the advent of every plan for further gain in this regard. Systematic out-of-door exercise is the very best prescription that can be given to women during June, and a few hints as to its employment will answer many questions that have been asked me lately.

It is useless and worse, to persist in claiming that physical exercise for men and women should be alike either in degree or kind. In happy, sexless childhood, boys and girls may indeed be allowed the same diversions and muscle training: but when their lives begin to separate by development of sexual instincts (and it is marvellous how early those occasionally manifest themselves), it is no longer practicable nor right to insist upon a similarity of exercise for dissimilar structures. Neither by nature nor by training are men and women alike, and every attempt to make them so in physical capacity only acts injuriously upon the weaker sex. The question is, then:

What summer exercises are best for women; not only for those whose fortunate position gives them exemption from handiwork, but for all, workers and idlers alike?

This very day a lady came to my rooms suffering agony of pain with nervous headache. It had been a perfect specimen of a late spring morning, yet she drove the half mile from her house and came in as feebly as if long an invalid.

"Why, madam, what has tired you so?" I asked, noting her fatigue.

"House-cleaning, doctor. We have been delayed a month, and now everything is in an awful mess at home, and I have had far too much to do with strange people about."

"Have you had any exercise lately?"

"Exercise? What do you mean? Have n't I just told you that I am worn out with work?"

"Yes, I understand that, but exercise is by no means work; it is a sort of play."

"Then please don't mention it now, for I must go back and at it again. Give me something for this awful headache. I can get the prescription filled on my way home."

"Not this one, madam. Tell your driver to go half a mile further up the street, then get out and walk back, taking an hour for the trip. Stop here on your way back and I will have the medicine ready."

A delightful afternoon sun made one of those perfect days that chase away nervousness like smoke before a wind, and when my patient returned the headache had not come with her; it was gone.

"Well, are you ready for the medicine?" I asked.

"Perhaps I had better have it for another attack, doctor; but I am very much better now."

"Yes; you have been exercising, which means invigoration, versus work that is exhaustive. Do you see the difference?"

Women seem to think that house-work, the daily toil which reaches from sun to sun, is sufficient; whereas it is as apart from exercise as labor is from rest, as this incident will show. And yet to be at its best, our exercise must be so regular and systematic as to seem almost like toil. For a general rule, there is no form that does women so much good as walking. The best period is the forenoon, when natural forces are mounting up and carrying weakness upon their tide. After the morning bath and toilette, and one's time will permit the arrangement, an early breakfast of milk and a biscuit should be taken and a start made.

All garments should be loose and easy with double-soled walking boots. If one must go alone, a route should be chosen offering interesting points by the way, which, however, should not be tarried at, the object being to throw into vigorous continued action each muscle-fibre of trunk and legs, thus causing deeper inspiration and more rapid circulation.

Fatigue is necessary, cannot be avoided; but should never be carried to the verge of exhaustion.

A moderately strong woman should commence with a mile as minimum, to be gradually increased to four, and the latter distance should be taken in two hours.

Returning, a rest is necessary, but all clothing should be changed first if any perspiration has occurred.

After an hour, a hearty breakfast may be eaten and our lady is ready for the day's labor, responsibility or society duties, as the case may be.

Horseback riding is advantageous to young women only. After maternity has crowned them it is too violent to be safe, and indeed is rarely attractive. It can never be of equal value hygienically with walking, but may supplement it where circumstances seem to make it desirable.

But for youthful maidens who have learned to ride, there is, in a gallop over a country-road a wild exhilaration that has few equals—when cavaliers are of the chosen band—and it has the immense advantage over walking, that it is expensive. People are always more ready to adhere to costly advice than cheap, especially when they can ill afford it. Riding is as useful in afternoon as in the early day; should not, as a rule, be longer than the two hours allotted for the longest walk, and never should be indulged in with a full stomach. Violent attacks of dyspepsia have followed neglect of the last suggestion.

After watching results from cycling in several cases, I am satisfied that it is not fitted for women. The peculiar motion produces rhythmic contractions of abdominal and pelvic muscles that act unfavorably upon organs to which they are attached, resembling the effect of steady work upon a sewing machine. Much more might be said in this direction were it necessary; but American roads act as so potent a hindrance to widespread tandem riding that it is scarcely likely to demand much medical attention. Nor does the nervous temperament of our women favor its increase. It is too slow, demands too much labor, and lacks the stimulus of accessibility, besides needing a companion. It will not become general.

Lawn tennis is without doubt the best all-round exercise for women in vogue. It combines training of eye and muscle with steady, even, gentle and effective development of lungs and heart capacity, and demands open air. If our girls would only follow examples that have been set them in other countries, and leave off corsets altogether when preparing for the game, there would be but one thing lacking to make it the ideal of female exercise—that is, the equal use of both hands. Tennis has been objected to because it develops one side of the body and not the other; a fault hard to overcome, it is true, but not insurmountable. If the racket is held in each hand in turn for half an hour daily while practice serving is made, less than a month will be required to use both hands at will, an immense advantage in the game, and the body will develop symmetrically.

This objection obtains with far greater force in fencing, a play that is somewhat popular for women in certain cities. Here the right side is almost exclusively used, and only a cursory study of the figure of a swordsman will convince a medical man of the unwisdom of "la fleurette" for women. It has the additional disadvantage of being competitive to a degree that usually arouses temper, and of being carried on in close rooms. Like cycling, it is too unlikely to spread widely to need much attention here.

Rowing is undeniably good. Every muscle of the body is regularly and synchronously exercised, and development proceeds with symmetrical regularity, while over-fatigue is avoided by the many rests called for by lovely scenery or other interruptions.

Nothing can be pleasanter, "more fun," than a boating trip upon some pretty river, where the company is equally divided as to sex and the weather is auspicious.

In whatever form our women exercise, however, it should be said that perseverance is a main factor.

To walk a mile to-day and rest to-morrow because muscles are tired and ache a little, is unscientific. Better begin small, and steadily increase. It is absolute regularity that tells in this as in every other form of cure.

William F. Hutchinson, M. D.

TIMELY TOPICS.*

Country Home vs. Country Boarding.

SHALL we board, or shall we rent a small cottage? This is a question often asked just now by those contemplating spending the summer in the country. Some ladies look forward to the country as a playground, and think the cares of housekeeping are to be left with the cobble-stones. These are content to endure the discomforts of boarding for its attendant leisure. Under no circumstances can a family with children be absolutely comfortable at a boarding-house. No reflection, however, is intended on well-managed country boarding-houses; many of them are admirably kept, and are to an extent something like home. To an extent only; for there is a freedom, an enjoyment about a country home that the boarder can never experience. Then there are a great many people who advertise for summer boarders without the most remote idea of making their guests comfortable. In fact, they have not the means nor the advantages to do so, had they the best ideas in the world. They buy their groceries at a second-rate country store; have no chickens on the place, and therefore no eggs; and there is possibly an ill-kept garden which produces nothing. In this case the boarder eats vegetables and chickens from the market-house in the city; and drinks milk brought to him by the same milkman who furnished it to him there. He really profits naught by his exchange of comfort for discomfort, save in breathing pure air; and there is a very fair chance of that not being as pure as he breathed in the city.

The privations and discomforts endured by seekers after health and happiness in country boarding-houses are great. The house is often lonesome, the surroundings dirty, the host and hostess uncongenial; there are no books and few newspapers; from the porch you gaze on the one side at the barnyard, and on the other at a monotonous stubblefield; your children get mixed up with horned cattle; your room is in a garret—and where is there a hotter place than a country garret after the sun has glared a long summer's day on the shingles?

If you will board, you can always find somebody of reduced circumstances with a boarding house. Here you will be obliged to pay a large amount, but you will live, you will find pleasant people around you, and the table will remind you of your own.

If you wish to live retired, seek out a large farm where chickens and cows are kept; where the hostess is clean and pleasant, and where the host has an idea about the laws of health in the arrangement of barn and cesspool. Do not be inveigled by advertisements; if you cannot find comfort in the country, keep the comfort you had in the town, and be thankful.

But why board at all? On the course of every railroad leading through our large cities, whole rows of suburban cottages are springing up. Cozy little cottages they are, with from one and a half to two acres of land attached, and renting for say three hundred dollars per annum.

Why not take one of these?

"Too expensive; can't possibly afford it; don't want a house for a year; don't want to pay a gardener twenty dollars a month, nor pay fifty dollars for a cow. No; out of the question!"

Notwithstanding your positive position, the question may be argued. The rent can be reduced, and you need not keep the house for a year. You take it for twelve months from the first of May, and you propose leaving the first of October. There will be seven months during which the house will be unoccupied. Now, about the middle of August offer to rent your house to some clever laboring man for seven dollars a month. Between that time and the first of October you will find several who will be glad to get such comfortable winter quarters for so little money. Rent your house to the clever laborer. He won't hurt it. Two days, a woman and a scrubbing brush will make it as clean as a new pin if you resolve to return next May; and you have reduced your rent to $250.

Now as to the gardener: you don't want him, for you don't want a garden.

"A country-place without a garden is something like the play of 'Hamlet' minus *Hamlet*," you say.

It is, somewhat; a garden is a very pleasant thing, but, like many other things, it is expensive unless you do all the gardening yourself, which would be as likely to result in sunstroke as in any very remarkable vegetable productions. In your neighborhood there are a number of people who have gardens; and these people will be glad to sell you what vegetables you need, as cheap as you could possibly raise them, and with much less expenditure of worry and vexation. Besides, if you have only two acres you have no room for a garden; you need the grass as pasture for your cow.

"Keep a cow, and dispense with a garden?"

*The pages of this department will be exclusively filled with short articles from our readers; and the Magazine will not be responsible for their sentiments.

Certainly. It is astonishing the amount of happiness that can be drawn from a cow. A family may be able to do with two quarts of milk, but the same family will just as easily consume eight and be all the better for it. Besides, no matter from whom you buy your milk you cannot feel that sense of security which is felt by the owner of a cow.

"But a cow is a very expensive luxury for a few months!" Not if properly purchased. Go to a cow-dealer in the neigborhood and ask him for a fairly good animal, and he, for forty dollars, will supply you with as good a one as you require. Then tell him you will take the cow providing he will agree to buy her back at the end of the summer. There will be no difficulty in arranging such a bargain, and he will give you a guarantee to pay you twenty-five dollars for the cow at the close of the season. As you are very likely averse to milking the animal yourself, you must have help. For eight dollars a month you can secure the services of a half-grown boy who will be able to do all the chores about the place. During the summer the cost of keeping a cow is very little. Having no garden, you have ample pasturage for her, and a dollar a week will buy her other feed.

Then you want chickens. As these can be sold in the fall for what you paid for them in the spring, the cost will be practically nothing; and the comfort in the shape of eggs and young chickens will pay an enormous interest on the investment.

Now let us look at a few figures:

Dr.	Rent of country place, a year,	$300
	Cost of half-grown boy, 5 months, at $8,	40
	Cost of cook, 5 " " 10,	50
	Cost of living, including only those provisions which a boarder would not be obliged to purchase, at $10 per week,	200
	Cost of cow,	50
	Cost of feeding cow, at $1 a week,	20
	Gross cost,	$660
Cr.	Amount received for renting place 7 months, at $7, $49,	
	Returned for cow, 25	74
	Net cost of renting country-place for 5 months,	$586

This is a very fair calculation. Many such places may be rented for two hundred dollars a year, and all the other sums in the above table ought to exceed the requirements of an ordinary family.

Now, suppose you board. If you go to a first-class place where congenial company and good table and accommodations are a certainty, you will have to pay from $18 to $20 a week. Boarding-houses where you can be very uncomfortable can be found for as little as seven dollars a week; and so a very fair medium ought to be secured at $10 for adults and half price for children and nurse. At this rate your board, with a few necessary extras, will amount to $550 for five months, which would show only a difference of $36 in favor of boarding.

But the $36 fades away when you add to the credit of your country-place account one hundred dollars worth of comfort—a small amount when you consider the inestimable advantage of the privacy of the grounds, the freedom of your children to romp and run about without getting into a general melée with other children, and, above all, the power of looking after the sanitary condition of cellar and surroundings.

At a hundred dollars increased expense, a country home for five months is cheap, compared with the discomforts of a boarding-house.

Jas. C. Plummer.

Public School Supervision.

THE schools of the country have been made what they are chiefly by the intelligent efforts of the teachers themselves.

Boards of Education and school officers, other than professional educators, such as superintendents, principals of primary, grammar, high and normal schools, have done very little towards the improvement in the methods of teaching, text-books, schoolroom helps, apparatus, etc.; indeed they do well if they duly appreciate the services of qualified teachers and properly second their endeavors to keep in advance of a rapidly developing civilization. For, the true teacher must, in an important sense, lead society. He must prepare the minds of a new generation for advance work in which there will be elements of thought, and science, and art, not yet given definitive expression. It may be doubted, indeed, whether there are many such prophets, gifted with power to see what may be the products of causes and tendencies at the present stirring in human affairs. The circumstances require that there should be some. These are the true "leading educators." They should be sought out, and set in high places.

Educational reforms, in many instances, have first found expression in professional meetings—teachers' conventions and institutes, state and national.

Of course, literature and art naturally spring up and thrive superficially where wealth accumulates, but they take deep root, flourish and abide permanently, only in communities where the masses of the people are so cultivated as to value and duly appreciate them.

The teachers in the public schools should be known as foremost in all pursuits that pertain to the culture and refinement of society.

The truth is, that here, in this great city of magnificent prospects and ambitious charities, the high art of teaching is but poorly appreciated, even by those who are especially

entrusted with its promotion. For a teacher's pay is measured, not by the skill with which she plies her art, but by the number of heads she can muster at roll-call.

There is no more important work to be done for the community than this one of education. There is none more difficult and delicate. From Socrates down, minds of the best quality have esteemed it a becoming vocation.

A capable, skillful teacher has, by virtue of these qualities, more than an ordinary mind. And this is equally true, from first to last, of those who teach the youngest members of the primary classes, as well as of those who put the finishing touches to the education of a graduate from the university curriculum. None but the best minds should be employed to do any part of the work of teaching. And their services should be more highly appreciated than those of any other class in the community.

But public instruction in the towns and cities of the country is becoming more and more an organized labor. It is not merely the work of a single instructor with an individual mind, guiding it through all the steps of its progressive course, but of many teachers suiting their efforts to many minds at the different stages of their intellectual advancement.

A well organized and classified school, complete in all its appointments, and manned with thoroughly qualified teachers is one of the finest products of a democratic civilization. A group of such schools under one management, or supervision, constitutes a city system of schools, and the work of directing and controlling such a system is the most difficult duty in the business of education. The function of supervision is comparatively new in the history of education, and its importance has developed very rapidly in the past few years.

New York. *C.*

OPEN LETTERS.

Is Mr. Ingersoll an Atheist?

I HAVE often heard it stated that Mr. Robert G. Ingersoll, the orator, is not so much an atheist as he is a *professional* atheist, and the concluding paragraph of his recent eulogy of the departed Roscoe Conkling would seem decidedly to bear out this statement. The paragraph referred to is appended, the Italics, of course, being mine:

> And as he (Mr. Conkling) lived, he died. Proudly he entered the darkness—or the dawn—that we call death. Unshrinkingly he passed beyond our horizon, beyond the twilight's purple hills, beyond the utmost reach of human harm or help—*to that vast realm of silence or of joy where the innumerable dwell;* and he has left with us his wealth of thought and deed—the memory of a brave, imperious, honest man, who bowed alone to death.

Evidently, Mr. Ingersoll believes in something beyond the grave.

New York. *E. D. A.*

About Sensational Preaching.

I THINK that the department in the AMERICAN MAGAZINE called the "American Pulpit" is an exceedingly valuable feature. What is wanted now-a-days is a religion that will enter into our daily life and business, and yet not so obtrude itself as to become obnoxious. Still there seems to be rather a tendency to give preference to sensational religious matter in your columns; and, in regard to this, I desire to enter a protest.

It does to me appear a very open question whether the beneficial results of the efforts of sensational preachers are at all comparable with those of the pious, industrious, steady-going ministers of the Gospel. I will grant that a sensational minister does "draw a crowd." I will further admit that many of the crowd he draws would not otherwise go to church. These are, however, I think, the only advantages that are usually claimed for sensational preaching. One of the many points against sensationalism in the pulpit is that it has a tendency to undermine your confidence in the minister's sincerity. When you perceive him going out of his way to make a point seemingly on the spur of the moment, for his congregation either to laugh at or applaud—and if the applause does not come readily, he will stand still and wait for it; and when you are informed that the same spontaneous (?) point has been studied out a week before and sent to newspapers to be published as a telegram on the Monday morning—such a man, to my mind, seems to be seeking an immediate result from his work, rather than in pursuing a doctrine of love of God and love of fellow-men, and waiting for his reward in another and better world. I have been to a church of a sensational minister when the sermon has been a secondary matter; when the advertisement of a summer excursion has almost taken more time than the sermon, and yet the congregation appeared to be perfectly satisfied.

Now, when I go to church I believe in going for the good of my soul; and when I see in my favorite magazine a department so valuable and so capable of producing good results, I do not, as I said before, believe in seeing its beneficial effects nullified without entering my protest.

Brooklyn, N. Y. *J. J. S.*

XUM

"Mumps Is, or Mumps Are."

WE were sitting in our pleasant breakfast room, at Ashburn on the Hudson, one balmy morning in the summer of 1881, when the morning newspaper was brought in, and immediately each member of the home circle was alert. The heart of the whole nation was aching, for the beloved President, James A. Garfield, was hanging between life and death, and news of his condition was the first inquiry on the arrival of the daily papers.

While we were discussing the case, the dear mother said, "I should judge from this that mumps is malarious."

"What!" we exclaimed, "mumps *is;* why, mother, we have caught you at last!"

Now, mother was an authority on the use of language, so we immediately began to discuss the pros and cons, and after careful deliberation the writer was the only one to adhere to the plural verb.

Later in the day some Vassar graduates happened in, and the question was submitted to them, and was again decided in favor of *is*. Now, the verdict of a Vassar graduate is deemed as all-sufficient as was Cæsar's decree, but the writer was nothing if not obstinate, and she determined to ascertain what scholars generally thought of the matter, trivial as it was, and so she wrote to several gentlemen whose authority is undeniable; and these are the answers she received, which show, in a humble way, that there are

"MANY MEN OF MANY MINDS."

Dear ——As the mumps commonly or frequently at least affect both sides, I should, as I have here done, complete the word with a plural verb. I don't think you would say, "My scissors *is* used to cut out an autograph," but "My scissors *are* used for that purpose."—Yours very truly,

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

Beverly Farms, Mass., Sept. 23, 1881.

VASSAR COLLEGE, Sept 14, 1881.

That *mumps* as the name of a disease is a singular noun hardly admits of question. You might as soon call *measles or molasses* plural because they terminate in *s*.

I suppose I am only asked my opinion, and not the reasons for it. S. L. CALDWELL.

NEW YORK, Sept. 14, 1881.

Dear Madam—Both Webster and Worcester agree that the word "mumps" is plural, and it ought to be used with a verb of the same number.—Yours very truly, J. G. HOLLAND.

WEST NEW BRIGHTON, STATEN ISLAND, N. Y., Oct. 17, 1881.

Dear Madam—Mumps is undoubtedly a noun in the singular number, like politics.

The singular verb in both cases is correct, although it sounds incorrectly.—Truly yours,

GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

SOUTH CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH, Boston, Oct. 10, 1881.

My Dear Madam—I am the last person to be an authority in the question you put.

You have good quotations as authorities on either side. I remembered as I opened your note, Pope's lines in the Rape of the Lock—

"Let spades be trumps, she cried,
And trumps they were."

But, on the other hand, I find in Dr. Johnson's dictionary that he quotes Swift, who is a good authority—

"She scarce remembers what *is* trumps."

The modern use, I should suppose, would be given in the modern books.—Very truly yours.

EDWARD E. HALE.

29 WAVERLY PLACE, NEW YORK, October 20, 1881.

Dear Madam—Your card of inquiry came when I was out of town, and has been mislaid until now among my papers.

The question to which it relates is one of grammar, a subject to which I have given no special attention, in regard to which I do not feel competent to speak, and I am therefore unable to give myself the pleasure of rendering you even the slightest service.

I shall venture to say only that the point in dispute seems to me of no importance.

Regretting that the nature of the communication with which you have honored me necessitates such an unsatisfactory reply to a lady's inquiry, I am, dear madam, yours very truly and respectfully,

RICHARD GRANT WHITE.

COLUMBIA COLLEGE, NEW YORK, October 5, 1881.

Dear Madam—Reaching home after a protracted absence, I find on my desk your note of Sept 12th, asking my opinion as to the question whether or not it is correct to say—

"The mumps is a malarious disease."

The view which the translators of our English Bible took of a question entirely analogous may be inferred from their employing in Rom. vi., 23, the expression,

"The wages of sin is death."

We also say, with entire propriety—

"The most effectual means of grace is prayer."

If in cases like these we are to be fettered by the technical rules of grammar, sentences such as the foregoing are incorrect, since the nouns *wages*, *means* and *mumps* are plural in form.

But in these instances logic must overrule grammar. The ideas are logically singular. The expressions, in fact, define them to be so; and to say that—

"The wages of sin *are* death," or that

"The mumps *are* a malarious disease,"

is a logical solecism, and an offence to the understanding.

Whether this decision is in harmony with your anticipations, I am unable to conjecture; but if my opinion is at variance with yours, I shall be sorry.—I am, very respectfully, dear madam, your most obedient servant, F. A. P. BARNARD.

YALE COLLEGE, NEW HAVEN, CONN., Sept. 15, 1881.

My Dear Madam—I should say "The mumps *is*, rather than *are*, an affection or disease." See in Webster, under *mathematics*, for examples, also *metaphysics*, although the cases are not entirely analogous.

Very truly, N. PORTER.

CAMBRIDGE, Oct. 3, 1881.

Dear ——I don't think any one can settle the class of perplexing questions to which you refer. The "mumps," like other diseases in plural form (as "hives" and "heaves") *are* called plural by Worcester and Webster, and I should rather use the plural than the singular verb; but I should not censure anyone for using the singular; and, indeed, I myself should avoid, if possible, doing either (as I often avoid it with "nouns of multitude"), by so constructing the sentence as to evade the problem. Thus: The disease called mumps *is* rarely fatal, but is in general pernicious, and has no merit except that it once brought me a note from — ——. Very truly yours,

THOS. WENTWORTH HIGGINSON.

ELMIRA, N. Y., Sept. 19, 1881.

Dear Madam—I can decide that without any trouble; not upon my own authority, but upon a higher and a better than mine. For instance: Above our chiefest fireplace, at home, in Hartford, is this sentence, cut in enduring brass; and, mind you, it is from Emerson:

"The Ornament of a house is the Friends who frequent it."

You perceive, now, that Mr. Emerson would say, "The curse of a house is the mumps who frequent it, especially if they is malarious.—Yours truly,

S. L. CLEMENS.

This all-important discussion in time occasioned this item in the *New York Tribune:*

A fastidious girl has written to the presidents of the principal colleges in this country to inquire whether she should say 'mumps is" or "mumps are." Some of the presidents spoke feelingly of "one mump," while others were tenacious of "one mumps." It is strange that authorities differ on such vital questions.

While the writer was trying to rally from so severe an attack as the above, she was handed a

SONNET ON THE MUMPS.

"*Is*" OR "*Are.*"

A young lady who lives near our city,
And considered both charming and witty;
Wants to know if the *mumps*
Is caught like the dumps,
Or *are* they considered more "fitty"?
To all the great wits this young lady has writ,
Asking "*Is* mumps, or *are* mumps, more proper?"
But none can be found in the colleges around
To settle the question and stop her.
So she 's wasting away
And grows thin day by day
Puzzling over this question so grave;
So help if you can,
Be you woman or man,
This charming young lady to save.

A year later, when the subject in question had passed entirely from mind, the following letter was received from a daughter of that grand old man eloquent, whose voice was then hushed:

CAMBRIDGE, Nov. 15, 1882.

My Dear Madam—I have found this letter among my father's papers.

I do not know what it contains, nor why it was never sent, but forward it to you, hoping it may reach you safely.—Truly yours,

ALICE M. LONGFELLOW.

Tenderly was the letter opened, and the words came to mind at once that "he being dead, yet speaketh."

CAMBRIDGE, Sept. 14, 1881.

Dear Madam—As the word is plural, and has no singular, one must of necessity say *are*, and not *is*.—

Yours truly, HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

Truly may we wonder what shall be done "when doctors disagree," and perhaps trivial as the matter in question was, it is illustrative of the wide diversity in men's thoughts.

Ignoramus.

HOME DEPARTMENT.

The Art of Entertaining.

BY MRS. JOHN A. LOGAN.

SOCIAL entertainment in Washington differs from that in any other city in the country, on account of the cosmopolitan character of the people who reside in the Capitol City, and the interest that is shown in all they say and do. In no city are there so many elements that can be combined to make the social feature of life brilliant and pleasant. Every state sends her representative men and women; all nations send theirs. And while the title of Ambassador is not heard among the diplomats, it makes no difference in the personnel of the ministers, who must be men of the highest character to sustain the dignity of their countries. Ministers who have distinguished themselves in the diplomatic service in this country have been promoted to the title of Ambassador, and transferred to places less pleasing to them than the Republic of America. While the absurd idea that foreign ministers to this great republic represent the person of their sovereign obtains, great injustice will be done to them and also to our representatives abroad. The representative of the very smallest kingdom outranks an American minister in diplomatic courtesy at foreign courts, because this is a republic, while they must sustain royalty no matter how infinitesimal the kingdom.

Foreign ministers, however, after coming here are not long in recognizing the importance of our country and in no sense underrate us either socially or politically. Their duties are very light, and they really have little else to do but to enjoy the interchange of courtesies in society

They demand the most scrupulous observance of the stereotyped rules of etiquette, and watch with scrutiny every attention and inattention to them. A failure to seat a member of the corps or his wife in the precise seat belonging to his or her rank at the table, would, probably, destroy the pleasure of the occasion. Not one inch further from the host or hostess than belonged to the country they represent would be tolerated. The placing of the diplomats in line to be presented on occasions of ceremony must be done in strict observance of rank and importance of each. Hence, persons dining or entertaining these dignitaries must first post themselves accurately on the status of every kingdom, province and principality, if they expect to give their guests pleasure and to avoid a scene, such as has characterized occasions where "second-class South America" has occupied positions a few paces above "first-class Europe," or where little European provinces have been given more conspicuous places than greater kingdoms.

On one occasion a dinner came near ending at the very beginning, because a lady of the corps had not been properly assigned. Hence comes the necessity for ambitious entertainers to study the whole question of official gradations—national and international.

The first absolute requisite for success in entertaining people and adding to the pleasures of life is to have a kind heart and to

XUM

desire really to make others happy, and not to be prompted by a wish to display our possessions for the unsatisfactory gratification of having them admired in our presence, and the source from which they were obtained and our taste criticised in our absence.

Money will buy elegant appointments and secure the services of professional caterers and servants. Your preparations and provisions may be bountiful and of the rarest quality, but if vulgarity and the arrogance of wealth are the host and hostess, little pleasure or profit will be given to the guests. Social intercourse or the exchange of civilities should be solely for the betterment and refinement of mankind, and if the status of such is not based upon a high sense of delicacy and cultivation, the results must be fruitless.

A knowledge of human nature is also important in the grouping of people. A wise entertainer knows the abilities of his friends and acquaintances, and would not invite Cassius-like friends, with aversion to music in their souls, to a musicale, even though a Rubenstein was to play and a Patti to sing. Neither would he invite the bigot in religion to meet a rival one of another school, nor an apostle of Voltaire expecting pleasure from the discussion sure to arise. Nor would he bid political antipodes to attend a "conversation" on government affairs, without expecting warm words and unpleasant clashing of opinions. Neither would such invite the brightest lights of the dramatic world to meet those whose religious scruples prompt them to look upon the drama as a satanic invention for the destruction of human souls. Nor would it do to invite the merry, light-hearted, youthful Terpsichorean to meet the sages of the Court and the Senate, knowing intuitively that there could be nothing congenial between the dignity and thoughtfulness of the one and the frivolity and merriment of the other. A correct regard for the taste and weaknesses of one's guests must be considered, to bring only congenial people together as far as it is possible to do so.

In official entertaining, hosts have no discretion, and are in no wise responsible for the juxtaposition of discordant elements. The rules of official etiquette fix the position of rank and privilege in the social world, and consequently the unavoidable and incongruous grouping, and unpleasant incidents that sometimes occur. On one occasion, while Mr. Fish was Secretary of State, in the observance of these laws two ladies were seated at table with a distinguished Senator between them. The ladies were not on speaking terms (a fact unknown to the host and hostess), and the Senator and the husband of one of the ladies were the bitterest of foes. It was, however, known to many around the board that the lady shared her husband's antipathy to the Senator; and as she was not of a specially amiable disposition, it can be imagined that the torture of that dinner of three long hours was never forgotten.

Mr. and Mrs. Fish understood pre-eminently the art of entertaining; no other persons have ever surpassed them in Washington; by common consent they were the leaders of society as long as they remained in the city.

Recollections of their dinners, receptions and parties will be recalled many years hence as the most delightful ever given in the national capital; by their ample fortune, exquisite taste and genuine hospitality they did more to elevate society and harmonise factions than any others before or since. During the last years of their residence, dignitaries from the Old World and every part of the country spent much time in Washington; and President Grant felt sure that his Secretary of State and his queenly wife would dispense such hospitality and attentions as would keep America in the front rank of refined nations.

Mrs. Fish was most punctilious in making every call obligatory upon her as wife of the Secretary of State. This position since Jefferson's time has been considered that of the leading lady in official society, and upon whom has always devolved much of the responsibility of social matters in every administration. Mrs. Fish never hesitated to decide questions arising, and in more than one instance, displayed consummate tact and the fine qualities of her head and heart.

The host and hostess can do much by the exercise of a little skill in adjusting official affairs, so that the different elements thrown together may enjoy such occasions and forget to be annoyed by the presence of some "evil genius." They can provide something for each guest to do; some special person for them to see and talk to; and, if possible, opportunity should be given to display some talent or accomplishment they may possess in a marked degree, thereby giving pleasure to the company and gratifying the pardonable pride of the gifted. Care should be taken, however, not to allow guests to be bored by the overweening conceit of others.

Many persons feel that plenty of money is absolutely necessary to be able to entertain one's friends. That it is a great convenience there is no denying, but that because you have not the income of the millionaire, and cannot set before your guests priceless refreshments, served in sparkling crystal and shining silver, you must forego the pleasure of the rich feasts of reason and the delights of genial companionship is a mistake.

In Washington especially there is the most striking illustration of wealth of brains and poverty of purse. There are many persons here whose presence at companies is eagerly sought, because of their fascinating manners, entertaining accomplishments and engaging conversation. They are unable to return the compliment of a like courtesy, and yet are made to feel they have honored their hosts and canceled all obligations by accepting the invitation.

Many official and private houses are the scenes of beautiful and charming assemblages of the most gifted and cultured people. There the best talents are brought out for the pleasure and entertainment of the fortunate company. Wise statesmen, eminent judges, able writers, brilliant correspondents are made to forget the drudgery of their professions and to enjoy these intellectual feasts and delightful recreations. They are the simplest in appointment and character of refreshments, these being matters of secondary consideration. The former prevailing idea that the acme of hospitality was reached through the culinary department, and that to make men happy you must feed them abundantly is happily changing; the cordial and unaffected greeting of the host and hostess, their sincere desire to contribute to the happiness of their friends, making amends for any shortcomings in the decorations of the house or the brevity of the menu.

An ability to recognise people and recall something of their achievements or history, if they have one, is of incalculable value to the possessors, by enabling them to place guests at perfect ease, in assuring them they are not unknown and insignificant in the estimation of the host or hostess. No one is so dull as not to value being remembered among the multitude that go to make up the catalogue of persons one meets in society. This is a gift, and cannot always be acquired, but much can be accomplished by an effort in that direction. General Grant had in a wonderful degree this power of memory, recalling instantly the time and place he first met persons, though many years may have elapsed. The suggestion of a name to him would at once recall the party's history and service, if there was anything connected with them that had been known or worth remembering.

Washington, like other cities, has its entertainers whose pathway to polite society is paved by ducats, and whose ostentatious displays, ridiculous mistakes, and absurd remarks have amused society and furnished rich material for caustic correspondents. There are always plenty of people ready to eat their delicious dinners, drink their luscious wines, admire their gorgeous surroundings; and, after, electrify their friends by telling the absurdities of mine host. In other respects these plutocrats have done good service by taking upon themselves the entertainment of the Matthew Arnolds and other captious foreigners who visit this country, accept attentions and go back to their homes and criticise American society, ignorant of the fact that our most accomplished people have given them no opportunity to accept their hospitality and repay it with ridicule.

Americans are ever generous, and guests are given hearty greeting and most perfect freedom in their homes. They are expected to accept these attentions in the spirit in which they are extended, and to enjoy them in the fullest sense of the word. But it is hardly anticipated that criticism will be offered in return for their generosity.

THE AMERICAN PULPIT.

The Need of Courtesy.

We will readily understand that society needs its law as well as the physical world. Law becomes necessary for mankind. Courtesy is a law by which the individual may regulate his conduct towards others.

Society is dependent on the law for its regulation, and as enlightenment and refinement advance, courtesy spreads her influence and is productive of much good. There are many rugged points in our character which must be smoothed, many unpolished expressions for which the polished must be given. One must pass through a school of etiquette, as he must pass through a school of elementary studies. No man is born a gentleman; he may have gentlemanly instincts absorbed from his surroundings—but he must pass through this school. The result of religious teaching is to make its devotees courteous. Christ taught and acted out fully the spirit of courtesy. The Christian influence should make one gentle and kind, persuasive and considerate, hospitable and generous. It thus tones down the whole nature by purifying the thoughts and removing selfishness from the heart.

Courtesy is a Christian grace. Naturally men are uncouth as they are illiterate. There is a *fashion* courtesy which controls some, but is proud, deceitful, artificial. It raises its head above the poor man, although he may be ever so true and honest, and bows obsequiously to the proud creature displaying wealth in gaudy externals. Many are carried

away with it. It may belong to courts, or kings in their intercourse with their subjects, or even to sycophants. But that which is kingly or courtly is not always refinement. Parliamentary courtesy is often substituted by ruffianism; the courtly gentleman absorbed by the repulsive rowdy, and respect for authority is extorted by an appeal to the sheriff or a threat of the law. And a king, as he enjoys his ease, accompanied by agreeable courtiers, throws aside restraint and plays the part of the uncouth. Such courtesy is time-serving. It meets one with a smile, another with a cold bow. It extends the hand of fellowship to one of wealth or power, and disregards all others. It is selfish. All that tends to advance self it lays hold of. Cold and morose to all through whom it cannot display self, and also to those whom it cannot use as a pedestal to lift itself—it marches through the world with its many followers. It is sham to the heart and is seen where fashion rules; where the dupes of fashion are, there is this courtesy dressed in a most pleasing and fascinating garb, feigning virtue and assuming merit's power.

In our contact with the world—hurrying and bustling, with soiled hands and faces, worried minds and tired bodies—nothing is more refreshing and salutary than the sweet courtesy of the home and the kind attention of friends and relations. It is breathing another atmosphere, living upon another earth. We have then entered the sacred precincts where courtesy is the ruling goddess, her law supreme, her presence felt, and we have closed the doors of the store and office behind us and for a while have left the scrambling world.

A pleasant manner is very necessary to help us on in life, and to make it agreeable for those with whom we are thrown. "Virtue itself offends when coupled with a forbidding manner," says Bishop Middleton.

There is nothing which bars the doors of hearts so soon and so fast as rudeness and gruffness, and there is nothing that throws them so wide open as kindness and suavity of manner.

We must admire the man of whom it has been said "I cannot say whether he were truly magnanimous or less proud; he never disdained the meanest person, nor flattered the greatest; he had a loving and sweet courtesy to the honest, and would often employ many spare hours with the commonest soldiers and poorest laborers."

Courtesy is the fruit of the character. It will not allow one to assume to be better or richer than his neighbor. It forbids prattling about self, talking shop or even religion at inopportune times. It will not impose on good-nature at the social or dinner party by a ring of changes on questions which are not agreeable to all.

There is nothing more acceptable to all classes than a kind, affable, courteous behavior, and it can be practiced by all, in the workshop or the home. And the one who is courteous will exercise a very good influence over those above him. We remember that it was said of Benjamin Franklin that he reformed the habits of an entire workshop.

Courteous men and women undoubtedly keep society in a healthy condition. They bear sunshine with them, and smiles greet them. And how revolutionary in its effects upon society is the discourteous one!

Railroad traveling discloses the true nature of persons about you. Gentleness and delicacy are then put to the test, and if they stand it you may rely upon them as genuine.

Some study uncouthness, like to be eccentric; others have rough manners, but warm, sympathetic, kind hearts. Among those we may mention John Knox and Martin Luther. They became impatient with the times, and were treated most roughly by men—Knox served nineteen months in the galleys as a punishment for his opinions, and Luther was maligned and threatened. They were bold, defiant, and determined men, and withal strong in faith and sincerity. Dr. Johnson, who lived 200 years later, was rude and gruff in his manners. His experience in life was a sad one, and he was given to spells of great melancholy. Poverty made him sour and bitter. It is said that he and Savage strolled the streets together, unable to raise money for a bed or a cracker. And the wounds he received at such a time were never healed. He was called the "Ursa Major," "but no man has a more tender heart, he has nothing of the bear about him but his skin" (Goldsmith). With all his harshness and dogmatic manner, when himself, he was courteous, and *always* tender-hearted. He asserted the principle, "A man has no more right to say an uncivil thing than act one," and then to make it more forcible, added: "*No more right to say a rude thing to another than to knock him down.*"

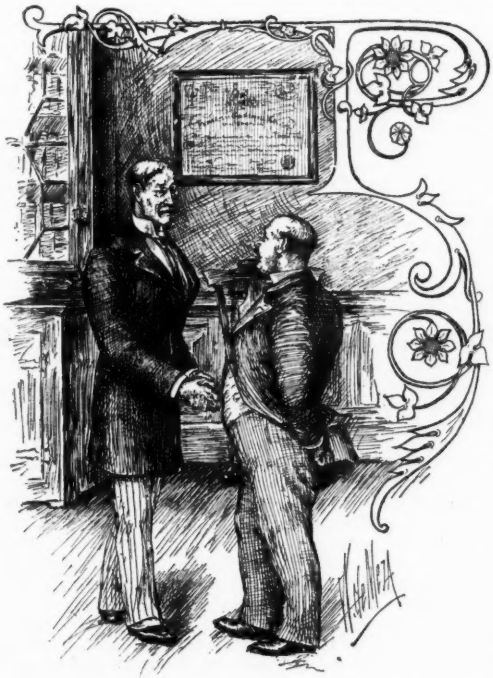
There are many complaints of our American representatives abroad, and it has been said that some of them had been wanting in the commonest courtesies of society. After making all allowances for the "youth of our country," we cannot understand why our statesmen and leaders should not be polished men, and adroit in parliamentary etiquette. It should be as carefully taught in our schools as any branch of culture. Roughness is inexcusable in any one but the very ignorant. Politeness and delicate expression should be studied and observed. We do not boast of pioneer life, and would not advise our young men to imitate it. We are proud of gentility and regard it as a mark of culture. We would rather punish a boy for a rude word or act

than for an imperfect lesson. Courtliness is becoming in the young man, and lady-like behavior in the young girl. We would frown down coarseness in any, and censure bruskness as unbecoming. We do not know why the wild, ravenous eagle, should be our national emblem. The freeness and nonchalance of Young America is not commendable, and if not corrected will seriously debar the growth of courtesy. It may have been once praiseworthy to boast, in self-cultured men, but we hope that time has passed. With the number of colleges and universities in our land, and the excellent system of public school instruction, homes should not only be marked with genial and polite manners, but also adorned by beauty and taste, with libraries of selected books, and objects of art. Education, being compulsory, will be diffused and thus prepare the way for the amenities of life. The true and beautiful, the elevated and delicate should be studied, and the practical will be sure to find its place. If courtesy were observed as a high art in the various departments of daily life, our people would be the happier, and our national character more commanding.

Brooklyn, N. Y. *Rev. Wm. Leacock.*

THE PORTFOLIO.

Doctors Tuttle and Cox.



POMPOUS little Doctor Tuttle has argued that the first step toward securing a wealthy class of patients was—to use his words—"the external assumption of wealthy conditions."

Dr. Cox was not practical, and so assumed those conditions unsparingly. When his partner arrived at the new house, he was shown into rather handsome apartments.

"Good, indeed!" exclaimed Dr. Tuttle approvingly.

"There is a stable close by," said Dr. Cox in a gratified tone, "and I have purchased a horse and coupé."

"Excellent, excellent," cried the little man. "You have a driver, too, of course. I suppose you have about exhausted our resources."

Dr. Cox blushed painfully.

"Certainly," said he; "in fact, we are a little in debt for those chairs."

"Ah, well!" said the little doctor cheerily.

"But it is n't well," burst out the big man impetuously. "I have no driver. I don't see how I could, but I forgot him."

The little doctor whistled softly. Here was a quandary. Dr. Cox paced up and down the room with long strides, glancing at every turn toward his partner with comical helplessness. Dr. Tuttle gazed through the window and the veins in his forehead began to swell with his intensity of thought.

They were an odd pair—these doctors. They had been playmates in childhood, deskmates at school, room-mates at college, and now they were partners for life. The wonder was what knit them together so closely. Perhaps it was the attraction of opposites or simply the effect of time which had been dove-tailing their incongruities since the bond

was executed between them away back in the uncalculating age of childhood. In truth they were unlike. Dr. Cox was very tall, very nervous and very fair. Dr. Tuttle ridiculously small, self-composed and dark. When they walked on the street together people turned to look at them, and the ludicrous contrast between the big and the little man seemed to strike everybody except Tuttle and Cox.

Neither seemed to possess the supremacy that one of the people long in close intimacy usually obtains, and their mutual dependence was amusing. Apart, each was like the odd half of a pair of scissors. Together, they could solve the most vexed question, as uniquely sometimes as they settled this.

Presently Dr. Tuttle turned from the window and Dr. Cox read success in the little man's eye. A moment later the two partners were wringing each other by the hand.

Every morning thereafter the little physician was hurried from his house by a monster driver, and in the afternoon the big doctor was driven away by a pygmy jehu. That each had a different coachman and that each had selected his physical complement was considered a strikingly consistent eccentricity. As disguise was easy, no one ever suspected that they were driving each other into prosperity.

For prosperity came rapidly. Never were men more energetic, sympathetic and conscientious than these two. They were charitable, too, and fearless. Their many good deeds did not, however, become known until there occurred an incident which gave them publicity. One night so dark that the snow fell unseen to the ground, Dr. Tuttle was trudging along with a white bundle in his arms, when a policeman halted him under a gas-post.

"What have you got there?" asked the officer sharply.

The little doctor threw back the white shroud, and the gas-light fell across the dead face of a child. "Diphtheria," he said quietly.

The policeman turned hastily away, and the doctor went on with his burden. But the story was told at police head-quarters, and afterwards printed in the newspapers, with the added particulars that alone and uncompensated the little physician was attending a whole family that had been stricken down with diphtheria, and that he had borne the child away in the dead of the night to prevent further contagion. Other charitable work that the partners had performed jointly was also mentioned; and, thereafter, they received full credit for the possession of something more than personal eccentricities.

Within two or three years their liveries were laid away as mementoes of hard times; and, indefatigable as they were, both were over-burdened with work. In fact, they were doing too much.

Dr. Cox had grown perceptibly paler and thinner, while a shade of weariness had crept over his small partner's dignity. At last, one morning in the office, Dr. Tuttle mentioned the matter in a weighty fashion, so natural with him that nobody who knew him ever thought it absurd. Each had just received and opened a letter. Dr. Tuttle sat before the fire, looking into it earnestly. Dr. Cox was at the table, resting his chin on one hand, and swinging one of his long, thin legs over the other like a pendulum.

"Tom," said Dr. Tuttle, "it is just about three years since we began work together as medical practitioners."

The leg pendulum stopped.

"Singular," said Dr Cox, "I was thinking of that myself."

"During that time," continued Dr. Tuttle, slowly, "we have indulged in no recreation whatever. We have cut off all social pleasures as useless frivolities. I think the possibility of over-work an element in our daily lives that is worthy of consideration."

Dr. Cox granted a cordial assent.

Dr. Tuttle feared that he might be growing ascetic, to the neglect of the lighter and more cheerful qualities of mind and heart, that he deemed essential to the fully-rounded temperament.

Dr. Cox thought that not only possible but probable. In his own case the nervous strain was growing unbearable. Some relief, he felt, was undoubtedly necessary.

Both agreed with becoming modesty, that they had fairly earned the right to relaxation, and had now only to decide what it should be.

Dr. Tuttle had taken a card from his envelope, and, after looking at it a moment, handed it to Dr. Cox. "That came this morning," he said.

Dr. Cox drew forth a similar card and handed it to Dr. Tuttle. "So did that."

Both cards announced that Miss Marion Monroe, of Cambridge Place, would be at home on Tuesday evening. The partners had attended Mrs. Monroe during an illness; and, of course, had met the daughter, but only in the sick room.

"How fortunate," both said in surprise.

"How foolish," said Dr. Cox, a moment later. "Of course, if she invited one she would invite the other."

"Of course."

"I suppose we shall go?"

"Certainly."

Both hovered around Miss Monroe most of the evening. The change from their austere surroundings to the atmosphere of lights, music and flowers quickened emotions that had long been dormant. Marion's beauty—

for she was more than pretty—her vivacity and her cordial reception affected them like wine. Professional cares fell away. Dr. Cox became light of tongue and fairly shone in conversation. Dr. Tuttle was perceptibly affected, but still grave. However, he felt excessively gay, and he would have wondered to hear the young creature in pink, with whom he feared he had been almost frivolous, inelegantly epitomize him as "a stick."

Dancing began at nine o'clock. Dr. Cox did not dance, he was too tall. No man is ever too small, and Dr. Tuttle was rather proud of his waltzing. At the first strains Marion got him a partner. She was very large, very stout and very young. Her face was round and chubby, and intensely serious in expression. She was dressed in pure white and fairly fluttering with flounces, so that the little doctor, when he took his position, looked like a swallow outlined against a white cloud. As they moved away, his head, with its high forehead from which the hair rose upright, bobbed up and down just over her plump shoulder. When they turned, the little man's coat-tails lifted slightly, and as the music waxed faster they rose until they stuck out around him horizontally. Marion's eyes twinkled with mischief, but her face sobered when Dr. Tuttle, vigorously mopping his brow, approached and gravely thanked her for the pleasure he had just endured.

Miss Monroe was said to have marvellous adaptability by her plain friends. Others who had the right of being not unenvious of her popularity claimed that she was wofully lacking in independence of character, or else she was a downright coquette. Whatever the truth, there were certainly half-a-dozen men radically different in character and in tastes each of whom would have sworn that she was the one woman who was absolutely congenial with him in every particular; and at the end of the evening Doctors Tuttle and Cox were among them.

Little was said as the two doctors drove home that night, and as they sat before the fire both were still silent and thoughtful.

"She is beautiful," said Dr. Tuttle presently, almost as if talking to himself.

"Yes, she is," the other answered absentmindedly. Neither seemed aware that nobody's name was mentioned.

"I like her," said Dr. Tuttle fervently.

Dr. Cox was startled from his reverie. He looked up in surprise. "Good-night, Dan," he said, abruptly.

"Good-night, Tom."

Then they shook hands as they always did and went to bed.

Four nights later Dr. Cox was adjusting a tie with unusual care. "I am going to the Monroes', Dan," said he.

"Are you?"—a pause—"Well, I guess I'll go too."

Dr. Cox turned and stared at his little partner again. "All right," he said.

They went together, and again and again they went together. They never spoke of the young lady, but the understanding between them was no less perfect because tacit. Once Dr. Cox happened to call alone. He deemed it his duty the next morning quietly to announce the fact to his partner. A few days later Dr. Tuttle called alone, and after that they never went together only once.

About ten o'clock at night of a day on which Dr. Tuttle returned from a visit some time earlier than he had been expected, there was a violent ring at the door-bell. It turned out to be a messenger with a summons for Dr. Cox to come in haste to Cambridge Place, Mrs. Monroe's number.

Both doctors sprang to their feet. Perhaps Marion was ill.

"They don't know you are here, Dan," said Dr. Cox, seizing his hat and gloves. "Heavens!" he added. "I have just let the coachman go away. Will you step around to the stable?"

"We have n't time," interrupted Dr. Tuttle quietly. "I'll drive you myself."

"But—?"

"Never mind"—a little grimly—"it isn't the first time." He had already gone to the closet and pulled out the long-disused livery. Perhaps Dr. Cox saw that his partner wanted to go; at any rate he objected no more, and in a few minutes they were clattering over the cobble-stones.

"If anything serious is the matter with *her*," said Dr. Tuttle, as he drew up to let the big doctor out, "come at once and let me know."

"All right."

A few moments after Dr. Cox went into the house the door again opened and a servant appeared. "Come in here," he called imperatively to Dr. Tuttle. "The doctor wants you. Hurry up; don't be so clumsy," he added, as the little doctor scrambled from the box so hastily that he stumbled and fell.

Within he found Mrs. Monroe lying on a couch, pale and apparently lifeless.

"There's nobody at home," said Dr. Cox hurriedly. "You won't be recognized. She has fallen and cut an artery; I want you to help me tie it."

They had scarcely finished dressing the wound when there was a slight noise in the hall-way, and Marion's voice was heard almost in a wail. "Good Heavens!" exclaimed the little doctor in despair, looking wildly around for some avenue of escape. He threw back his coat with one hand, grasped his false beard with the other and apparently was about to drag them both off

when the door was thrown open and Marion appeared with a white, frightened face. She paid no attention to the two men, but with wraps tumbling from her shoulders in confusion, rushed to the couch where her mother lay and kneeled beside it.

"O, mother, mother!" she moaned, kissing the unconscious face. "O, doctor, will she die?"

"Your mother is perfectly safe," said Dr. Cox, gently. She has simply fainted from the loss of blood."

Marion paid no attention to what he said, but kept on moaning incoherently.

Dr. Tuttle had taken advantage of the confusion and slipped into the hall-way. His hand was on the street-door knob, when he saw Marion rise and approach Dr. Cox. Some horrible foreboding held him.

"You see I am quite calm now," she said, tremblingly, trying to stop her tears with a handkerchief. "You must tell me. I can bear it, but oh, doctor, don't say that she will die."

"I assure you, Miss Marion," said Dr. Cox, "that your mother is in no danger at all. It might have been serious, but luckily we arrived just in time."

"Oh! I know," interrupted the girl impetuously. "You saved her—you are so modest—but I know. How can I ever thank you? Oh! I am so happy—to think that you, oh, doctor—" With eyes brimming with tears and arms almost uplifted the grateful girl started toward him. Then she stopped, her face crimsoned and she turned hastily through the door, almost brushing against the poor little Tuttle, who had heard and witnessed everything. The knob turned and with a groan he went down the steps and mounted the box.

In a few minutes Dr. Cox appeared. As they drove away, a momentary impulse to drive the coupé against the curb-stone, a gas-post, or do some other terrible thing, went through the little doctor's mind, but before they had gone three blocks, he was thinking the matter over calmly.

"We can't be together now," he said to himself. "I could n't stand it. The firm must dissolve. Tom will take another partner—not a medical practitioner—and both partners and names will become one." He smiled grimly as this joke forced itself into his mind, and then he fell to thinking of the only disagreement that he could remember between them. It was while they were at college, and it had lasted for two wretched days. He remembered how painfully polite they were to each other, and how on the second day, as they sat in their room, which was darkened by twilight, his chum had come up behind him—he could feel the hand on his shoulder now—and said: "This won't do, Dan." Then they had grasped hands joyfully, and had gone out with their arms around each other like two school-girls. The little doctor brushed his eyes roughly.

When the two reached their rooms, Dr. Tuttle turned impulsively to his partner and thrust out his hand. "Tom," he said, slowly and bravely, "I congratulate you with all my heart. I saw it all."

The big doctor turned a fiery red, and took the proffered hand awkwardly.

"Why, Dan," he said, "thank you; but do you really think—I'm sorry, old fellow." He spoke so confusedly that he scarcely knew what he said. He hated himself for the thrill that went through him at this confirmation of his own hopes. "Dan," he continued, "I ought to have told you. I used to see her at church. I went every Sunday to see her. I did n't know her, but I could n't keep away. When we met her I meant to tell you, but——"

A crash interrupted him. In turning he had knocked a vase from the mantel, and two letters had fallen with it. Mechanically he picked them up.

"No, Tom," said Dr. Tuttle, "it would have done no good. I could n't have helped it."

"But, Dan, it is n't settled. I've never said a word."

"No, Tom; I yield. Why should she have blushed except at the involuntary betrayal of her feelings?"

Dr. Cox said nothing—he could say nothing. He let his eyes drop to the letters in his hand. The seals were untouched, and the handwriting made him open one in nervous haste. His face became blank with amazement, and then paled. Trembling, he handed the other letter to his partner.

"Dan," said he unsteadily, "you 'll find a very good reason in that." Then he sank into a chair with his face in his hands.

A moment later Dr. Tuttle gave a gasp of astonishment.

Dr. Cox rose abruptly.

"Good-night, Dan."

"Good-night, Tom."

The two partners shook hands and went to bed. The letters lay on the floor where they had fallen. They were invitations to a wedding—Marion's.

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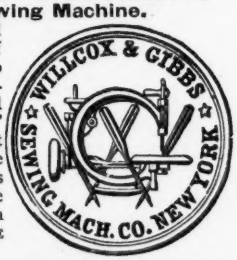

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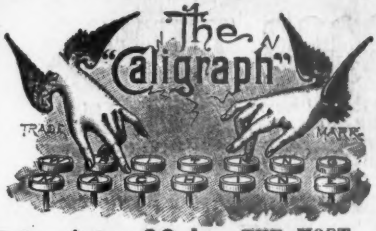

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